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HLANDER CHASE

First Bishop of Ohio and Illinois
Founder of Kenyon and Jubilee Colleges

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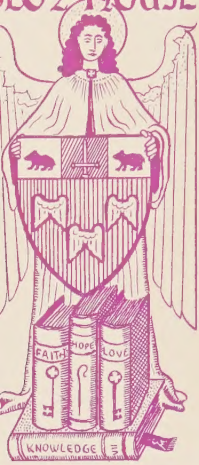

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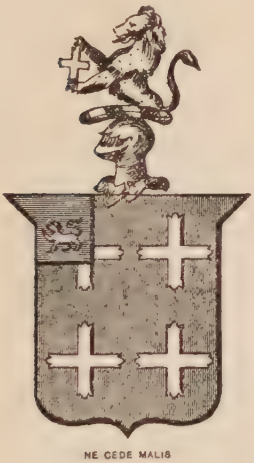
BISHOP PHILANDER CHASE

Frontispiece

THE LIFE OF
PHILANDER CHASE

FIRST BISHOP OF OHIO AND ILLINOIS
FOUNDER OF KENYON AND JUBILEE COLLEGES

By his Grand-daughter
LAURA CHASE SMITH



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Mrs. Alfred Wilcox

with the kind regards of

The Author

TO MY CHILDREN
GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
ALSO TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE DEAR ONES
WHO HAVE LONG DWELT IN THE PARADISE OF GOD

PREFACE

IT is a source of happiness to me in writing this life of Bishop Chase that now, fifty years after his death, his work for the American Church is better known than ever before, his motives vindicated, his judgment approved, and that, in the rushing tide of life in the two great dioceses that he founded, there are some souls wise and honest enough to acknowledge the value and supremacy of his pioneer work for the Church in the West.

The Rev. Dr. Roberts, in an address before the New Hampshire Historical Society, gives a clear-cut summary of my grandfather's character: "Bishop Philander Chase was a mighty man, a devout Christian, a picturesque character; original, self-willed, of iron determination, extraordinary genius, courage, and industry. . . .

"As soldier or statesman, Philander Chase would have achieved the kind of distinction which makes the names of men of genius household words. As missionary, pioneer, builder of foundations, his name is in a measure shadowed by the superstructure, as the foundations which sustain the monuments of the world are buried out of sight, in the ground. But the greatness of the man and the majesty of his character remain, in spite of his humanness and, in some measure, because of it."

This work is an attempt to put into more permanent

and accessible form than is now existent, for the information and inspiration of "those that come after," the story of his labors and sacrifices for the Church of his love, giving in fewer words the facts of his life already made known in his *Reminiscences* (now long out of print), and adding many interesting facts hitherto unpublished. It was begun when circumstances permitted abundant time. While the young people of my party were exploring the churches and galleries of a foreign city, I occupied a quiet little room looking out over the snow-covered roofs under the gray wintry sky of the old Bavarian city of Munich,—a most favorable environment for the beginning of a task, however doubtful its conclusion might be.

Upon returning to my own people, I was encouraged by much friendly approval to complete the story. The manuscript was then submitted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Davies, and to the Rev. Dr. Lowndes, of New York, who gave it their warm approbation. From these two gentlemen I received most kindly encouragement, without which the book would never have seen the light.

To the Rt. Rev. Bishop Nichols, of California, and to the Rev. Dudley Chase, of Philadelphia, I render sincere thanks for much valuable information.

To my son-in-law, the Rev. William Gardam, I am under many obligations for valuable aid and suggestion. Nor would these acknowledgments be complete without adding that I am greatly indebted to all my daughters for loving help and sympathy, and especially to one of them, Laura Grover Smith, for patient, invaluable aid throughout the period when the work was in progress.

L. C. S.

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THE LIFE OF PHILANDER CHASE

THE LIFE
OF
PHILANDER CHASE

CHAPTER I

THE FAMILY TREE

AQUILA CHASE, the English ancestor of the family of that name in America, who came to New England in 1640, is a character of peculiar interest to his numerous descendants. Many of these have been "makers of history" to a certain extent, and their family tree has become of more than ordinary interest.

About the year 1861, there was a stir among the descendants of Aquila concerning an estate in England, which was supposed to belong to his heirs in America. A Mr. Somerby visited England and made a thorough search of all the parish records which might shed light upon Aquila's ancestry. These investigations began in 1861. The result of this extraordinary effort proved that the mythicale state did not exist, but it

brought to light some interesting facts, so far as Aquila and his descendants were concerned.

In the Parish Register of Chesham, Mr. Somerby found the English record as far as Aquila the second. The first Aquila was born in Chesham and probably moved to Cornwall, where the second Aquila was born.

The record is as follows:

1. Thomas, the father of the English branch of the family:
   Baptized in parish of Chesham.
2. Richard of Chesham:
   Baptized Aug. 3, 1542.
   Married Joan Bishop, 1564.
3. Aquila of Chesham:
   Baptized Aug. 14, 1580.
   Married Sarah ——.
4. Aquila, afterwards of Hampton and Newbury, New England:
   Baptized 1618.
   Married Anne Wheeler, daughter of John Wheeler.
5. Moses:
   Born Dec. 24, 1663.
   Married Anne Follansbee, 1684.
6. Daniel:
   Born Sept. 20, 1685.
   Married Sarah March, 1706.
7. Samuel:
   Married Mary Dudley.
8. Dudley:
   Married Allace Corbett, of Mendon, 1753.

Philander Chase was the fifteenth and youngest child of Dudley and Allace Corbett Chase.

This copy of the genealogy of the Chase family from

1542 until the birth of Aquila in 1618 was written for the *Heraldic Magazine* for October, 1868, and most of the information concerning the investigations in England is copied from a pamphlet taken from that magazine and published by Mr. George B. Chase in 1869; also the following:

"In the Heraldry, Visitation of Buckinghampshire in A.D. 1634, engraved at the head of the article (from which this is copied), is the 'Coate' of the Chase family. This 'Coate' is testified by a letter from Mr. Robert Calvert dated at Whitehall, July 18, 1634, with a pedigree entered by Matthew Chase."

From the same source we learn that Thomas Chase, Aquila's brother, was in New England as early as 1636. In 1639 he was, together with his brother Aquila (afterwards of Newbury), one of the original settlers of Hampton, New Hampshire. About the year 1646 Aquila removed to Newbury and received several grants of land there. He made several voyages from Newbury as master of a ship. He made his will on the 19th of September, 1670, and died on the 27th of December following. He had eleven children. In *Ould Newbury*, written by John G. Currier, we find the following: "Aquila Chase was induced in 1646 to remove from Hampton to Newbury by a vote of the proprietors which reads as follows: 'Granted A.D. 1646 to Aquila Chase, 4 acres of land for a house lott, where it is to be had, and 6 acres of marsh where it is to be had also; on condition that he go to sea and do service in the towne with a boate for foure years.' "

"There is a tradition," says Coffin in his history of Newbury, "that Aquila Chase was the first person who brought a boat over the bar at the mouth of the

Merrimac River. He was undoubtedly a good pilot as well as an experienced fisherman.

"The southern half of the 8 acre lot on Water St., between Greeley Lane and Chanler's Lane and next to Chanler's Lane was originally granted to Aquila Chase in 1646, the other half was owned by his brother-in-law, David Wheeler, and there on a certain memorable occasion was committed a very gross offence which the records of the County Court state."

In the month of September, 1646, Aquila Chase and wife and David Wheeler of Hampton were "presented for gathering pease" on the Sabbath Day. For this offence they were to be "admonished," but the fines usually imposed in such cases were remitted by the Court. Notwithstanding this unpleasant episode, Aquila Chase and David Wheeler remained in Newbury for ten or twelve years. The story of the "crime" of Aquila as related by the author of *Ould Newbury* sounds a little "sarkastical," as Artemas Ward would say, but the facts in the case have been handed down through the generations from Aquila to Moses, Daniel, Samuel, Dudley, and Philander, with some additional circumstances which may serve in these later days to extenuate the harrowing facts as above stated.

Captain Aquila, on that Sunday morning, had returned from a long voyage and naturally had a longing for "something green." It was a late day in summer and the last crop of peas was just tender enough for cooking. Is it to be wondered at that his stern Puritanism for once revolted against such self-denial, and for once he sinned against the "law and Gospel" according to the Puritan faith? It is to be hoped that in

the two hundred and fifty odd years since Aquila and David have slept in their peaceful graves this sad "falling from grace" has been forgotten.

It may not be amiss to give the Chase genealogy in the line of Aquila a little more in detail, as his is a character likely to interest even his remote descendants, on account of his ability to hold his own against a tyrannous and petty faith; besides, we like his name,[1] as every American should.

He had eleven children; no doubt there are yet many of his kindred on New England soil who never heard of him. We trust none of them has committed a graver sin than Aquila.

Moses was born December 24, 1663, the eleventh child of Aquila and Anne Wheeler; he was an ensign in the Essex Regiment. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Follansbee. They had nine children. Daniel, next in succession, born September 20, 1685, married, January 2, 1706, Sarah March. They had ten children. Samuel, their son, married Mary Dudley. This couple had nine children, of whom Dudley, born March, 1730, married Allace Corbett, of Mendon, August 23, 1753. He died April 13, 1814. Philander was the fifteenth child of this couple and the ninth generation from Thomas of Hundritche, in the parish of Chesham, England.

To add a bit of personal experience in searching for the records of long-time dead ancestors, including the somewhat elusive Aquila, so far as his birthplace is concerned: On a hazy afternoon in July we went from London to Chesham, a small country town, twenty miles by rail, through fields and groves in the lovely

[1] Latin for *eagle*.

land of England. A carriage took us from the station to the foot of the hill whereon stands the ancient parish church of St. Mary's, Chesham. One of our party sought the vicarage hidden behind the trees, for the iron gates of the church grounds were closed and locked. Meantime a company of round-eyed boys gathered around us, wondering who we might be. Ere long the vicar appeared and welcomed the strangers with great kindness, showing us about the beautiful grounds hemmed in by rare trees and flowering plants of great beauty, especially a cedar of Lebanon and a well-grown Sequoia from the Pacific coast. Tall rose trees burdened with choicest blossoms shaded the old tombs where almost illegible inscriptions defied our curiosity.

This ancient church dates back to about the year A.D. 1100; a portion is still preserved of the oldest part. It was restored in A.D. 1400. Its first architecture was Early Saxon; additions were Norman. Early English windows and Norman arches still remain in the nave. At the side entrance is an old tablet with a crucifix so disfigured that nothing remains but the outline of the cross. The pillars of the porch are defaced with initials of the Goths and Vandals of early days also. The church was restored again in 1869. At that time several old frescos were found, one of which has been preserved. By very close inspection the outlines of St. Christopher and the Christ Child can be traced; for some unknown but probably symbolical reason, the illusion of water was realized by painting the figure as walking through a sea of fish.

In the choir there are several tombs of more or less importance. On the wall is a tablet erected to the

ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH, CHESHAM, ENGLAND. *Page 6.*

memory of ———, a friend of Thomas Chase, the remote ancestor of the family.

At each side of the chancel is a narrow slit in the wall, called the "Leper's Squint." Through these persons afflicted with leprosy (a mild form of which was quite common at a very early period in England) were allowed to see and hear the Mass.

The vicar in due time brought out a venerable volume,—the Parish Register. The records were written very neatly in a clear, old-fashioned hand, but difficult to read at this time. Here are found the records of the Chase family as given before.

The vicar also showed us an old book containing a woodcut of the incidents connected with the plot to arrest Thomas Chase for opposing some popish custom and a brief history of that event, the purport of which was that Thomas Chase was finally burned at the stake for heresy.

We were informed, much to our surprise, that the ancient manor-house of the Chases was still in existence at a place two miles from Chesham, or rather that another house had been built from the material of the old one. The private chapel of the manor-house is still in existence. It was used for many years by the Chase family before the Reformation.

We determined to go to this place,—Hundritche,—and the vicar very kindly went with us. The house is large, and at one time the place must have been a fine farm. Many of the outbuildings are very old and date back to the time of the Chases.

The chapel has a Gothic window in one end and a small pointed window on the side. The timber in the interior is black with age. It is considered a fine

example of a private chapel of that date—about the thirteenth century.

Since this visit, the vicar has furnished a copy of the records of the Chase family in the Parish Register. It has been given in outline before, but as the names in their old-fashioned spelling and the inclusion of the servants are quaint and interesting, it is added:

Chesham Parish Register, Vol. I., 1538–1636

Thomas Chaase (d. 1586), Richard Chaase, and Aquila Chaase, are mentioned as follows:

Thomas Cha(a)se:

Son John baptized Dec. 30, 1540.
Son Rychard bapt. Aug. 23, 1542.
Dau. Elizabeth bapt. May 23, 1547 (8).
Dau. Agnes Bapt. Mch. 9, 1551.
Servant buried Aug. 3, 1562.
Son Thomas buried Aug. 3, 1569.
Wife Elizabeth bur. Oct. 2, 1569.
Dau. Xstian married to Henry Atkins June 14, 1576.
Servants married Nov. 16, 1579.
" " Feb. 28, 1581.

"Old Father Thomas Cha(a)se of Hundriche," bur. June 27, 1586.

Rychard Cha(a)se:

Baptized Aug. 23, 1542.
Married to Joan Byshoppe May 16, 1564.
Son Robert bapt. Sept. 2, 1565.
Son Henry bapt. Aug. 10, 1567.
Dau. Lidia bapt. Oct. 4, 1573.

THE SQUIRE'S HOUSE IN CHESHAM, ENGLAND. *Page 8.*

Son Ezechiel bapt. April 23, 1576.
Dau. Dorcas bapt. Mch. 2, 1577.
Son Aquila bapt. Aug. 14, 1580.
Son Jason bapt. Jan. 20, 1582.
Son Thomas bapt. July 18, 1585.
Dau. Abigail bapt. Jan. 12, 1588.
Son Mordechai bapt. July 30, 1591.
Wife Joan buried May 4, 1597.
Son Jason buried June 4, 1606.

"Richard Chase, senex" buried Jan. 32 [*sic*], 1610.

Still later the tradition of the birth of Aquila, of Newbury, has, in a way, been verified. In the records of the genealogist, the late Dudley Chase, of Claremont, New Hampshire, it appears that Aquila, of Hampton and Newbury, was born in Cornwall in 1618. The elder Aquila, born in Chesham and baptized August 14, 1580, may also have moved to Cornwall, as his death is not recorded in Chesham.

Of the Thomas Chase, who was burned at the stake for heresy, the Vicar of Chesham, the Rev. Mr. Boutlbee, writes: "There can be no doubt that Thomas Chase was of your family, but I hardly think he would have lived at Hundritche, as he seems to have belonged to the neighboring parish of Amersham."

Of the chapel at Hundritche he says: "The chapel at Hundritche is pre-reformation, and I fancy would date about the 13th century. It was probably not used as a place of worship after the Reformation."

As "Old Father Thomas Cha(a)se," according to the Chesham Parish Register, was buried at Chesham, it is probable that another Thomas was the martyr of Amersham, two miles from Chesham.

CHAPTER II

SETTLING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

DUDLEY CHASE, second son of Samuel Chase, of Newbury, who married Mary Dudley, was married to Allace Corbett, of Mendon, Massachusetts, August 23, 1753. Nearly seventy-five years after this marriage Philander Chase, the youngest son of this couple, passed through Mendon and made this record in his journal: "This is the place which I recollect often to have heard my sainted mother mention as the scene of her childhood. No one now remembers her, yet I have great reason to believe that she was once the fairest flower that bloomed on Mendon plains. Many [such] roses, no doubt, have since sprung where she raised her modest head; they also have faded, and with her have sunk to the silent earth. May they have grateful friends to record their names, as I do that of my angel mother, Allace Corbett."

From Bishop Chase's *Reminiscences* we learn that this couple lived after their marriage in Sutton for ten years, before entertaining the idea of going into the northern wilds to seek for a home and lands broad enough to support their rapidly growing family. Even ten years seem too short a time, since the marriage of this young couple, to allow for the birth of seven children "before going to Cornish." We will allow

twelve years, and that will bring the date of this fateful journey up to the summer of 1765.

There were then no settlements above Fort No. 4 on the Connecticut River. It seems that Samuel Chase (Dudley's father) and several of his brothers (among them Jonathan, who afterwards was a General in the war of the Revolution), accompanied him, or perhaps followed him in his perilous journey through the wilderness, or as far as Fort No. 4,—now Charlestown in New Hampshire.

These men, the descendants of Aquila, must have had the courage of the true pioneer, a courage and faith in the future of their country which have since been fully justified. This beautiful valley of the Connecticut was then a vast forest of evergreens, maples, beech, and birch. The higher hills in Vermont and New Hampshire, clad as they are to-day in dark hemlock and spruce, were almost Alpine in gloom and mystery, especially when wintry winds and drifting snow clothed everything with their wildness, and the fear of the lurking and savage foe was too real a danger not to dread.

Into this land, which had been reached from Mendon or Newbury or Sutton, came this colony of Chases. We wonder how it was done, especially by Mistress Allace with her seven little children, all of tender age. Probably the journey of about a hundred and forty miles was made by means of oxen and the two-wheeled carts used by the peasantry in Germany still, and which were used by Vermont farmers in the first half of the nineteenth century. They might be made comfortable for women and children by means of fur skins, of which the early settlers of Massachusetts had good store in

hand. It is quite possible that for a part of the way canoes may have been used, at least above "the narrows" of the Connecticut at Bellows Falls. No doubt these thrifty people had horses and saddles for the women, and a pillion for the elder children. They must have been guided by the trees "blazed" by the prospectors, for these colonies had already secured a grant of a township of land sixteen miles above Fort No. 4, Charlestown.

This occurred in summer, "when leaves are green," and when the beautiful river Connecticut, of which the New England poet said of old,

> Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine,

dimples and frisks as it glides over the shining pebbles toward the sea, its waters pure and sweet and cold, fed by numerous small streams, all of them abounding in the famous "spotted trout" dear to the sportsman's heart. There were doubtless camp-fires upon that long journey, and many anxious nights and days, with gun close at hand, for the father, as this whole country at that time was infested by Indians.

It seems that Dudley Chase and Allace, his wife, with seven little children, reached Fort No. 4 at the early summer-time, the mother remaining at the Fort while the father with his band of workmen went up the river sixteen miles to that land of promise, "the township of land," just across from what is now Windsor, in Vermont, and in full sight of the dome of Ascutney.

It was no wonder that Mistress Allace Chase "shuddered" as she reluctantly gave her consent to remain behind at Fort No. 4, while the husband and father went forward with his men, prepared to cut down the

VIEW OF MT. ASCUTNEY FROM CORNISH, N. H. *Page 12.*

trees and build the first home for his family above this little outpost, built for defence against savages and crowded with women and children. In her own words, as quoted by her son long afterwards:

"Days seemed weeks, and weeks seemed months, and scarcely did a sun rise without witnessing my wanderings on the banks of the flowing stream where I had parted with your father and his company of Cornish workmen. It was in one of these walks, with my children by my side, I saw at sunset a canoe coming round a point of the river bank toward me. I at first thought of the approach of savages, but I soon recognized the well-known canoe of your father, and in it our trusty neighbor, 'Diah Spalding. My heart leaped with joy, and no sooner did the canoe reach the shore than the children were in it, and on his knees; nor did they allow him to stir till they told him that I was resolved that we should all return with him to their father in the woods.

" 'Do you know, dear Madam,' said he, 'that our anxiety to put in a crop and plant the ground, for the coming summer, has been such that we have had no time to build even the semblance of a house? I am come to tell you that your husband is well, and to learn of your safety and health, and to carry back a supply of provisions. We have all slept upon the uncovered ground, and as yet have no shelter for ourselves,—much less for you and your little ones,—will you venture with them into the woods before you are sure of a refuge?'

"To this I replied: 'I will go, and with all my children endure any storm if you will give me but a safe and steady conveyance to my husband. If there be

no shelter, nor fence nor fort, his faithful arm will guard me, and his trusty men will aid him, and their God who is above all will provide.' "

A much smaller degree of sagacity than 'Diah Spalding possessed would have convinced him that Mistress Allace was mistress of the situation.

This question decided, all the resources of his mind were called into action to make things ready for the flitting. "Such goods as we needed least were secured in the fort, and such as the boat would carry and we needed most, with ample provisions, were put on board, and the morning sun was scarcely risen, ere by Spalding's help and with that of the oldest boys, all things were ready for the voyage.

"Spalding was a good canoe man, and with the boys to 'lend a hand' we made good progress, slow but unceasing. It was in time of Indian warfare, in a frail Indian canoe, and going up a rapid stream, yet we reached the little opening among the towering trees before nightfall.

" 'There they are,' cried the children, 'there are father and his men; I hear his voice and the sound of their axes.'

"For a moment all was hidden from our view by the tall forest trees; this gave me time to utter what was laboring in my heart,—a prayer of faith and benediction: 'May the God of our Fathers bless your father, and me your helpless mother, and you my dear children now, even now, as we shall take possession of this our dwelling-place in the wild woods; and though like Jacob of old, we have but a stone for a pillow and the canopy of heaven for a covering, may we all find God in this place, and may it be to us as the House of God

and the Gate of Heaven.' " How the prayer of this faithful woman was answered, time has told.

Mistress Allace resumed her story in this way: "Pilot Spalding made fast the canoe to the willows and asked us to await his return. Your father could get no direct answer to his inquiries, 'Is all well? and have you brought us a supply of food?'—'Come and see,' replied Spalding, and as they stood upon the bank he saw beneath the frail bark in which were his wife and children. The emotion of the moment was almost too much; I sprang forward, the little ones following. He received us with joy mixed with agony; 'Are you come here to die,' he exclaimed, 'before your time? We have no house to shelter you, and you will perish before we can build one!'

" 'Cheer up, my faithful,' I replied, ' let the smiles and the rosy cheeks of your children, and the health and cheerfulness of your wife make you joyful! If you have no house you have strength and hands to make one. The God we worship will bless us, and help us to obtain a shelter. Cheer up! Cheer up! my faithful!'

"The sunshine of joy and hope began to beam from his countenance and the news was soon told to the company of workmen, and the woods rang with their shouts in honor of the first white woman and her children on the banks of the Connecticut above Fort No. 4.

"All hands assembled to welcome the strangers. Trees were felled and peeled, and the bark in large sheets was spread for a floor, other sheets were fastened by thongs of twisted twigs to stakes driven in the ground, and were raised for walls or laid on

cross-pieces for a roof, and a cheerful fire soon made glad our little dwelling. The space of three hours was not consumed in doing all this, and never were men more happy than these men who contributed so speedily to supply our wants.

"Beds were brought from the canoe to the rustic pavilion, and on them we rested sweetly, fearless of danger, though the thick foliage was wet with dew, and the wild creatures of the woods howled around us.

"The next day all hands were called to build a cabin which served us for the coming winter, and in which, cheered by the rising prospects of the family, and the mutual affection of all around us, my enjoyments were more exquisite than at any other period of my life."

One cannot but admire, and almost envy, the happiness of this pure and high-minded woman in taking possession of a cabin in the wilderness with her flock of little ones (to which a little daughter was soon added), far from the comforts of ordinary life, and with so much depending upon her own hands and her own courage and strength, her faith in her husband, and her trust in God. She was indeed a woman fitted by nature and grace to be the mother of men and women. And thus this branch of Aquila's descendants began life in Cornish, New Hampshire, in 1765.

CHAPTER III

PIONEER LIFE

THE family life begun so happily in the log cabin on the banks of the Connecticut was a very busy period during the winter following the events of that summer, so pleasantly described by Mistress Allace in the last chapter.

Any one familiar with pioneer life can imagine what it was for the mother of a large family, shut in by wintry storms in a log cabin, without neighbors, and without access to aid in time of sickness or serious accident. Doctors and nurses there were none, but this family seems to have been cared for, especially as, of fifteen children born to them in an incredibly short period, but one died in infancy; the remaining fourteen grew up to be men and women of a type well known in the annals of New England, "makers of history" in the true sense of the word.

There is no record of how the years passed with Mistress Allace and her husband, but we may naturally conclude that as the "rising prospects of the family," before alluded to, continued steadily to cheer them, additional house-room must quickly have become a necessity. How soon the house on "Cornish plain" was built is not now apparent, but as the seven very soon became ten sturdy boys and girls, we imagine

that so thrifty a couple made the flitting to three miles south of their first home in a short time.

Meantime, local history indicates that the settlers from Massachusetts and Connecticut were not only creeping up the river valley, but penetrating year by year into the fertile lands of White River, in Vermont, and its tributary streams, the "East and West Branch."

At Royalton, on the White River, in 1780, there was a considerable settlement, which was that year burned by the Indians; several persons were murdered and others taken prisoners,—in fact, every building was destroyed except a small shed which still stands. Some of these prisoners returned to their homes after two years among the Indians.

Randolph, Vermont, was first settled in 1776. In 1780, the Indians, on their triumphant way from the burning of Royalton, captured seven men in Randolph, half of the male population of the town. These all returned after a captivity of two years.

It may be taken for granted that, before the birth of young Philander in 1775, December 14th, this large family of young people and their parents had plenty of work to do in providing for the needs of the younger ones, as well as their own. Deacon Chase, who was of Puritan stock, and his wife, kept a firm hand upon all these youngsters. Happily, however, for both himself and his children, he had a keen sense of humor, which most of them shared with him.

The three girls born before coming to Cornish were now old enough to be of great help to their mother. As soon as possible Deacon Chase provided cows for the comfort and sustenance of the growing family.

Butter and cheese were made by wife and children. Sheep were also brought into the country; the wife and daughters were provided with spinning-wheels, and it was not long before a hand-loom and all necessary implements for the manufacture of woollen cloth were provided, to wit: the wheels, reels, reeds, shuttles, etc.

Carding the wool by hand for spinning must have been necessary, for the "rolls" could not then have been made by machinery, and this was also the work of women in a New England household. In due time flax was raised upon the farm, and then it underwent an elaborate process,—pounding in brakes, "swingling" with a swingle knife, and beating with a beetle, until it became soft, and then it was "hetchelled." All this was work for a man. When the flax was thus prepared came the woman's work, spinning. This was done by means of the "little wheel," and was a work of much nicety and carefulness. No doubt Mistress Chase took this delicate work for herself. At this period all the cloth and linen for family use was made at home,—flannel and woollen cloth for underwear, coats, and trousers; yarn for stockings and mittens; linen for sheets and pillow-cases, towels and table-cloths; heavy yarn for bed-spreads woven in curious and even beautiful patterns,—all these and more were women's work.

Beside these, there was hard work for women when hogs were killed and lard was to be "tried out," sausages made, pickling and preparing hams and bacon, and salting the fat pork; and then when the fat beef was killed there was another process of pickling and salting. And then candles were to be made after the tallow was "tried out."

Add to this the fact that all the ordinary cooking was done over a fire in the big fireplace,—frying, broiling, and boiling,—much of the baking in a Dutch oven, potatoes roasted in the ashes, and the bread mostly from Indian corn and rye; while pies and cakes were baked in a brick oven, with beans and meats, all prepared by women's work.

Soap and starch were also made at home with infinite labor and painstaking. After orchards began to bear fruit, cider was made in great quantities, and cider brandy of domestic manufacture furnished enough of the necessary (?) stimulant for men of that day. Barrels of apple-sauce were provided for winter use also. Sugar was made in early spring from the sap of maple trees, although involving much labor both outdoors and in the kitchen. It was a gala time for the children when the snow, still on the ground, began to melt, and the boys got out the big kettles and the sap-tubs and hied themselves to the sugar bush.

Of the young men who were born before coming to Cornish, now grown to manhood, there were four, Simeon, Salmon, Ithamar, Baruch; for these the woods and streams furnished infinite delight, mingled with enough danger to heighten rather than detract from their pleasure, while adding to the resources of the family by their tributes of venison and wild birds from the forest, and trout from the cool streams coming to meet the beautiful river from the north.

No doubt the boys hunted for the wild honey which wild bees had stored for many summers in the wilderness, and searched and found where the hill strawberries grew and the wild raspberries ripened cool and sweet under the beech trees and in the partially cleared

land, where sweet blackberries tempted their sisters into the dangerous fields out of sight of the smoke of the big chimney at the home.

In the winter, when the moon shone bright up and down the frozen river, what a pleasure to slide or skate or drive a sled with all their might, their young hearts beating with the joy of mere living!

The humorous side of life gave these children a certain pleasure which many of the same class could not appreciate; besides, by some means, they had books, scarce as they must have been. Of newspapers there could have been none; what Deacon Chase knew about the war of the Revolution was brought to his ears by transmission from mouth to mouth by the settlers down the Connecticut.

The farmer of to-day may profitably look back, through the vista of one hundred and twenty-three years, to the days when the farmer of 1780 worked his woodland acres by means of a rude plough, fashioned in part by his own hand, and propelled by an ox team.

All the tools were more or less made at home, at least the parts constructed of wood. The grain, most of it (rye and oats), was threshed by flails made of very hard wood, and fastened by leather thongs at the joint. These flails are curiosities now, but their cheery thump from the open barn-doors on sunny days in winter is one of the memories of the childhood of people now living. "Fanning mills" were not then invented, and cleaning the grain from fine dust and straws was done by means of a "cradle" manipulated by the farmer's strong arms.

Added to these little inconveniences, matches were not in use for nearly sixty years after this period. The

coals on the big kitchen hearth-stone were not allowed to go out at night, but were carefully covered with ashes; or, should such a dire accident occur, fire must be produced by means of a flint and tinder-box, or the hot coals sent for from neighbors, if within reach. Imagine the situation in a dark night in mid-winter with a child ill with sudden croup!

Smoking was not made easy in those days; the kitchen tongs, heavy as they were, held the hot coal to the plug weed, finely shredded, or the tallow candle was held close to the cob pipe, ere the soothing weed might console its owner. But perhaps these stalwart young Chases were not addicted to or held in bonds by this habit.

Mistress Allace for all these busy years was the mainspring in this extraordinary household. From 1764 to 1785 great changes occurred in her family.

CHAPTER IV

THE FAMILY OF DUDLEY CHASE

THE three eldest girls, Mercy, Lois, Abigail, now have grown into capable young women, well prepared to become heads of homes, in all that was needed.

About this time Deacon Chase acquired considerable wealth by the sale of his lands, and he evidently was an excellent business man. His farm furnished the family with the means of comfortable support. In 1780 he began to consider ways and means for providing his young people with homes for themselves. For this object he proposed to invest in "more land." He therefore started out to explore the valley of the White River and its "West Branch" in particular. This journey was made on foot and alone; and late at night, weary and hungry, he made his camp at a point near the site of old Christ Church, in what is now called Bethel, in Vermont. Here he found a convenient stone for a pillow, and doubtless made himself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He soon fell asleep and, like Jacob of old, dreamed that he saw the "Angels of God ascending and descending a ladder let down from Heaven," and this he considered a token that he had found the land of promise. Upon awakening and resuming his search, he saw that

meadow-lands up "the Branch" were fair and fertile; he therefore concluded his purchase of a township of land, and named the same Bethel, the western portion, Gilead; and Bethel-Gilead it has been unto this day.

Into this town of Bethel-Gilead came, not long after, several of Deacon Chase's daughters and their husbands, and one of his sons, Simeon.

Mercy, born April 6, 1755, second child, and eldest daughter of Dudley and Allace Chase, married (Enos?) Child. This couple came to Bethel-Gilead and there brought up a large family. Among their grandchildren were at least three clergymen, the Rev. George P. Comings, the Rev. Stephen Child, and the Rev. Henry Safford.

Lois Chase, third child of Dudley and Allace Chase, was born August 16, 1756. She married Benjamin Smith. This couple settled upon the fertile farm situated upon the West Branch of the White River in Bethel, Vermont. They were made happy by many children, most of whom emigrated to the far West. Among the grandchildren is Colonel Dudley Chase Smith, now living in Normal, Illinois.

Simeon Chase, second son of Dudley and Allace Chase, was born June 14, 1758. He settled upon a portion of the township of land called Bethel. He married Molly March. This couple had but two children. "Uncle Simeon" is remembered as a very handsome old man, always in his place at church, which still stands on what was his own land. He rests in God's Acre near old Christ Church among many of his kindred.

Abigail, the third daughter, was born November 9,

1759. She married John Morse. They had several children, one of whom was the Rev. Intrepid Morse, who was a faithful servant of God and one of the earliest clergymen of Ohio. He always remained true to his first bishop. His honored grave is in God's Acre at Gambier, and his memory is blessed in the hearts of his old friends.

Three sons come next upon the long list of the children of Deacon Dudley and Allace Chase. Salmon, born July 14, 1761; Ithamar, September 27, 1762; Baruch, March 27, 1764.[1] Of these their youngest brother, in his *Reminiscences*, says: "Salmon was a barrister in Portland, Maine, of whom the late Judge Dawes of Boston was heard to say that 'he never saw him enter the court but with feelings of respect.' " He died in 1806. It is probable that this young man must have left the paternal nest very early in life, as his brother gives no further record of his career and there is no mention that he was married. He was graduated at Dartmouth, and must have been among the first of her alumni.

Ithamar, the next son, also studied at Dartmouth and was for many years a member of the Council of the State of New Hampshire. He died in Keene, New Hampshire, in 1819. He married a Miss Rallston, and of several children, sons and daughters, one was named Salmon Portland in honor of his uncle; his life story is on record in the annals of his country.

Baruch, the next son, also a graduate of Dartmouth,

[1] In a copy of the family record taken from the Chase family Bible, now owned by Joseph Dudley Denison, of Randolph, Vermont, it is stated that John, born in Sutton, April 30, 1754, was the oldest son. He died in infancy.

the last of the pre-Cornish children, was solicitor for Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, for many years, and president of the Merrimac County bank. He died March 4, 1841, at his home in Hopkinton, New Hampshire. He was a charming old man with a sweet and gentle face. His wife was Miss Ellen Wiggin. She was a sister of Timothy Wiggin, of Manchester, England.

The wonder is how these boys were prepared for college. How did they learn even the rudiments of "some Latin and less Greek"? Many years after 1780–90 there were no English notes to the Latin grammar, or to *Sallust* or *Virgil*, to aid the schoolboy or girl, as some of us know to our sorrow. These boys must have just *dug* their way through with a determination that schoolboys of to-day never could bring to the *Lessons in Latin made Easy* in this period of the world. But one may venture to say that in these youngsters there were high aspirations, that their souls were filled with the gladness of a pure and happy youth, although they had never tasted of what many call the pleasures of life. They had never danced at a ball, never seen a theatre, and had no idea of what is now called Society. If, as is said, the railroad is the harbinger of a new era in life, which brings with it the habits of urban civilization,—art, music, books, and luxurious living,—that time was "not yet" for these boys.

Fifty, yes, nearly seventy years after this period, the first railroad came up the valley of the Connecticut, in sight of Cornish plain. Prior to this, slow, covered wagons brought goods from Boston, and the farmers in the winter carried in sleighs the products of

the valley farms to market, and the farmer men and boys drove their fat cattle and sheep there in summer.

That four of these boys at that time, so nearly of an age, should have been graduated at Dartmouth, and a fifth have studied there (Ithamar, the father of Chief-Justice Chase), is a very remarkable circumstance in itself. The course of study must have been fairly good. Some rather remarkable men were trained at Dartmouth about this time,— for instance, Daniel Webster.

The first child born in Cornish was Allace; and she, as appears in letters written seventy years after by her youngest brother Philander, was his nurse, caring for him while his busy mother was attending to her great household, and playing with him in summer on the rocks which hemmed the banks of the Connecticut, whence the children could look across to beautiful old Ascutney, green with the unequalled verdure of the Vermont hills in summer, and in winter grand with their mantle of snow. What native of this land but has Ascutney imprinted on his memory, a part of his soul forever?

Allace Chase, born October, 1765, became in after years Mrs. Bybye Lake Cotton, and to her was given, by her father, another farm next to her sister, Lois Smith, in Bethel. Here she lived, and died at an advanced age in 1844. She was a woman of superior attainments. It is a tradition that she could repeat the whole of Homer's *Iliad*, and that when her brothers were in college she kept up with them in Latin and Greek. She is also remembered as the most delightful of story tellers, when she had time to give to the children. After the family came into the

Church she was most earnest and influential in her efforts to build up the parish in Bethel. She was laid to rest in the churchyard of the old church in Bethel. She had two daughters and one son. The son inherited the genius of his mother. He was Captain Salmon Chase Cotton, one of the earliest settlers of Grand Detour, Illinois, and one of the most charming of men, as all his old friends knew.

One of the granddaughters of Allace Chase married William Henry Augustus Bissell, afterwards second bishop of his native State, Vermont. Another granddaughter married the Rev. Gemont Graves, of Burlington, Vermont. The latter is still living.

The next daughter, Sarah, born September 14, 1767, married Jireh Durkee. She had but one son. Her grave is in the cemetery in Burlington, Vermont.

Two sons came next, Daniel Corbett Chase, born January 13, 1769. He died in Philadelphia August 14, 1798, of yellow fever. Heber, born September 2, 1770, was a physician. He died in Demarara, South America, September 4, 1798. They were both unmarried.

Dudley, the fourth son of Dudley and Allace, was graduated at Dartmouth College. He began the practice of law in 1794, in Randolph, Vermont, a town in Orange County, bordering upon Bethel, in Windsor County. He was State's Attorney for Orange County from 1803 to 1811, United States Senator from Vermont from 1813 to 1817, Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont from 1817 to 1821, and again United States Senator from 1824 to 1831. He died at his home in Randolph in 1846. The above is the brief record from a local history of Randolph. But to his

friends and neighbors, and to all who knew him, he was much more than this. From his early life, among the sturdy men of these times, he was the exemplar of thoroughness in everything that he did; he was the best farmer, had the best fences, the best and most beautiful garden, and all the working-tools about his home were cared for properly. He soon built the finest and best house in the country, planted the finest orchards, raised the best apples, plums, and cherries that ever were seen in that country, and planned for the best and widest roads in Randolph. He adopted, or, rather, cared for when necessary, twelve children, giving the girls a portion at their marriage and educating the boys. He had no children of his own. His success as a lawyer and statesman was known all over the country, and his honesty as a man and citizen never questioned.

One wonders what this pure and noble man would think of the politician of to-day; the "log-rolling" of his time was of another sort. Some eminent lawyers were trained in the little office on his grounds, which is yet standing.

He died at the home he built a hundred years ago. It stands embowered in the maples he planted, and looks as if it might stand hundreds of years longer. The large rooms remain almost the same; the only serious and unfortunate change has been the removal of the chimney and wide kitchen fireplace. He and his wife Olive rest in the old graveyard at Randolph Centre.

Rachel Chase, the last daughter on the list, the childish companion of the little brother Philander, came to Vermont and spent her married life in Royalton

on the White River. Her husband was Dr. Joseph Adam Denison, who was the authority in the medical world for fifty years in that vicinity, as also was his son of the same name, but whose life was cut short in comparatively early years. The descendants of Rachel Chase and Joseph Adam Denison are numerous, and all of them worthy of a high place in the honorable estimation of their friends. Many of them are professional men of high standing in various parts of our country. Among these may be mentioned Dr. Charles Denison, of Denver, and Prof. Charles Denison, University of Michigan.

Philander, the fifteenth child of Dudley and Allace Chase, was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, December 14, 1775. He was married in 1796 to Mary Fay, the daughter of Mary Page Fay and Daniel Fay, of Hardwick, Massachusetts.

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CHAPTER V

THE YOUNG PHILANDER

PHILANDER, at the age of fifteen, was a happy, healthy boy, handsome in person, accustomed to all the merry sports of youth, and no doubt guarded by his elders and parents from all unusual care and labor as the youngest of their flock. He says, in his *Reminiscences*, that up to this time, he had a decided preference for the life of a farmer. His father, like the patriarchs of old, had with his children "fed his flocks by the side of living waters in green pastures" for many years, till now he was old and gray-headed. Most of his children had left him for homes of their own. The thought of such a separation was painful to Philander's youthful heart, and for a time he was indulged in the pleasing dream of being the favored one who should occupy the home farm and minister to the wants of his parents in their declining years.

Deacon Chase and his wife were born and bred in the Puritan faith, but both had the kindly, generous nature which disarmed the rigid laws and practices that prevailed in those early days of most of their terrors.

These children in their sylvan home in the wild woods, afar from the temptations of large towns, led an innocent life, drinking in with their breath the sweet influences of nature.

Deacon Chase must have seen that his youngest boy had within him, if rightly trained, that which might make him "a leader of men," and although his heart would fain keep the child with him for the comfort of his old age, his anxiety that Philander, the last of his sons, " should become a minister of the Gospel " prevailed over his natural affection for the child so precious to both parents. Indeed, it was the constant prayer of these good people that God would incline the heart of this child in this way.

As the four sons who had been educated at Dartmouth had all entered upon life in other professions, this desire was very near their hearts. Their prayers were answered in a painful way.

Young Philander, while on a visit to his sister in Bethel, met with a serious accident, which crippled him for nearly a year, and soon after this he had the misfortune to break his leg, from which he suffered for many weeks. His father took this opportunity to tell his son that this very great trial might be the means of showing him the way of duty, and that he should immediately upon his recovery begin his studies preparatory for entering college. He did not add "for the ministry," but the son knew that this was implied.

It seems that obedience to parents was the rule in this family. The boy's preference had evidently been averse to this plan, but he yielded to the wiser judgment and unselfish sacrifice of his father and mother. The work of hard study was at once begun, and in less than a year this boy passed his examination. His brothers were his tutors, and they must have been born teachers, for in the fall of 1791 Philander entered Dartmouth.

In the year 1793–94, while a member of the sophomore and junior classes, young Philander happened to find a Book of Common Prayer. It was a rare book in those days, as every churchman now knows; so soon after the Revolution the Episcopal Church and its members were but a "feeble folk" in numbers, and less in influence.

This circumstance, trifling as it seemed, was really a very important event, leading to great changes not only in Philander's life, but in the lives of many others. Instead of carelessly looking the book over and throwing it aside, he studied it, he compared it with the Word of God, and the more he examined it, the more forcibly its beauties appealed to his sense of what is the true way of worship. He communicated these thoughts to his family and friends. This was evidently a subject that enlisted all the minds of this wonderfully intelligent family. To them the truth was the great desire of their hearts—something stable, sure, in worship and belief. This Prayer Book seemed to them, upon comparing it with their former mode of worship, as a light to guide them into the paths of peace and order.

"These considerations concerning the liturgy of the Church, joined to her well-authenticated claims to an apostolic constitution in her ministry, were among the principal reasons which induced so many of the relatives to conform to the Episcopal Church." Instead of repairing the meeting-house where his father and grandfather had officiated as Congregational deacons, they decided to pull it down and erect in its place an Episcopal church. This was effected in great harmony; not a voice was raised against this plan in the

neighborhood. This is certainly a most remarkable event. It is doubtful if anything like it ever occurred before or since. That a mere youth should have brought this about among his relations so long accustomed to Congregational worship is indeed wonderful, but that the whole neighborhood should have consented to this great change seems next to impossible. However, there stands the church to-day, in which divine service is still held.

So far as this change affected young Philander, who was then in his nineteenth year and who, as the result of his newly acquired knowledge of the Prayer Book, had become ardently desirous of entering the ministry when qualified, the question who had the divine right and authority to ordain him, thereby giving him an apostolic commission to preach and administer the Sacraments, became to him a matter of great consequence.

At this early period (1793–94) there were two clergymen of the Church who at rare intervals visited Bethel and Cornish, one of whom was the Rev. J. C. Ogden, a man of talent and able to preach well. He must have taken much interest in the promising young student at Dartmouth, for he visited him in his room, and by his ardent words and cheerful, self-denying zeal greatly impressed the heart of the growing boy.

Books in those days were worth their weight in gold. An English book, written by Jones of Nayland, had been published in England and somehow a few copies had been brought to Vermont. It was an essay on the Church, and the Rev. Mr. Ogden was so desirous of bringing this subject before his people that he determined to re-publish it in this country He had

saved a little money with which to buy an overcoat, so much needed in that cold climate, but he could pay the printer with this money and "turn his old overcoat to keep himself decent." The printer agreed to publish the little essay, but, for the money given, could only print it in 16mo, making a "short, thick, square" volume; but it "told what the world is, what the Church of God is, how to find the latter, and how to know the nature of the other." This book was the means of doing much good. People were then looking for the truth.

Another clergyman was the Rev. Bethuel Chittenden, brother of the Governor of Vermont at that time. Hearing that there were a few churchmen in Bethel, Vermont, and in Cornish, New Hampshire, he came over the Green Mountains to visit these few scattered members of the fold. It was no easy journey to cross the Green Mountains then; the distance was not great from Rutland, in Vermont, to Bethel, but the dark mountain track was all the way literally a howling wilderness, inhabited in its bleak and lonely fastnesses only by bears and wolves.

At this time young Philander taught school in Bethel, when it was possible to leave his studies at Dartmouth, and also acted as lay-reader in Bethel and Cornish. The arrival of the Rev. Bethuel Chittenden at either place was a Godsend to these earnest people, for they all knew "he was a well-ordained minister of Christ." This fact seems to have been considered to be most important by these seekers after truth, which it certainly was.

"This unknown servant of God was almost like St. John in the Wilderness, clothed in sheep-skin 'smalls,'

glazed by hard and frequent use, and a threadbare blue coat, yet his person was clean and his manners gentle, savoring of true piety mingled with good sense and enlivening remarks."[1] Mr. Chittenden had been ordained by Bishop Seabury, the first Bishop of the Church in America, and had been sent to the wilds of Vermont.

Bishop Chase says in a letter to Bishop Hopkins almost fifty years after: "It was from this man that I received my first Communion, and well do I remember with what solemnity he consecrated the elements of bread and wine, to represent the 'Body broken and the Blood poured out,' once for all, on the Cross for the sins of the world. These I received from the hands of one commissioned of the Lord to give them to me. Uninfluenced by external riches or splendor, my very soul was engaged by the internal spiritual meaning of things before me, and in proportion to my faith in Christ, the Author of the Gospel of Peace, and in the Divine Commission given to His Ministers to administer this sacrament, my love to His Church has continued to this day.

"The poverty and humble clothing of this Ambassador of Christ in no way derogated from the authority he had received from the Heavenly King. The treaty of mercy he could sign and seal, embracing more treasures than the mines of Golconda, though himself poor and distinguished by nothing but faith in the Word of His Master, the King." These were the sentiments of this youth upon the occasion of his first Communion.

[1] *Motto*, 1849. *The Motto* was a little diocesan paper published by Bishop Chase for some years.

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In the *Reminiscences* is this further proof of the youth's feelings upon this, to him and his family, the most important event of their lives: "Never will the impressions made by the solemnity of this divinely appointed means of grace be obliterated from my mind."

It added to his joy and comfort that his father and mother, his uncles, his sisters and brothers, and other relatives were kneeling at his side, and although many of them had been Congregationalists, yet they were one with him now in Christian love. From that day he seemed "strengthened and refreshed" to go on his way. By the advice of the clergy above named, he read prayers and authorized printed sermons in Hartland and Bethel, Vermont, and in Cornish, New Hampshire.

He says further: "The conformists to the Church in all three places were considerable in number, particularly in Bethel, thus laying the foundation of what was for many years the largest parish in the diocese." These efforts to build up the primitive Church of God were made when the young man was a student, and principally in time of vacation and when visiting his friends on Sundays.

He was graduated from Dartmouth with the degree of A.B. 1795.

CHAPTER VI

STUDYING FOR THE MINISTRY

PHILANDER'S graduation occurred the summer before his twentieth birthday. Soon after this he attended a convention of a small number of churchmen on the west side of the Green Mountains in Arlington, Vermont. Here he learned that an English clergyman resided in Albany, New York, and, contrary to his friends' and his own expectations, finding that he might obtain the information that he desired in the matter of studying for the ministry, he continued his journey to that city.

He had no letters of introduction, and when he arrived in Albany, the first city he had ever seen, he had but one crown in his pocket; neither had he ever seen a person who lived in this busy *terra incognita*, which was only a terrible wilderness to this country boy, fresh from a New Hampshire farm; nor did he know where to look for the Rev. Thomas Ellison, of St. Peter's parish, Albany, whom he had come to see in this audacious manner. But as he naïvely says long years after: "I pressed fearlessly onward; God was with me, opening my way and directing my steps."

Having learned from a friendly voice that the English dominie lived in a newly built house on the clay bank, the youth mounted the plank doorsteps, and

with a trembling hand knocked at the door of the rector of St. Peter's, Albany. "Is this the Rev. Mr. Ellison?" was the question asked when the top of a Dutch-built door was opened by a portly gentleman in black, with prominent and piercing eyes and powdered hair. "My name is Ellison," said he, "and I crave yours." Giving his name, the youth explained that he had come from New Hampshire, his birthplace, and he was very anxious to become a candidate for holy orders and desired Mr. Ellison's advice. Mr. Ellison's reply was most frankly reassuring: "God bless you! walk in!"

One may smile over this picture. No doubt this youth of nineteen or twenty, clad in homespun garments made by the hands of his mother and sisters, wore a rustic air of the hills and woods, but withal a countenance lighted by bright gray eyes, marked by keen intelligence, and cheeks flushed with the glow of early youth.

This was indeed a crisis: had the comfortable and portly Mr. Ellison been troubled with dyspepsia or the gout, things might have turned out differently, but as he had warm, honest blood in his veins and was a "fine, old English gentleman," he was evidently very favorably impressed with the youthful aspirant. "As it was a plain story," says the old Bishop fifty years and more after, "all things assumed a pleasing aspect."

He soon received an appointment as a teacher in a city school, and free access to a well-chosen theological library, through the influence of his newly found friend. This was a most remarkable privilege, for at that time there was no seminary for the training of candidates for the ministry in all this land. Mr. Ellison's

influence not only provided young Philander with the means of living and books for his course of study, but gave him the opportunity of associating with a finished scholar and a clergyman of the Church of England. No doubt these very favorable circumstances had a marked influence in forming the character of this peculiarly gifted young man.

Before the matter could be entirely arranged, a Sunday must intervene, and Mr. Ellison very wisely gave the young man an opportunity to show of what stuff he was made. "As you say," he remarked, "you have been accustomed to read the service among your friends in New Hampshire, why not do so in this neighborhood? There are a few Church people in Troy, suppose you spend the Sunday there as a lay-reader? Your commission to do so is not inferior to others. Take a manuscript sermon of mine, and if you can read it, do so."

Some young men, situated as Philander was, would have hesitated because he was out of money, or made some paltry excuse, feeling that he was but a country boy and would be timid about reading the service before "city folk." Not this boy, however. He was glad to go, not only that he might defray his own expenses, but he was eager to take his chances and do his best among the best people; and he was profoundly grateful to Mr. Ellison for proposing this plan. So off young Philander started for Troy with a letter from Mr. Ellison in his pocket and one of his manuscript sermons also.

He soon found himself with friends, and very good and generous friends they were. It would seem, even at that early age, he captured friends without effort.

It is probable that his earnestness of purpose and sincerity of faith gave to his manner an attractive absence of self-consciousness.

The story goes on: "All denominations then met in one house [Troy, New York, 1795], and the afternoon of Sunday was assigned for the service of the Church. The assembly was large and decorous; and though he was but the organ of others, he saw what opportunities God might give him for doing good when duly qualified and authorized to perform the sacred functions. This encouraged him to go on with confidence in the goodness of God."

But some time previous he must have formed another tie, which in the summer of 1796 was made into an indissoluble bond by his marriage before his twenty-first birthday to Mary Fay, a young girl of sixteen, whom he met first in Bethel, Vermont. His school in Albany, where he had a salary of four hundred dollars a year, was kept in Maiden Lane in an old Dutch house, in the rear of the mansion of Philip Van Rensselaer; and here the young wife joined him, and here in the following year their first son was born.

This early marriage, before his ordination, was no doubt considered by his elders most unwise and imprudent; and so it was in some respects, but after all it nerved his heart and hand to do all in his power to win the battle of life worthily, especially as the girl he had chosen was well-born and well-bred and, as tradition declares, was a beautiful, bright, and lovely girl.

A story is told of this courtship, which is the only knowledge, or tradition, rather, of this early love story that remains. This young girl was the daughter of

Daniel and Mary Page Fay, of Hardwick, Massachusetts, both of good family. The mother was a woman of fine presence, even in extreme old age. They had come to Vermont to improve their fortunes, but found "hard times," as most early settlers do. It seems that young Philander had consulted his father and mother concerning this new departure, and this led to a little journey, on the part of the Deacon (so called by courtesy) and his wife, from Cornish to Bethel.

By this time, no doubt, there were good roads all the way up the river to the junction of the White River with the Connecticut, and up the valley of the former to Bethel, and we may be sure that the old people had a comfortable "one hoss shay" and a strong horse to propel it.

This visit from the parents of young Philander to those of his promised wife was unexpected by the latter; and as the resources of the family were small, Mrs. Fay, upon the arrival of her rather formidable guests (under such circumstances) labored under somewhat heavy difficulties, as dinner-time was close at hand.

But she was a woman of resources and, while one side of her brain was engaged in giving a proper welcome to her guests, she was busily planning in the other side what she should get for dinner. There was no bread in the house, therefore she sent her small boy out to a neighbor and bade him borrow a pailful of flour. It was July, and as there were strawberries in the fields, another child was sent to pick them. There were green peas in the garden; another boy was sent on this errand, while she sat calmly down to entertain her friends, as she stirred a bowl of cream into golden butter.

REV. PHILANDER CHASE

From an Ivory Painted Miniature. *Page 43.*

Meanwhile her husband killed a chicken, and in an hour there were hot "short biscuits," chicken fricassee, green peas, and strawberries and cream,—a meal fit for a prince.

The Deacon and his wife observed the spotless neatness of this home and concluded that all was well with their son, especially when they were introduced to the sweet young girl who had won the love of their youngest son, so dear to their hearts and so worthy of their best hopes.

The young couple remained about a year after their marriage in the old Dutch house in Albany, while Philander taught his schoolboys and studied to prepare himself for ordination. This event was not delayed, for on the 10th of May, in the year of our Lord 1798, he was ordained to the diaconate in St. George's Church, New York, by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Provoost, Bishop of New York, in company with the Rev. Robert E. Wetmore, who was ordained to the priesthood. Meantime the young wife had returned to her friends with her little son, and in the same summer another son was born in Bethel, Vermont, to whom was given his father's name.

At the time of his ordination to the diaconate, this young man, Philander, lacked several months of his twenty-third birthday. A beautiful miniature of the young deacon, painted upon ivory, represents a bright, honest face, with brown hair and dark eyes, smiling yet sedate, and apparently looking out with youthful confidence upon life as it was to come, in what seemed endless years before him. He feared nothing then; no whisper came to him of the conflict of the future.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE WILDERNESS

IMMEDIATELY (and this word seemed to be the motto then) after Philander Chase's ordination to deacon's orders, he was appointed itinerant missionary to the northern and western part of the Diocese of New York.

At that time there were practically but three clergymen in all the vast diocese above the Highlands. They were the Rev. Thomas Ellison, Albany; the Rev. Daniel Nash, Otsego; and —— Urquhart, officiating a short time at Johnstown, afterwards degraded.

The young deacon went back from his ordination at New York City to Albany in a sloop. He says that the voyage frequently took a week, but every tide set him forward a little, so that he was not wholly hopeless, even with the wind ahead. This journey must have been pleasant after all; it was spring-time in the world around him, and no doubt his young heart thrilled with delight at the work before him and with the courage born of a desire pure and true to do this work as a good soldier of Christ.

The Rev. Mr. Wetmore had, before his ordination, been employed by the Missionary Society in the Diocese of New York, which was the first organization of the kind in the Episcopal Church of America. With

great fidelity had he worked on the head-waters of the Delaware and Unadilla rivers in Paris and Duanesburg.

His health had failed and he was now a resident of Schenectady. The young deacon, Rev. Philander Chase, was named in his place as an itinerant missionary. The first baptism at which he officiated was in Albany, and the candidate was, it is said, Mrs. Pomeroy, a sister of Fenimore Cooper. His first sermons after his ordination were in New York City, Lansingburg, and Troy.

About this time he wrote the following sentences, full of true, humble sincerity, which, in a youth of his age, glowing with life and love and joyous hopes, are really remarkable, under these very peculiar circumstances: "The Church in America was then in her infancy, hardly had she begun to rear her head, or make her voice heard among the daughters of Zion: and I myself but a youth, the least learned and experienced of her ministers. Instead of being held up by older Christian men, and by the encouraging voice of numerous congregations among whom I might go in and out, I found in reality no people as yet 'gathered together' to bid me even a welcome. And yet God was gracious to me in giving me favor among a few faithful ones, who understood the Word of God and the doctrine and discipline of the primitive Church; and often was I called to the great honor of admitting by baptism many lambs into the fold of Christ, and of planting many scions in His vineyard which have since borne much fruit."

Yet, all this time, he was separated from his young wife and his two little sons, and one must remember

that in the years of our Lord 1798–99 there was little communication by mail or otherwise with the then wilderness of western and northern New York and the little settlements in Vermont. Many, doubtless, were the anxious and lonely hours of his young wife, his parents, and brethren.

From his own record of his early missionary work he seems to have been especially encouraged by friends in Troy. A feeling of profound gratitude is apparent in his memorials of those who generously helped him onward in his difficult and unknown way. He writes: "Years after, I met them in other scenes with the joy of the weary traveller when suddenly finding both light and shelter."

And who could more beautifully and sweetly express his loving-kindness than this man towards his kindred and friends? Perhaps this gracious quality is what so soon became a power, giving him a charm for "all sorts and conditions of men," and enabling him to overcome difficulties which would conquer almost the bravest of men whom Nature has refused to endow with this gift. The secret of it was, then as now, the utter absence of self-consciousness and the absorbing desire to bring about the work in hand in the shortest time possible.

From Troy, Lansingburg, and Waterford, Mr. Chase proceeded to hold services at Stillwater, Fort Edward, Kingsbury, and Lake George, also at Thurman's Patent, a country just being settled west of Lake George, where he organized a parish. At Hampton, on the borders of Vermont, he remained several weeks and organized a parish. Returning to Albany and taking sweet counsel with good Mr. Wetmore at Schenectady, he went forward to Utica. On his way

thither he preached at a church built for the Indians at the expense of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He also visited Johnstown, where before the Revolution Sir William Johnson had built a stone church, with an organ, and endowed it with a glebe for the support of a clergyman. This glebe and church had been seized at the time of the war: the church had been recovered, but the glebe was then supporting a presbyterian minister, while the rector was barely supported by the few churchmen remaining in the parish.

He also visited a tribe of both Mohawks and Oneidas, and drew near their little cabins with much pleasure as the snow was two feet deep, and the wind swept over the clearing, bitterly cold. Shenandoah and his warriors were not at home, but he found the queen and the queen-mother and the princess sitting round the fire on a clean-swept hearth, the smoke issuing from an aperture in the roof. He was cheered with the comfort of this peaceful dwelling; and as the royal dames sat around the boiling pot, making strings and garters, he thought of King Alfred under similar circumstances.

This tribe of partly civilized Indians was afterwards removed to Duck Creek, a reservation in Wisconsin (territory), near Green Bay, and was for a long time under the charge of the Rev. Solomon Davis. It is still a very important and large mission in the Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, with many Indian communicants.

Going onward, the young deacon reached Utica, then but a small hamlet. The stumps of the forest trees were yet standing in the streets, if streets they

could be termed, when scarcely two of them were fenced out. Colonel Walker received him in a small cottage, which he then occupied. It was by this gentleman's encouragement that he succeeded in organizing a parish. Colonel Walker was for a long period the friend and secretary of Washington, and by his aid this parish, the first in that city, was organized according to the act of legislature which the Rev. Mr. Ellison had two winters before drawn up, and procured its passage through the legislature. The parish was organized under the name, "The Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, Utica."

Fifty years later the founder says: "Situated as this little place then was, when so few things seemed permanent, when there was much coming and going, and scarcely a plurality of persons acted and thought together, this was indeed the day of small things, which not being despised and neglected, God hath blessed the means since used with abler hands, till the well-fenced fields are indeed white and the harvest plenteous. Blessed be His Holy Name that I have seen this before I die."

Mr. Chase then went on to Paris in the same county. Here he found the families of the Blakesleys, the Seymours, and the Doolittles, all of whom were already interested in the growth and progress of the Church, through the efforts of a Mr. Aiken, a layman; and so earnest had he been, that a parish had been formed and the Rev. Mr. Wetmore had officiated there for some time. The Doolittle family long after moved to Wisconsin, and were always thereafter faithful members of the church of their fathers.

To go on with the story of missionary work in the

now five great dioceses in New York, with one missionary and he a deacon not yet twenty-four. This was a little more than a hundred years ago.

In these chapters more or less is quoted from Bishop Chase's *Reminiscences* (now long out of print and almost impossible to obtain), in order to make a continuous narrative of the immense work accomplished in this field, a work which is known to few among the hosts of churchmen now living. Here in his early youth Philander Chase laid many stones in the founding of the blessed privileges which are now so bountifully bestowed upon the present generation.

No civilized men greeted the young missionary as he passed through what are now large and busy cities, Salina and Syracuse. There were only two cabins to be seen and these were uninhabited, as they were used for boiling salt. Imagine the desolate picture in winter!

Where Auburn now stands he remained for some time. A Mr. Bostwick, from Lanesboro, Massachusetts, had then just moved hither with his young and interesting family, and was living in a log cabin on the public road. Here divine service was held, attended by the settlers and their families, just opening their farms in the vicinity. Many children were baptized, including several of the young Bostwicks, so that soon there were many hearts interested in the formation of a regular parish, which took place soon after; and it was an event particularly pleasing to the young deacon, as its members were young men of understanding and earnest piety.

It was twenty-four years after this when the Bishop came again to this place. Here he found his old

friend, Mr. Bostwick. A church now occupied a spot near the site of the log cabin where Mr. Bostwick's children were baptized, and where the parish was organized. There it stood where the tall trees so lately occupied the ground and shut out the light of heaven. It was a beautiful building, well finished, with pews and an organ, pulpit and altar. "This is the tree which you planted. May it bear much fruit for the Heavenly Husbandman," said Mr. Bostwick to the Bishop.

In the winter of 1798–99 the missionary visited Canandahqua,[1] as it was called by the Indians, who then lingered in great numbers, reluctant to leave this lovely spot, the home of their fathers.

Here he was received most kindly by the Hon. Moses Atwater, Mr. Sanborn, and others. The Court House was then so far finished as to accommodate a congregation. The neighbors and those friendly to the Church met for several Sundays. The result was the organization of a parish.

[1] Now Canandaigua.

CHAPTER VIII

WORK NORTH AND SOUTH

THEN onward and westward Mr. Chase went to Bloomfield and Avon on the Genesee River,—at the latter place receiving much kindness from the Hosmer family. There was then no road except an Indian trail through the Tonawanda plains, uninhabited even to the Niagara River. Therefore he returned by the way he came, visiting the parishes he had formed at Canandahqua, Auburn, and Utica, and then visiting Mr. Nash at Burlington, Otsego County.

The young missionary gives a graphic sketch of the self-denying life and work of Father Nash, who touched his youthful heart with his own spiritual strength and fervor, while living the life of an anchorite with a modest and quiet devotion which in after years bore such abundant fruit. He says:

"I do not pretend to more sensibility than other men, but there was something in the meeting of Mr. Nash and myself, peculiarly suited to draw out whatever moral feeling I possess. It was a meeting of two persons deeply convinced of the primitive and apostolic foundation of the Church and ministry, to which on account of its purity of doctrine and the divine right of its ministry, we had fled from a chaos and confusion of sects. We were both missionaries, though

the name was not yet understood nor appreciated. He had given up all his hopes of a more comfortable living in the well-stored country at the east, and had come to Otsego County to preach the Gospel and build up the Church on apostolic ground, with no assurance of a salary, except such as he might glean from the cold soil of unrenewed nature or pluck from the few scions which he might engraft into the Vine, Christ Jesus. He lived not in a tent like the patriarch, surrounded with servants to tend his flocks and milk his kine and 'bring him butter in a lordly dish,' but in a cabin built of unhewn logs, with scarcely a pane of glass to let in light enough to enable him to read his Bible; and even this was not his own, nor was he permitted to live long in one at a time."

All this was witnessed by the young missionary who helped him in a removal, holding one handle of a basket in which were a few articles of crockery while Father Nash held the remaining handle; and as they walked along the road "they talked of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." Seldom is a more interesting picture drawn by the pen, or one more artlessly and innocently given, than this living and breathing sketch of a scene in the woods, a hundred years ago.

The Bishop says long after: "I cannot refrain from tears when I recall the circumstances of that day. This man, who was afterwards most properly called 'Father Nash,' was the founder of the church in Otsego County, who baptized great numbers of both adults and children, and thus was the spiritual father of so many of the family of Christ, and who spent all his life and strength in toiling for their spiritual benefit; yet

who was at this period so little regarded by the Church at large, and even by his neighbors, that he had not the means to move his small furniture from one cabin to another, but with his own hands, assisted by his wife and children and myself, accomplished the task. Well do I remember how the little cabin of one room looked as he entered it. Its rude door hung on wooden hinges creaking as they turned. How glad he was that he had been mindful to bring a few nails; these he drove into the logs with good judgment, choosing the proper place for his hat, his coat, and for other garments for his family. All this, while his patient wife was, with the children's help, building a fire and preparing food for—whom? Shall it be said a stranger? No! but for one who by sympathy felt himself a brother more than by all the ties of nature, and who by this day's example learned a lesson of inexpressible value to him for all the days of his life hereafter."

Beside Burlington, Mr. Chase visited many other places in which Mr. Nash had his small congregations, among them Butternuts and Ridgefield. Thence he proceeded alone to the Susquehanna, where, at Ocwaga, he organized a parish. The two families here who were of most assistance to him were the Honiston and Harper families.

Stamford on the Delaware River was the next place which the missionary visited. Here he preached for several Sundays and was kindly treated by the family of Andrew Beers, the astronomer. So interesting were these people that he was well-nigh induced to remain among them, and with that view contributed a hundred dollars of his small salary to help in building their church. But Providence ordered otherwise.

He then went on to Freehold, in which was a place called Batavia. Here a Mr. Gunn was his chief friend and supporter in forming a parish, and many years after assisted him in a similar duty at Portsmouth, Ohio. The few churchmen in Hudson, Lunenburg (now Athens), at New Lebanon Springs, and in Putnam County, were not neglected, so that it was quite autumn of the year 1799 before Mr. Chase reached Poughkeepsie, where, and at Fishkill, he was invited to remain as rector of the two parishes.

The Rev. Philander Chase was ordained to the priesthood in St. Paul's Church, New York, by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Provoost, on the 10th day of November, 1799.

In the beginning of his work as a parish priest, Mr. Chase, yet a very young man, not quite twenty-four, naturally was greatly disappointed that, on account of yellow fever prevailing to an alarming extent in the city of New York, the Convention of the Church was not held for two successive years, 1798–99. In consequence there was no public record of his services as a missionary during this time.

It is more than probable that not one churchman in a thousand among the rich and powerful parishes in western New York knows who it was that laid these foundations in the wilderness a hundred years ago.

The importance of missions in the destitute condition of western New York still occupied his mind, although his duty to his family compelled him to remain in Poughkeepsie. The small missionary fund had been exhausted, even by the moderate stipend afforded him and the Rev. Mr. Wetmore, his predecessor. To replenish this by appealing to his people was at

once his pleasure and duty, and although the contributions were limited, yet he never presented them but with an humble prayer that God would bless the day of small things to His glory.

Following out his youthful convictions of the importance of missions, there is a fragment of a sermon giving a simple record, the only one extant, of the work accomplished by the two early missionaries who were appointed by the Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Propagation of the Gospel in the State of New York. The sermon reads: "A canon was passed by the convention of 1796, that the ministers of churches should preach sermons and make collections for the above purpose throughout the diocese, some time during the month of September in each year. With the fruits of the collections the Rev. Robert G. Wetmore travelled in one year 2386 miles, held divine service and preached 107 times, baptized 47 adults and 365 infants, and distributed among the poor and deserving the Book of Common Prayer. Philander Chase, who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Wetmore, travelled above 4000 miles, baptized 14 adults and 319 infants, held divine service and preached 213 times, and distributed many Prayer Books and Catechisms among those whose remote situations and limited means precluded them from any opportunity of being otherwise supplied."

This sermon (a youthful one) on the subject of missions, although a fragment preserved through many vicissitudes,—a fire and shipwreck among them,—is such as to awaken the drowsy conscience of many an easy-going churchman in this twentieth century, a hundred and four years after. The young priest omitted to

mention the fact, however, that in this year's work, besides services at many other points, he organized parishes at Thurman's Patent, near Lake George, at Hampton, near the Vermont line, at Utica (Trinity), at Auburn, at Canandaigua, at Ocwaga, at Batavia,—seven in number.

Mr. Chase's family joined him in Poughkeepsie, but the salary paid by the combined parishes of that town and Fishkill was not sufficient for his support and that of his family. He therefore took charge of the seminary at Poughkeepsie. The duties of so large a school and of two growing parishes became almost insupportable. To add to his cares, Mrs. Chase's rapidly failing health made it a matter of utmost need that she should seek a warmer climate.

But it was not until the year 1805 that the Bishop of New York, having received from New Orleans an invitation from the Protestant residents in that city to send them a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, appointed Mr. Chase for the position. But so uncertain were the prospects financially, and so hazardous was it to undertake the removal of his invalid wife, that he decided to go first himself, and return for his family as soon as possible.

Accordingly, Mr. Chase sailed from New York on the brig *Thetis* in October, 1805. Driven on the hard sands which surround Riding Rocks, and by contrary currents across the Gulf Stream to the Florida shore, and thence pursuing the tedious course around the Tortugas, Mr. Chase remarks that "the voyage was most unpleasant." He also says that "nothing but the kind treatment of the Captain, whose civility, even temper, and uncommon good sense were acknowledged

by all on board, could reconcile him to the evils of a first voyage at sea."

It is a pity that the Captain's name is not given. It may be that his passenger bore these evils so merrily and was such excellent company, that this prince of captains was enabled to bear with more than usual "even temper" his share in the mishaps of such a voyage in the windy month. However, the brig *Thetis* at last reached the mouth of the great river and passed up to the "English Turn" without difficulty. Here the vessel was detained, waiting for a change of wind, and to avoid delay, Mr. Chase and a friend walked ten miles up the river to the plantation of the Hon. B— P—, then Judge of the newly ceded city of New Orleans. They were received with the utmost kindness, and no doubt the beautiful garden, hedged with orange trees bending with golden fruit, and the well-managed plantation made a delightful change for the young men, to which the hospitable welcome of a well-bred gentleman added a vivid charm. Moreover, as he says: "Soon were the courses marked out, and ways and means provided for the introduction of the first Protestant minister who had ever preached in Louisiana."

This fact may seem to many persons of little moment, but in reality it was an event of great importance in the history of the Southern metropolis, for, at one time, the names of the first vestry and wardens of Christ Church, New Orleans, were not known, the records thereof having been destroyed by fire many years before. Happily, however, Mr. Chase had preserved a copy of all the papers concerning this important event, and the small box containing them was

rescued many years after from the fire which destroyed his temporary home in Michigan. These memorials were afterward published in his *Reminiscences* in full, and as they contained information of much importance in the history of the Church in the Diocese of Louisiana, with much difficulty a copy of the book, long since out of print, was procured and sent to the librarian of the Howard Library in the city of New Orleans.

As these records are too voluminous to be copied here, it must suffice to state the outlines, giving the names of the first wardens and vestrymen of Christ Church, New Orleans. It might be well to notice the fact that had the word "Protestant" been ignored in bringing about the establishment of this parish in this almost foreign city, peopled at that time with an alien population of French, Italian, and Spanish Romanists, there would scarcely have been a favorable result of the effort made by the Protestant citizens to effect an organization; or had Mr. Chase shown less firmness in declining to accept any call, unless it should be made according to the canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and providing that the rector, until a diocese should be formed in the Territory of Louisiana, should be subject to the ecclesiastical government and direction of the Bishop and Convention of the Diocese of New York in all things as if he were a presbyter belonging to that diocese; scarcely would it have been possible to prevent immediate distraction and dissolution in an organization formed as it was by men of different opinions and accustomed to different forms of worship.

This required a change, by act of the New Orleans

Legislature, in the former charter which was given to the "Protestants" of that city.

This change was made in the winter of 1806–07, and thus the parish of Christ Church, New Orleans, was duly and legally organized. It is now the Cathedral Church in that city.

The Wardens and Vestrymen who made the definite call to Mr. Chase after the regular organization of the parish were: Joseph Saul, Andrew Burk, Wardens; George T. Ross, Richard Relf, Charles Norwood, Joseph McNeil, John Sanderson, William Kenner, Vestrymen; James Williamson, Secretary.

Apropos to this, in April, 1901, a meeting of the citizens of New Orleans was held to decide upon the place and circumstances of a reception to President McKinley. Mr. Zacharie spoke of the fitness of holding the function in the Cabildo, the Supreme Court building, on account of its historic interest; he said: "This ancient building has given birth to twenty-three States: it is to New Orleans what Faneuil Hall is to Boston and Independence Hall to Philadelphia"; and added that "the Cabildo is especially interesting for the reason that in it the first Protestant service was held on Sunday, November 17, 1805, and that the clergyman who conducted the service was Rev. Philander Chase, who afterward became the Bishop of Ohio."

Mr. Zacharie pointed out that a member of President McKinley's Cabinet was named Philander Chase Knox, and that his son bore the same name. He said that it was highly probable that the Attorney-General was a kinsman of the same great clergyman who preached the first Protestant sermon in New Orleans, and he thought

the Cabildo was especially the proper place to hold the reception.

The paper also states that, "In the Louisiana *Gazette* of November 15, 1805, appeared the following notice, which corroborates what Mr. Zacharie said: 'Divine service will be held in the Principal on Sunday next, beginning at 11 o'clock precisely.'" In his diary the Rev. Mr. Chase jotted down: "Those who attended were numerous and of the most respectable Americans, and very decorous in their conduct."

HOME OF HON. DUDLEY CHASE, RANDOLPH, VT. *Page 61.*

CHAPTER IX

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS

MR. CHASE remained in New Orleans for six months before returning to his home in Poughkeepsie for his family. Meantime he had received the assurance of a competent support from the newly organized parish of Christ Church, New Orleans.

Mrs. Chase then went with her husband to bid adieu to her parents and friends in Vermont and New Hampshire. Yet so frail was her condition and so strong were her impressions of her brief tenure of life, that she finally consented to leave both her little sons with their uncle, Dudley Chase, of Randolph, Vermont. The children were very nearly of an age, George was eight and Philander seven, interesting and beautiful little lads. Judge of the grief of the mother's heart when she bade them good-bye, as she feared, for the last time upon earth.

From Randolph, on a hot summer day, Mr. and Mrs. Chase drove down the White River Valley to Cornish, the home of Mr. Chase's youth. Here were more farewells to be spoken; then on they went to Hopkinton, to the home of his beloved brother, Baruch, where he baptized his two young nephews, and then onward to Haverhill, New Hampshire, where Mrs. Chase was seized with an alarming hemorrhage of the

lungs. Fortunately the physician's skill relieved her from present danger and the young couple soon arrived at Boston. Mr. Chase in his brief visit had an opportunity of meeting with the "Johnsonian Club," which must have been managed on the plan of that immortal genius whose name it had taken. Here were met the Elliots, the Dexters, and the Warrens of that day.

September had passed before the couple reached New York. One must bear in mind the difficulties of travelling at that time. A journey from Boston to New York involved many days of continuous coach or wagon or horseback riding over rough roads, which, for a delicate, invalid woman, must have been exhausting, even dangerous.

The brig *Friendship*, whose Captain Mr. Chase knew, and which had been selected for the voyage, was found upon their arrival to have cleared all ready for sea, and he had only time to carry his invalid wife on board in his arms, leaving all his earthly possessions to be shipped on the *Polly Eliza*, the next vessel "up" for New Orleans. Mr. Chase speaks of this circumstance as providential, as the latter vessel was wrecked, and its crew and passengers rescued after great suffering for many days. The cargo was entirely lost, including all of Mr. Chase's goods.

"Happily the sea air, in spite of the great storm, proved most beneficial to the invalid, and when the ship approached a milder climate, she who was so lately languishing under the effect of a wasting disease, was now in fine spirits, able to comfort those who had been of late caring for her, cheering all by her smiles, and alive to the beauty and wonders of the ocean voyage." Upon arriving at New Orleans Mr. Chase had the

satisfaction of knowing that his wife's health was greatly improved, and he began his sacred duties under favorable auspices and with good courage. In the meantime their household goods had been already destroyed by the shipwreck of the *Polly Eliza*.

It was March before this misfortune was made known to Mr. Chase,—when he met a little boy, a former pupil in his Poughkeepsie school, who was wearing his own son's clothes, which had been packed with the expectation that one of his little boys would come with his parents.

To explain: The brig *Polly Eliza* had been wrecked upon the shoals of Point Sacco, the crew and passengers escaping to the shore. For many days thereafter these unfortunates were kept alive by the provisions made by Mr. Chase for his family, and kept from perishing by cold by the clothing in the boxes cast ashore by the waves. They were rescued from their dangerous position by a party of wreckers from Cuba, and finally, after months of suffering, brought to New Orleans.

Mr. Chase lost his all—books, furniture, maps, globes, provisions, clothing. His purse was empty and his salary had been anticipated in expensive lodgings; he had no resources from abroad, or in the land whence he came, for at that time there were no benevolent societies nor generous missionary aid to help in such serious disaster.

Under God, he must depend upon his own exertions. It was well that Mr. Chase was a born teacher. He did not lose any time in idle regret. He hired a small house, borrowed a little money, and began to receive pupils. In this undertaking the greatest

difficulty was the impossibility of obtaining domestic service. Where all are owners of slaves, none can keep house without them. He must own them or hire them from others. If a man owned a good servant, he would not part with him, and a poor one was not worth having. To borrow money and purchase was the only expedient, except to give all up and leave the country.

Aided by Mr. Dow, afterwards one of the wardens of the church, he was able to borrow of the bank, and as his school soon proved to be profitable, he was not long under indebtedness. The negro Jack was bought for $500, proved to be a model servant, was put into good clothes, waited upon the family for three months, and was both modest and manly; then he shipped himself upon the *Thomas Jefferson*, just ready to sail for Liverpool, went with a fair wind and swift current down the river and out to sea, and was seen no more by Mr. Chase or his friends. This, under the circumstances, was a hard blow and humiliating as well, but it was not the end of the story. It was impossible then to predict that this insignificant event would, long years after, raise him from deep distress and be the means under God of greatly benefiting His Church.

The school grew apace and larger quarters were soon needed. It thus became necessary to move into town. While these changes were in progress, a dear friend proposed for the sake of health and recreation an excursion after Mr. Chase's long confinement in school and public duties. Therefore, with his hired servant Jim and Captain C., he started gaily out in the pleasant month of May, 1808, for a short trip across

the lake to Bookters Springs. No doubt the young men enjoyed the bustle of providing the tent, cooking utensils, and provisions for this unusual picnic excursion with boyish pleasure,—at least, we hope so, in view of the *dénouement* of the story.

With all things needed to make themselves comfortable, they passed through Bayou St. John's to the Lake Pontchartrain. Here, at the military post of St. John's, they met with great civility from the officers and the captains of the gun-boats on the lake, which is really a part of the Mexican Gulf and a beautiful sheet of water, abounding with excellent fish.

From thence the friends went on board a small schooner to the Tickfaw River. A fine wind soon carried them through into Lake Maurepas, where they pitched their tent upon its shore, as the schooner could take them no farther. Here their pleasure ended and their trials began. The story from this time became distressing, all owing to the unlooked-for presence of a most disagreeable person. Life, in all times and places, has people who are especially intended by nature and training to be the kill-joy of society.

Here they were joined by a friend of Captain C., with his servant, who urged them to change their plans and visit him at his new plantation. The uninvited and disagreeable guest joined in urging this plan, as it coincided with his desire to show them his own lands, and offered to bring his horses to aid the party on their way to Bayou Barbara, also promising to pilot them thither by a much shorter route by help of his compass. This person was "J." in the story, and the owner of Bayou Barbara was "Mr. D.," who, strangely enough, although a charming and cultivated gentleman,

yielded to the offensive patronage of J. without protest. Then the order of march was taken up,—first, the intruder J. on horseback with a bag of Indian meal under him and a compass in his hand, then Mr. D.'s servant with a ham on one shoulder and an axe on the other, then the hired yellow man, Jim, with a large tin cup, knife, and hatchet, flint and "spunk" to strike a fire. No matches in 1806. The rear was brought up by Mr. Chase on horseback, enjoying the pleasant company of Mr. D., who, with rifle over shoulder, walked by his side. Captain C. had remained to attend to his business at Bookters Springs.

It was a delightful day, with no chilly spring wind to mar the beauty and pleasure of the Southern scene; and the self-constituted guide, J., was going fearlessly forward, calling to his followers that they would soon reach Bayou Barbara, when Mr. D. remarked that they had already gone quite far enough to have reached Bayou Barbara. At this J. seemed angry and laughed Mr D. to scorn. It soon occurred to Mr. Chase that J. did not know the route and that the party had evidently lost its way, but as the distance was short the situation was not alarming.

The day was spent in this way, J. continually calling: "Come on; here we are, we shall soon be there." Clouds now obscured the sun and night was at hand. The cry was: "We can go no farther, here is water and we can rest on the dry leaves of last year." The horses were "spancelled" and Jim struck fire; dry limbs of trees were collected and a cheerful fire soon "beat back the darkness" of the Southern night. J. continued his assertions that the morning would show them that

all was right, and he would soon bring them into Bayou Barbara.

Jim, in this emergency, proved himself to be the "mascot" of the hungry and weary company. He plucked the large leaves of the magnolia, mixed the Indian meal with water, and placing the leaves upon the ground poured the wet meal upon them, covered the mass with more wet leaves and buried it in the hot coals. The bread after baking was delicious, and with broiled ham made an excellent supper. Jim also prepared a sleeping place by stakes stuck in the ground and others laid across for branches of trees to rest upon, leaving one side open to the fire, so that the sleepers could have their feet to the blaze, while protected from mosquitoes by the curtain of boughs. Jim evidently knew his business, which is more than could be said of J.

The next morning the latter began his work, and addressing his oratory to Mr. D., seemed to get that unlucky gentleman completely in his power. He held the compass, he owned the horses, the party was forced to follow him. The open woods were covered with prickly briars and they all suffered greatly, their clothes torn and their exposed skins trickling with blood.

Thus the miserable day wore on; the only comfort was to cheer their parched throats with sweet blackberries, which in this semi-tropical land were ripe in early May. Mr. D. was apparently bewildered by fatigue and hunger, and more than ever under the power of J. It was middle afternoon when the weary party came to a windfall of trees, where the horses were jumped over some large logs, and this proved a fortunate incident.

Going on farther into open ground, poor Mr. D. and the servants sat down in despair. J. mounted his horse and rode off in search of "Cow Bluff," a place of which nobody had ever heard. Mr. Chase made himself the keeper of the compass for a short time, and meantime took a solemn vow never to surrender it; in fact, he determined to obey the "spirit" and not the "letter" of the law in this present emergency.

To do this effectually he must win the confidence of poor Mr. D.—how? What man could not achieve the good providence of God effected and that very soon. Mr. Chase's coat was torn into tatters, but in one of the pockets he found a sheet of paper and a pencil. His memory kept the direction of their wanderings through the country where they were so unhappily bewildered, and their present position between the Amité and Tickfaw; and by asking questions of Mr. D. and the servants, he succeeded in making a rough draft of their track, and found that they had passed the source of Bayou Barbara twenty miles behind.

To this Mr. D. assented, and also agreed with Mr. Chase that their hope was now to steer directly for the Amité River and then follow it down to Mr. D.'s plantation. At this juncture the inevitable marplot appeared flushed with confidence, immediately proposing a plan exactly contrary to that of Mr. Chase, for he "now knew where they were, and they would soon be extricated from all their difficulties."

"Mr. J.," said Mr. Chase, "will you kindly look at this map?" He did so, but had no confidence in it and declared that to proceed in that direction would be to go back the way they came. "Not so," said Mr. Chase, "for we came in that direction," pointing

to the fallen trees over which the horses had just been jumped.

This J. flatly denied, and there was nothing left but to appeal to the evidence of sight; but on the way to the place poor Mr. D. sat down in despair, saying that he presumed J. was right and that he would trust everything to him. Stung by this evidence of weakness, Mr. Chase insisted that J. should follow him, and when the tracks of the horses and also the footprints of the men were plainly seen, Mr. Chase said in no very mild tones: "Are you convinced that you were wrong, and that I was right?" "Yes," J. replied. "Then will you own to Mr. D. that you were mistaken?" "No." "But you must." "I will never own that I have been wrong." This was followed by a fusillade of oaths and abuse. Here Mr. Chase naïvely remarks that "happily no blows were necessary, but that nothing but the expectation of instant chastisement brought him to reason." It was probably about this time that Mr. Chase was taking off what was left of his coat. J. yielded to the inevitable, cooled down, owned his error, promised to tell Mr. D., and agreed that Mr. Chase should carry the compass.

The weak nerves of Mr. D. were braced by this time, and the wanderers prepared with some courage to spend another night in the dreary wilderness. Jim improvised a shelter from the impending thunderstorm; they scraped the bone of the ham, and baked a little meal.

The next morning they struck upon the track of a human being, and soon came to a deserted Indian camp, and shortly afterwards to the bank of a stream

which Mr. D. said was not the Amité. Here they found the remains of a dwelling, and as they supposed the stream was a branch of the Amité, they proposed to build a raft to float them thither. Finding that the cypress logs were too much decayed, this plan was impossible, and they gave up in weary despair, hungry and fainting. One of the party suggested that possibly human beings might answer to a signal; accordingly the rifle was loaded as heavily as it would bear, and some one gave a loud whoop.

After the third repetition there was a distinct reply.

At length, after a hush of beating hearts and strained nerves, from around a point of great trees, borne on two pieces of logs, came their deliverer. After the first joy, questions were asked and answered: they found they were fifty miles from Bayou Barbara, a mile from the Amité River, and ten miles from Galveston. Three of the party embarked on the log raft, their new-found friend went back for the servants, and the horses were left to feed on the fresh grass in the clearing.

They found that the kind man who had rescued them was himself in a sore strait. After bringing this large party of hungry men into his home, which was a mere tent covered with palmetto leaves, he said his provisions were almost gone, a sick child was on the bed made of tulé reeds, and his wife had gone for food and medicine for the child. There was nothing to do but to go on to the next house. He said as they left: "You will have to cross or wade up to your waist in the bayou, and as it is growing dark, you must each light a piece of candle-wood, of which I have plenty, and keep close together, holding up your torches, and

the alligators will be frightened and will not touch you." "How far is it across the bayou?" said one. "Not more than forty yards; there are some deep holes, but none above the midriff." Dismal comfort this!

A trail led them to the bayou! Now then! The waters were black as ink, and the shadowy trees heightened the ghastly effect under the fitful glare of the torches. Not to linger over the fearful plunge,—in they went! The water, dark and slimy, creeping to their hips, then to the breasts of the tallest, and now the snorting of the alligators and the shrieks of the company added to the horror of the adventure. But they got across, though in a pitiable plight, much the worse for wear. Happily they found food and shelter, a good supper, and a clean bed of corn husks at Mr. Bowser's.

Meantime Captain C., having transacted his business at Bookters Springs, returned to Rome; finding neither his friend nor Mr. Chase there, he became alarmed for their safety. A large party was to start out the following morning for their relief, when happily they returned, in a state better imagined than described.

Mr. Chase seems to reflect upon this unfortunate outing as only an "ideal" and not a real pursuit of health, and to regret that outside of his duty he had sought pleasure and change which he should not have done.

Had he found the rest and refreshment which he doubtless needed, he might, in his future life of strenuous and all-absorbing work, have given more time to recreation, and to the enjoyment of the society of those

who loved him and would gladly have soothed him into rest.

The truth is that he never, after this, spent an hour for pleasure only in all his life. But for all that, no man's presence was more genial or more eagerly sought.

CHAPTER X

FROM SOUTH TO NORTH

ONE incident occurred during Mr. Chase's six years' residence in New Orleans which cannot be passed over, as in itself it is interesting, and in the later life of the Bishop it proved a providential help to him in a crisis.

To quote directly from the *Reminiscences:*

"While living below the city of New Orleans, two gentlemen, Messrs. Leonard, the one a druggist, the other a commission merchant, were residents of that city. The former came to me and told me that his brother had received a consignment of a large cargo of negroes from the slave coast of Africa, and felt it his duty to take the best care of them in his power, now that the business, against his will and expectation, had been thrown upon his hands. Some of them were even now in a perishing state, and two of them must die unless removed immediately and carefully nursed; and his object in coming to me was to ask me to allow these poor creatures to find a shelter in my kitchen. [This it is presumed was an outside building, as is customary during the summer in hot climates.] This proposal was immediately assented to, and one end of the servants' quarters became a hospital. Being carefully and kindly nursed by the family, one of these

poor fellow-beings was saved from death; the other, after lingering long, died. A coffin was made for him by the hired servant Jim; a grave was dug in the land adjoining; and my family saw the poor exile buried, believing that his soul was as precious in God's sight as that of any other human being."

How these events could be represented as a sin and urged as an objection to the consecration of Mr. Chase as a Christian Bishop will be hereafter shown.

The school, which Mr. Chase had founded under the stress of strong necessity, had by this time become an important feature for good in the lives of the youths of that important Southern city. Few at this day can estimate the value of such instruction as this earnest man could give, in these days of his youth and strength. He says, apropos of this subject: "After the school removed to the city and commenced under very favorable circumstances, many from town pressed into it and not a few from the country and towns up the river,—the Dunbars, the Gerault's from the Natchez, the Sterlings and the Barrows from Bayou Sara, and the Percys and the Evanses from Pinkneyville and Fort Adams, all of the best. The church also flourished; the congregations were large and the number of communicants increased."

The school still increasing, Mr. Chase was obliged to find larger quarters in the buildings of M. La Branch, Tchoupitoulas Street, then the Levee in the Faubourg St. Mary. While he was conducting this school he spent some of the most laborious years of his life, and probably some of the most useful. He says in his *Reminiscences:* "While discharging his duty as Rector of the church, in visiting the sick, and in burying the

dead, the writer, as he humbly trusts, was laying the foundation of Christian education in some of the best families in New Orleans and throughout Louisiana. Should any of his pupils ever chance to cast their eyes on this little book, let them be assured that although these words are written with a hand trembling with age, his heart still beats for them with warm affection, and his prayers still ascend for blessings on them and their offspring."

The teacher and the scholars, and many of their children, are all "gone away into the world of light"; —let us believe that they are now enjoying their lives, renewed by the Holy Spirit, in a higher and better way, "as the eternal years of God are theirs."

In these days one can scarcely imagine the magnitude of the work accomplished by this one man in those six years of unremitting toil in such a city as New Orleans then was. It was not that New Orleans was then or is now an unhealthful city. Statistics prove quite to the contrary, but also then as now, the yellow fever at certain periods found its victims there as in other Southern cities, and at that time even in New York. In one of these years it found and reaped a great harvest in New Orleans. Mr. Chase fell ill and became convinced that upon the fatal eleventh day the use of porter at the critical hour saved his life.

It is certain that in his arduous duties he never faltered, and it must be owned even now, ninety-two years after, that here as a young man he laid the foundations wide and strong of Christian education in church and home in the Diocese of Louisiana.

But imperious duty, in regard to the education of his young sons left with their uncle in Vermont, called

him back to the North. Mrs. Chase had found the Southern climate of great benefit to her health, and now, with a mother's longing, desired to return to her children, who were growing to manhood,—fourteen and thirteen years of age.

In his last address to his pupils upon his departure, Mr. Chase used the following tender words: "Sweet have been the hours I have passed with you, and grateful is my remembrance of them. Many of you have waxed strong and come from childhood to youth and from youth to maturity under my care. During this period I call you to witness how often and how earnestly I have exhorted you to do your duty to God. Let memories of these instructions come often to your minds; so far as you find them to accord with the sacred Word of God, let them be imprinted upon your hearts, bear you company in your walks by day and follow you to your pillow at night. Remember the sum and substance of your instruction,—that religion is the chief thing, that to this every branch of science should aim, and without this the wisest man, in the eye of his Maker, is but a fool. Thus will you become the blessing of your day and generation, models for others to imitate when your lives are ended. So to do, and so to be rewarded, may God grant you a double portion of His Spirit through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"It now remains for me to say to the congregation what I may never have the opportunity again to say: My brethren, farewell! I go from you, but wherever I am I shall remember to my dying day your many instances of kindness to me. May God reward you with choicest blessings! May He build up the walls

of Jerusalem which He has planted here. May He people the city with Israelites indeed, so that when the great day of accounts shall come, many who come from hence may go into the state of blessedness."

There is no record of the journey to the North. It may be taken for granted that it was accomplished as before, by means of some sailing vessel from New Orleans to New York, as steamboats were not then in use on the Mississippi or elsewhere. Mr. Chase says that the sons so long separated from their parents were reunited with them at the home of their uncle Dudley, in Randolph, Vermont, and they had great pleasure in seeing their growth in stature and improvement in mind. They were handsome, interesting, and intelligent lads, and already well advanced in their studies.

It was a subject of great regret to Mr. and Mrs. Chase that there was no church in Randolph or in Bethel, where many of the kindred resided. Here it was that in Mr. Chase's early youth he had taught school, read prayers, and after his ordination preached to the faithful few of his relatives, and here he was married to his young wife, the mother of his children. He would gladly have remained, but wishing to give these promising sons the benefit of the best education possible, he went with his family to Cheshire, Connecticut, where he met the Rev. Dr. Tillotson Bronson, even then eminent as an educator.

Here he immediately began housekeeping; the boys were placed at school, the family was settled, and the lads were safely cared for by a "teacher pious without fanaticism, learned without pedantry, strict and primitive without bigotry, and withal an honest, upright

man who feared God and eschewed evil." Such a picture painted in Bishop Chase's own vivid words gives to the modern mind almost an impossible being. One man came in his short life very near to this type, yet it pleased God to take him suddenly away in the midst of his years and at the height of his usefulness. This was the Rev. Dr. James De Koven, of Racine College.

The home in Cheshire seemed to be a haven of rest for Mr. Chase. He spent his Sundays in Hartford, where he eventually removed as rector of Christ Church. In that city for a brief period he seemed to taste the genial pleasures of such society as pleased his taste and encouraged his hopes for his sons, with their mother in the sweet home life now made possible for them to enjoy. Mr. Chase always described this period of his life as his "day of sunshine."

In the *Reminiscences*, he thus speaks of these years: "In the fall of 1811, I was with uncommon felicity to myself fixed as rector of Christ Church, Hartford. My residence in this city continued until 1817. During this time the number of the faithful greatly increased. The attendance at the Lord's Table from a very few became a large number. I rejoiced to see the blessed effects of the Gospel of Peace, and the many examples of fruitful and holy life. In the bosom of an enlightened society, softened by the hand of urbanity and kindness, my enjoyments, crowned with abundance of temporal blessings, were as numerous and refined as belong to the lot of man. Of the time I spent in this lovely city I can never speak in ordinary terms. It is to my remembrance as a dream of more than terrestrial delight. Of its sweets I tasted for a

CHRIST CHURCH, HARTFORD, CONN., 1792-1829. *Page 78.*

while and thought myself happy, but God, who would train His servants more by the reality of suffering than by ideal and transitory bliss, saw fit to direct my thoughts to other and more perilous duties."

During the time of the rectorship of Christ Church, Hartford, occurred the death of Dudley Chase and his wife Allace, the father and mother of Mr. Chase, the former at the age of eighty-six and the latter eighty-one. They had lived together sixty-one years, and had been the parents of fifteen children, fourteen of whom had grown to mature years. From the moment of the death of the wife and mother in the year 1814, the father, who survived eight months after his wife's death, conceived himself away from home and would frequently and urgently entreat his children to carry him home to his dear wife, and yet would go to her grave and with perfect calmness speak of her with tender words of affection. When asked what he would have inscribed upon her tombstone, he replied, "This is the way to Immortality"; and when he himself died, and was buried by her side, his children had inscribed over his grave these words from his favorite author from whose poems (which he could repeat almost in their entirety) he had selected the Christian name of his son:

> An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
> Legions of angels can't confine me there.

Mr. Chase further says of this place, which he visited last in the summer of 1840: "There they both lie in the churchyard at Cornish. The evergreen pine trees grow round the enclosure, and the wind as it blows through the branches reminds one of the breath of God

by which the dead shall be revived and quickened according to the promise of the Saviour, by the prophet.

" 'Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise! Awake and sing; ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.' "

CHAPTER XI

HOME-LIFE IN HARTFORD

LETTER written by Philander Chase to his two young sons at school:

"HARTFORD, Dec. 16, 1812.

"MY DEAR SONS:

"We were very glad to see Mrs. Beach and to receive your letters by them. Phil'rs. shoes I have engaged and they will be sent by Mr. Beach. The watch, I, this morning carried to be mended and regulated—I fear more time will be required to this end, than to have it in my power to send it by this opportunity: as soon as it is done, you shall have it.

"I am happy to hear, dear George, that you are admitted to the society of young men associated for religious improvement: This however is in the full trust that there will be no food for vanity in extemporaneous effusions on the solemn subjects of our Holy Faith. If ever there should be anything of this nature, I enjoin it upon you to give me early notice, and from that moment you must withdraw.

"I hope, Geo., that you keep your mind, as often as occasion permits, on the subject of the Holy Eucharist and that you inseparably join Devotion with all your inquiries. Nothing would give me more pleasure than

to hear you and Philander make good progress in this bounden duty and that your hearts accompany your faith, as the Soul, the body. Next Easter, should it please God, and your requirements be adequate and your conduct worthy, I shall admit you to the participation of that Heavenly Sacrifice thro' which is the forgiveness of sins and Eternal Life. To this end may God bless all that you do.

"And dear boys, let me say something to you of the pleasure which the news of your good conduct, brought by Mr. Beach, gave me. Never can I be too thankful that you preserve and exercise the principles of Honor and Truth and that you keep your minds and bodies from the pollutions of a wicked world. This as to the main things, I trust is the case. But George, I do not like the smoking habits of a boy of 15, especially after what has passed between you and your ever hon'd mother.

"Be above board in all you do—while you are young learn to submit to the wishes of those who have a right to command and who love you. Should this not be sufficient, you will hear from me again.

"Mr. Imlay and family and Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Sigourney often mention you with much affection as do many others.

"I have filled my paper—should anything more occur, I shall give it to you in a post-script. In the meantime, ever be assured of my love, my prayers and my constant exertions to promote your happiness.

"May God ever have you in His Holy keeping.

"PHILR. CHASE."

From George Chase, a boy of sixteen, to his cousin, Intrepid Morse, describing life at Hartford:

"HARTFORD, April 30th, 1814.

"DEAR COUSIN INTREPID:

"You can scarce conceive of the pleasure I felt, when I beheld the tall spires of Hartford and the cloud of smoke that rose from her buildings. 'Away with care and melancholy' was the expression I made as I jumped from the stage before our door. Our family were all well and very glad to see me. Grandmother has gone to Vermont to see Aunt Batchelor, who is dangerously ill. Our respected ancestor Grandpa died on the 13th of the month. Thus we drop off, one after the other, till all with whom we are now enjoying life (or rather enduring her miseries) shall be forgotten, beneath the turf. Our fathers where are they? and do the prophets live forever?

"Uncle Dudley returned this way from Congress and we spent two days very agreeably together. As to politics, he is very much altered, instead of hitching that into conversation everywhere, he is modest and silent. Disgusted with the slave holders and company of the South, he spoke with rapture of beholding the streets here crowded with white people and rosy healthy children, issuing from school. No slaves are here forced to lift the heavy burden, to feel the lash of the negro driver, or know that they are bound to sweat for another until their labors and their life shall be finished by death. Never did Uncle Dudley appear so great and so noble as at present. His ingenuous confessions have endeared him to me more than ever.

"The Church still increases and it affords us sincere delight to observe people once so violently opposed to her ordinances returning like the prodigal son, to their duty. . . . Mr. Root and Mr. Huntington, two

young men, the pupils of Parson Flint in the languages, came to Church one Sunday out of pure motives of curiosity. They were astonished at the Beauty of Holiness there displayed, as they afterward told, and returned to the synagogue no more (Cheshire Meeting House). Huntington I am particularly pleased with, for he is a brother bard. 'Birds of a feather flock together.'

"On Sunday evenings we used to have meetings at our house, composed principally of Church people. To these father gave such advice as was proper, or read one of Jones's lectures, or some other good book. One evening unfortunately I fell asleep owing to my infirm state of health. Father pointed to me before the whole company, in which was the long loved C. I was mortified (in the usual way of expressing it) to death, but my dear mother came up with her reserve of excuses and secured my retreat into the other room. They have since changed the meetings to the Church, where father preaches a sermon of his own. The exertion of writing and delivering three a week almost overcomes him.

"I have been to the Holy Communion three times since my return. I find it of great and inestimable use to turn my thoughts and affections toward Heaven and inspire me to do good."

"May 3rd.

"The celebrated and the charming Mrs. Emily Phillips has favored us with her company two or three weeks since I have been home. She displayed her books, her writings and various collections for our amusement, but the greatest was the display of her

own lively talents. The more I am acquainted with her, the more I admire her extraordinary talent and taste. The Nine seem to accompany her, for one evening when the fire blazed cheerfully and every face was illumined with smiles, the whole family struck their harps, and such sweet music never was heard since the days of Orpheus and Eurydice. In short we all turned poets. The method of writing was this, each one wrote a verse upon some subject and doubling the paper down passed it to the rest. Therefore with your kind permission I will transcribe a few. My own I shall carefully conceal for conscience sake. Philander was considered passionately fond of Ally Painter, now gone to her home in Middlebury, Vermont and Orrin always bowed very low to Miss Harriet Norton. Mine they have never discovered. That 's lucky.

"*Philander's*

" How desert-like the world appears to me
Now Abby 's gone and left me far behind,
Yet dear the place where once she us'd to be
And lov'd her image form'd upon my mind.

"*Mrs. Phillips*'

" Sappho, 't is true a Muse was styl'd,
But sure you 'll all agree
That she was naught but Fortune's child
Compared to Mrs. P.

"*Mrs. Phillips*'

" The chill blasts of winter sure never will cease—
How it pelts us with snow and with hail,
The hens and the chicks and moreover the geese,
Do loudly, most loudly bewail.

"*Mother's*

" While making rhymes and mending breeches,
Which do I best, my rhymes or stitches?
I 'm sure no mortal wight can tell,
I do them both so very well.

"*Orrin's*

" O Moon! fair planet of the night!
Shed o'er the world thy splendid light,
Thou type of Canandaigua's fair,
Accept this tribute of a prayer.

"Philander requested me to assist him in writing some poesy which he intended to send to Miss E. R. accompanied with a beautiful rose (alas! Miss Painter). I proposed an acrostic and putting our heads together we composed the following:

" Eliza dear, this blushing rose,
Like Heaven's fair tints at evening's close
I send to you in manner plain,
Zealous your smiles esteem'd to gain.
And when, dear girl, this rose you see,
Remember, oh, remember me!
Of this fair rose, though short the stay,
Yet let remembrance longer sway,
Still as the fading flower you view
Eliza, pleasing thoughts renew.

"You, dear Intrepid, who like us have gnawed your pen & dash'd it to the ground, when writing acrostics, can fancy perhaps how difficult it was to make those plaguey initials come in just right. We went on smoothly until we came to the letter 'Z,' here was a

full stop, in vain we tortured one poor word a thousand ways. We thought of zig-zag, zana, zephyrs, but all would not do, till I popped upon the word zealous (by looking in the dictionary) and we succeeded. Pray give us joy.

"Thus far, dear cousin, I have written a great deal concerning myself. I now revert with increas'd pleasure to you and yours. I have reserv'd this page to give you freely my mind concerning certain subjects. I have asked father what he would think if I should enter into the society of the Moravians. 'If you had any real design of going there I would tell you, but it is not possible you should have got any such whim in your head.' 'Well, suppose I had what would you say?' 'All I should say would be this, you would one day bitterly repent it.' From my father's opinion given more freely upon this subject, forgive me Intrepid, if I say, I cannot much regret your disappointment. The Moravians are apostolic and indefatigable people, but they entirely seclude themselves from the innocent pleasures sent by kind Heaven to cheer us in this Vale of Misery. Your motives are good in endeavoring to Christianize the savages, but are there not among people of our blood, country and habits, those who although their Christian light faintly gleams like daybreak, are greatly ignorant of the sublime truths of our holy Religion? Would it not be more useful to endeavor to lead them in the right path than the very uncertain prospect of bringing but a few natives to Christianity? Their minds are fix'd and their prejudice against white people for their fraud and treachery is insurmountable; at the present time too, it is particularly dangerous. These few thoughts, dear coz, I have

flung together, hoping you will excuse their boldness and imperfection and view only the heart and feelings with which they are delivered.

"This letter I have written at different times, and therefore excuse the want of regularity, the mistakes, egotism, &c. with which it is crowded, and I am your affect.

"GEORGE CHASE."

"The gallant Com. McD.—— was confirmed with us two or three years since,—perhaps you do not remember him, as his utmost exertions had procured him little celebrity on the lake. The Secretary of the Navy is his bitterest enemy merely because he is a federalist. Such conduct ought at once to displace him from office.

"The Commodore married a Miss S—— in Middleton. He is a communicant of our Holy Church. His bravery is needless for me to mention, he has prov'd it by the most glorious actions.

"Last night an express came in town announcing the arrival of between 10 and 11 sail of the line off New London, and that they had demanded the surrender of the place, giving them one day to prepare. They can never take the place until half the men are killed. Such enthusiasm prevails here and everywhere. A great many young men have gone from this place. Thus you see the effects of this hasty, ill judged and wicked war, when will it end? Heaven knows!

"Salmon was here to return with aunt, when we arrived home. I wish, Intrepid, he had more experience. Would you believe it? he has enlisted in the U. S. Army, and he even wished to associate with the troops here in town. Could you but once behold

these miserable creatures you would exclaim, 'Alas, for my country when its honor is defended by such creatures as these.'

"There has been a great deal of trouble with them, too tedious for me to write & unentertaining for you to hear. One anecdote I cannot help repeating. Parson Flint, Sunday before last, took this text 'Fear God & honor the King.' A soldier originally a sailor from the frigate *Macedonian* bellowed out from the gallery, 'Avast there all hands, by —, I 'll have nothing but "honor the Congress."' He had never been in a church or meeting-house before. His officer after service threatened him very much,—'Oh,' said he, 'if the fellow spoke five words more I 'd hauled him out of his bunk.'

"Write me a long letter soon & tell me where I shall direct the answer. Tell me of every circumstance that has befallen you, what were your thoughts when climbing the steeps of the Green Mountains and what have been your adventures on the romantic banks of the Hudson?

"My dear father sends his best love to you & tells you to continue in that path of virtue you have so sincerely begun. He cannot write to you at present, for he has scarcely time to write his two sermons a week, and besides he sees a great deal of company.

"Pray excuse this hasty, ill written scrawl and believe me your affectionate friend.

"GEORGE."

"P. S.—Dear Mother sends her love to you & requests you to remain as good a churchman as you were at Cheshire; for she says, unless you 'abide with the ship,' you cannot be saved."

CHAPTER XII

STORIES AND STORY-TELLERS

THE time has now come when the spirit of the "Pioneer of Missions" in this country could no longer linger in the delights of his lovely home in Hartford. His wife had been restored and another son had been born during his happy life there. Never were people more beloved, never was pastor more beloved in return, never one more affectionately remembered for generations after, than the rector of Christ Church during these six fruitful years from 1811 to 1817. But before the final good-byes are said, there is space for one of Bishop Jarvis's stories as related by him to Mr. Chase.

The Bishop had warmly welcomed Mr. Chase to his diocese, and cordially invited him to his home, and during the interval before accepting the call to Christ Church, Hartford, he took occasion to visit Bishop Jarvis in New Haven; and greatly did the younger man enjoy the Bishop's company for one very good reason, that he told good stories, "long in telling," but always good at last, so that one had only to be patient in order to be highly gratified in the end.

Mr. Chase characterizes these sketches as historical and biographical, illustrative of truths beginning to fall into disuse, as possibly the truth illustrated in the following story has done in some quarters.

The principle involved is really of great importance, and as the "gems of wit and humor are scattered in the path" of the story there will be no harm in enjoying the Right Reverend's manner of telling it. Bishop Jarvis was an intimate friend of Bishop Seabury's, the first American Prelate, and his immediate successor in the Episcopate of Connecticut.

Great was the privilege to have been an eye-witness of the good deeds of him who had connected the Apostolic Church of God in the old world and in the new. This blessing Dr. Jarvis enjoyed for many years. In grave history all does not appear which is interesting to men of taste to-day, who want something more than dry facts about such a character and career as Bishop Seabury's. "A man who would do and dare as he did, alone and at the hazard of all his substance, even of his life, to go in search of 'that good thing' which he believed Christ gave to His Apostles and they to their successors, the Bishops, to the end of the world, must have had a faith which few possess. Knowing this, the Church in Connecticut regards the memory of Seabury as the Syrian Christians found in India venerated the name of Thomas, the Apostle, by whom their Church was founded."

Mr. Chase now having the opportunity to learn from one who had seen and known Bishop Seabury, begged Bishop Jarvis to tell him something of the sayings and doings of the former, after he returned to his native land with the right to wear the vestments of a bishop.

"How did his own brethren receive him, and how did others who profess and call themselves Christians receive him?" The story answers these questions in Bishop Jarvis's own words:

"As to that matter, besides what is already in print, —and precious little for some reason or another has been brought before the public, much less than the subject demands,—I happen to know some things, not exactly from the mouth of the venerable Diocesan, for he would be the last to speak in praise of himself, which may answer your question. One anecdote will illustrate the whole subject.

"The *dramatis personæ* are few, but of importance. They are Mather Byles, the head of the Congregational Church in Massachusetts and Connecticut, or rather all New England; Dr. Parker, rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and our then newly consecrated Bishop Seabury, who had been set apart (as was supposed by those who knew not the particulars) for all New England. It was well known by some intelligent ministers of the Congregational Church that the Bishop claimed, *jure divino*, the Apostolic commission to ordain the ministers of Christ. The conclusion was, that if he were right, they were wrong; and as men are generally unwilling to own themselves in an error, no small opposition was raised against Bishop Seabury.

"Among others who felt the pains of a question of validity in Congregational ordination was the Rev. Mather Byles, of Boston, a man of great wit and learning. He said within himself, as he afterwards owned: 'If this Bishop Seabury prevails, the Congregational clergy are virtually denied to be regularly ordained ministers. What then shall be done? Bishop Seabury will not ordain us, unless we all be qualified as he shall think fit, or unless we all agree to use the liturgy of the Church or something like it; now, however this might suit some, yet all will not be satisfied. Can I not get

this Bishop to acknowledge the validity of Congregational orders? Though our power as ministers according to our platform did come from the people, yet if a Bishop should sanction it, who shall say it may not do?' Not many months elapsed before the originator of this scheme had a fair opportunity to try it upon Bishop Seabury. It was announced that he had come to town and been received by Dr. Parker and his numerous congregation, and that of Christ Church, founded by the Rev. Dr. Cutler, former president of Yale College, then an Episcopalian. And said Dr. Byles: 'Bishop Seabury shall know while in this city, that there is such a person in it as Mather Byles, and I will so contrive as to make the prelate, clad with all authority as he is, to acknowledge in scriptural language the validity of all the New England ministry. I will make him give me the "right hand of fellowship," which will be all we want.' The day was fine, and the Bishop, the guest of Dr. Parker, was dining with several gentlemen of the parish, when there came a messenger with a note from the Rev. Mr. Byles, which the bearer would deliver to none but the Bishop. Accordingly he entered the dining-room and held up a letter directed to the 'Right Reverend Father in God, Samuel, Bishop of all New England.' 'The handwriting,' said Dr. Parker, 'is that of the Rev. Mr. Byles. I have ever treated the gentleman well, and I am surprised that he should have taken this opportunity to play off his wit upon my friend and guest.' 'What 's the matter?' said the Bishop. 'The matter is,' said Dr. Parker, 'that Mr. Byles, hearing you have arrived, wishes to bring the Episcopal office you hold into ridicule, by holding up to contempt the title which is

given to the bishops of an Established Church, by applying it in a country where there is no such Church, and no such pretensions; in short, Mr. Byles means the whole as a quiz and I am very sorry for it.'

"'Quiz?' said the Bishop. 'Is there a man in Boston who would quiz Samuel Seabury? Let us break the seal and see what are the contents of this letter.' So saying, the note was opened and found to contain nothing more than a respectful invitation to Bishop Seabury and Dr. Parker to tea that afternoon at a stated hour, and it concluded with a statement that there was a particular wish for a favorable reply, as Mr. Byles had something of great importance to say to the Bishop.

"'Is there any quizzing in this?' said the Bishop. 'You will see,' said Dr. Parker. 'Tell Mr. Byles,' said the Bishop to the messenger, 'that I will wait upon him at the hour stated.' 'And,' said Dr. Parker, 'tell him that Dr. Parker will come too.'

"The time came when the Bishop and Dr. Parker began their walk to the house of Mr. Byles. The house and yard of Mr. Byles were enclosed within a high board fence. When the gate was opened, they discovered Mr. Byles dressed in his best, with his bands on, at some distance from them, in an attitude of great formality, making an obeisance at every step. His bows were so formal as to require more time than to allow him to meet his guests half-way from the house to the gate, so that they had well-nigh reached the doorstep before he began to speak and when his mouth was open, from it proceeded the most pompous words. Raising his head and looking the Bishop full in the face, he said: 'Rt. Rev. Father in God, Samuel,

Bishop of all New England, I Mather Byles, as representative of all the clergy of the Congregational Church of Massachusetts Bay and in other places, bid thee a hearty welcome to Boston and give thee, and hope to receive from thee, "the right hand of fellowship." '

"The Bishop when he saw the extended and trembling hand of Mr. Byles, coolly replied: 'Not so, Mr. Byles, with your leave I can't do this, but as you are a left-handed brother, I give you my left hand.' "

Before the time came when Mr. Chase was compelled to obey that impulse, which had ever been at work within his consciousness since his early missionary days in the wilds of western and northern New York, let us pause for a time and endeavor to show what he was giving up, and to what he was going.

He was giving up his lovely home, among attached and loving friends, who honored him as their rector and friend, who respected him as a man in social and ministerial life, and also loved him for his many kindly and endearing qualities in all relations, as a husband and father and as a friend and neighbor.

Among his parishioners were many families well known in the history of Christ Church, Hartford: the Sigourneys, the Imlays, the Tudors, the Beaches, and many more who had by their Christian kindness made him and his family most happy during the six years spent among them. The church and the number of communicants had greatly increased; his worldly affairs were not restricted by the hand of poverty; his young sons had both entered college after a most satisfactory examination, and both were admitted to the junior class. Another son had been added to the family; and his wife's health was only comparatively restored;

yet such was his ever-recurring sense of the need of missions, especially in Ohio, then the "far West," that he could not rest; in short, he was a born "pioneer," ready to do and dare. Thus he entered upon what proved a triumph of faith above every obstacle, and also a sad ending, humanly speaking, of the great and noble work upon which he had ventured his hopes, his fortune, his very life and that of his best beloved, his home and friends both in this country and England.

When he left Hartford, his home, wife, and children, he literally took leave of all that makes life in this world desirable to a man in the prime of manhood, to enter upon a life of poverty, self-denial, suffering, constant care, weary trials without sympathy, among the rough and scattered settlements of a wild new country; his plans were to be condemned in high quarters, his qualifications for the bishopric suspected, through weary months of waiting; yet he was at last the conqueror, as, eighty years later, it has been fully acknowledged by the descendants of those who would vainly call in question his churchmanship. As a matter of fact no bishop of the church in this country has ever been more loyal to her principles, or more careful in carrying out her worship according to the Prayer Book.

And, supposing he had listened to the voice of prudence and comfort for himself and family,—there were excellent reasons for so doing; the health and ease of his frail and often suffering wife, the pleasure of caring for his sons in college, and besides all that, the familiar presence of friends and relatives, loving and beloved, with the almost certain prospect of rising in his profession to a position of power and honor, without the

strenuous effort of building up the Church from its foundations in a distant State, where no provision had been made by the Church at large for missions in any form,—would he not have been justified in giving up his great plan for educating young men in the West, who were "sons of the soil"? Many good men thought so, but his own soul would have condemned him. He never could, from any of these motives, have abandoned what, first, last, and forever, he believed to be right; and thus he became, as a late writer has said: "One of the builders of our country, the 'great pioneer bishop,' the son of the typical pioneers of the New England blood of Vermont and New Hampshire."

CHAPTER XIII

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN OHIO

MR. CHASE met his flock for the last time on the 2d of March, 1817, and administered to them the Holy Communion. He had delivered no farewell sermon on that sad day, yet all present were in tears and all went silently away, praying that God would watch over and protect their friend and pastor; and one may believe that these prayers were heard by Him who hath all things in His hand.

The rector walked from the church to his home on Burr Street alone; "cold blew the night wind, drifting fast the snow." One may imagine how his heart was chilled, how drear the prospect seemed, when early next morning the stage called for him, the farewell words were spoken to wife and child, and he began his melancholy journey to "the Ohio."

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, refers to this in a commemorative sermon preached in Christ Church in 1879. "Some of you can recall the ministry of the ardent and energetic Bishop Chase; and perhaps you now remember that wintry afternoon when he held his farewell service, while the snow was beating against the windows in the plain, old, wooden building where you then went up to worship. You may have seen him starting the next morning in the storm, as he went

forth relinquishing the comforts and refinements of the place where, he declares, he passed the sunniest portion of his eventful life, to discharge the rough work of a pioneer of the Church in what was then a western wilderness. I do not know that any of those whom I address to-day can recall the scene, for it is now more than sixty years since he laid down his rectorship of this church, to become, two years afterward, the first Bishop of Ohio, and, in 1835, the first Bishop of Illinois. And as an indication of the estimate that was placed upon his labors here, I quote from a long letter addressed by the wardens and vestry, 1818, to the standing committees of New Jersey and Pennsylvania: 'When he entered upon his parochial duties here he found the parish weak and containing scarcely thirty communicants, and when he quitted it he left it augmented in members and in attachment, and with communicants increased to about one hundred and ten.' As there was very little of commonplace in the life of Bishop Chase, so there were no neutral tints in his character; the lines were sharply drawn and the coloring deep and strong. Right or wrong, he was not to be easily diverted from his course, and his own strong conviction that he was sure to be right was one of the secrets of his power. He was never ashamed of his Divine Master, and did not seem to know what the fear of man meant."

The four hundred miles from Hartford to Buffalo on Lake Erie made but the beginning of the journey to Ohio. Coach-bodies set on runners were the means of winter travel in those days.

The snow held until Mr. Chase reached Canandaigua, from thence the coach went on wheels. This caused

much suffering in body and mind, as he feared that a trouble caused by a long residence in a hot climate would unfit him for the laborious life before him. However, he comforted himself with prayer and patience, two words that go very well together and prove a panacea for pains of many kinds.

Mr. Chase preached on Sunday at Batavia and also at Buffalo, where he found a few houses, and fewer hopes of "getting on." There was no coach and no other means of conveyance on the southern shore of Lake Erie, and it might be a month before the ice would give way. "To an ardent mind," says Mr. Chase, "bent upon progress, these were circumstances most unpleasant." Travel on the frozen lake, though considered dangerous, was still continued. While looking over this rather chilly prospect, Mr. Chase espied a man standing upright on his sled with his horses facing the lake.

"Will you kindly inform me whither you are going?" said Mr. Chase.

"Up the lake," replied the man.

"And will you allow a stranger to ride with you for a reasonable compensation?"

"I am only going twelve miles, but if you wish, jump in."

Mr. Chase obeyed, and as he afterward remembered this incident, was amazed at his temerity in view of the dangers he encountered farther on. He always felt that a loving Father guided and protected him, hiding from him step by step the way, and bringing him safely to the end through all. This twelve miles was soon over, a mere beginning. The ice on the lake reached only to Erie; the spring winds and the waves

of Lake Erie on the Pennsylvania shore had rendered the ice unsafe, and the spring floods and absence of bridges rendered a journey by land impossible. The settlements through the new country were few and far between; in short, the outlook was most disheartening. Mr. Chase had thought when the chance offered for "getting on" twelve miles, that it would be something gained; and as he, with his luggage, jumped into the farmer's sleigh, he was cheered by the presence of a fellow-traveller, a Mr. Hibbard, who just at that moment asked the same privilege.

Hardly had this little trip ended when an opportunity presented of engaging another man, to take both gentlemen twenty-five miles farther on to Cattaraugus Creek. The ice up to this time seemed strong. It was not cold, and the sleigh with no friction glided swiftly along, propelled by a fine pair of horses; before dark they were at Cattaraugus Creek. It was a dismal scene. No human habitation on this side of the dark, muddy stream, pouring its overflowing waters upon the ice, far and wide over the lake. There were houses on the other side, to which it was understood they were to be carried for the money agreed upon. The stream could not be forded, it was now too deep and rapid.

"What shall we do?" was asked the driver.

"I have brought you to Cattaraugus Creek," said the man, "and I want my money," throwing out Mr. Chase's trunk and coat and Mr. Hibbard's valise upon the beach.

"But you do not intend to leave us here, where there is no house, to perish?"

"I agreed to bring you to Cattaraugus Creek, and here you be."

"And my money is in my pocket, which is another fact!" said Mr. Chase. "Now hark you! if you leave us here, as the night is coming on, where there is no shelter, we shall die; this was no part of the contract between us. But there is no use in further parley; as this obstruction was unexpected and may cause you some delay, we are willing to pay you extra for helping us out of this trouble. Now! turn your horses out upon the ice till you get beyond the part weakened by the warm, muddy water of the creek and then cross the stream and take us round to yonder house, which we saw before dark."

By this time the sun was down and dark clouds covered the northeast horizon.

The man surlily but immediately obeyed, and lashing his horses, took them out to what seemed a safe distance. "Now turn to the left," said Mr. Chase. And he adds: "It was terrible to hear the water pour over the runners as they crossed over this muddy stream in a dark night, so far from the shore. But it was done, and the man, well rewarded, went his way; and ourselves, tired and hungry, found shelter and refreshment in Mack's Log Tavern."

The next morning was cold and clear,—no wind. A fine, large horse was put before a sleigh, or rather a cutter, in New England style, large enough to accommodate the travellers and the driver who was engaged to take them to the Four Corners, a place where there were two log cabins five miles short of the Pennsylvania line. It was sunrise before the party started. In going out upon the frozen lake, they passed between mounds of ice and sometimes over large cakes thrown up by the storms of winter. But the driver

knew his way, and horse and cutter were both strong. Mr. Chase says: "The scene before us, as we came out from the mounds of ice, was most brilliant and even sublime. Before us, up the lake, was a level expanse of glassy ice from two to three miles wide, between two ranges of ice mountains, all parallel with the lake shore as far as the eye could reach. On this expanse and on these mountains, and on the icicles which hung in vast numbers and in infinite variety of forms, from the rocky shore on the left, the rising sun was pouring his cheerful beams. Light and shade, brilliance and darkness, were in such proximity and so blended as to produce a most bewildering effect. As we drove through this scene of beauty and sublimity, we were taught a striking lesson of God's care, even for the wild eagles who were feasting upon the fresh fish just from the ice, as they sat upon these frozen mountains, each with a fish in his claws."

"What noble birds! Where do they get these fish at this season?" was asked. "They get them," said the driver, "from the top of the ice. They were thrown up last winter in the storm and being frozen at once, have kept perfectly fresh till this spring, and the sun thaws them out for the eagles and ravens, who at this time have nothing else to eat."

As the driver told this simple fact of the eagles, the fish, and the ravens, Mr. Chase's thoughts turned upon his lonely and almost discouraged condition. "And will not He who feedeth the eagles and ravens feed and support a poor, defenceless, and solitary missionary, who goeth forth depending on His mercy to preach His Holy Word and build up His Church in the wilderness?" he asked himself.

From this hour he adopted as his motto, "Jehovah Jireh," "The Lord will provide,"—the answer of faith.

It was not quite noon when the Cattaraugus driver stopped on the ice opposite the Four Corners. Thus far had the Lord helped. The travellers left their luggage on the bank and walked up to the two cabins. Mr. Chase, perceiving a pair of fine horses standing with harness on, and a man at work near-by, said: "Who owns these horses?"

"I do," said the man.

"Have you a good sleigh?"

"Yes."

"Will you put them before it at once, and take us up the lake as far as the Pennsylvania line?"

At this the man hesitated, but finally said: "I have just moved from the east and want money bad enough, having expended every cent in moving my family. The wind puts the water in the lake in motion and causes the ice to crack dangerously, but if you will give me a little extra, I think I will go."

The bargain was soon made, and after eating a few doughnuts to allay their sharp hunger, and hearing the man whistling to his dog and cracking his whip over his prancing horses all ready to start, they ran to the shore and seated themselves in the sleigh. On they went over the ice at almost railroad speed; for the horses had a good driver and the travellers felt their spirits rise in the exciting but dangerous race for life that it really was,—for the cracks in the ice became visibly wider as they advanced. But no word was spoken. The horses having trotted without injury over the narrow cracks, became accustomed to leap over the wider ones, but none were wide enough yet

to let in the runners lengthwise, and the travellers thanked God silently for every successful leap.

The horses seemed to enjoy the excitement; no whip was needed. The driver clung to his seat; swifter and swifter the good beasts carried them on until a house was in sight, and the driver pulled up to the smooth, pebbly shore.

The driver said: "This is the place where I promised to bring you,—the Pennsylvania line. You are now on the lake shore of that State."

Mr. Chase replied: "I will go no farther on the lake."

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Hibbard, "my heart has been in my mouth all the way."

"Why did you not say so?" said Mr. Chase.

"Because," said Mr. Hibbard, "I was ashamed to own I had not as much courage as a minister!"

The driver received his pay, called for his dog, and was off for home. Once more the travellers were left upon the lonely beach.

Any one who has seen the breaking up of ice on any one of the Great Lakes in the early spring can well feel the breeziness of this little sketch. Probably it was not without a certain very piquant enjoyment for all three of the men concerned. It is to be hoped that the brave driver and the fine horses, as well as the dog, got over the cracks in the ice safely.

There was a lonely log hut on the beach not far away; and our travellers, finding no accommodation for man or beast, succeeded in hiring a boy to carry Mr. Chase's trunk on horseback for two miles, where they found a comfortable house, obtaining food and lodging for the night.

They found no way to "get on," however, therefore went on foot, occasionally catching a ride on a country wagon, and sending the luggage on to Erie by means of a chance vehicle going in that direction. From Erie they succeeded in getting a conveyance to Conneaut Creek, in Ohio; and thus the future Bishop of Ohio entered into his diocese that was to be! Mr. Hibbard, at this point, left his travelling companion of days, and they never met again.

Here Mr. Chase began his missionary work in Ohio. Conneaut Creek, now Salem, was then a cluster of a few log houses. There was not a churchman in the place. Mr. Chase held service, using all that was possible from the Prayer Book, and preaching. "All present 'admired' the prayers; this was good so far, but it would have been much better had they joined in them."

On Monday, the 17th, Mr. Chase obtained conveyance to Ashtabula, where he remained and officiated for a week, when a Mr. Seymour took him on to Rome. It would seem that up to this time, in this part of Ohio, there were no public means of travel.

Another matter is worthy of note,—that Mr. Chase remained long enough in these new towns, not only to hold service and preach, but to instruct the ignorant in the ways of the Church, and to seek for those who might hitherto have known something of its usage, and who had already been baptized.

The weather having changed to severe cold, he and his friend, Mr. Seymour, suffered severely; but they at last arrived at the home of a Mr. Crowell, near Austinburg, who was an ardent churchman and welcomed Mr. Chase with expressions of joy. He had always

kept his Prayer Book through all the varying influences of friends and neighbors,—his family being at variance with him also,—yet he hoped in time they would all see more clearly, and for this he had always prayed. "And here," said Mr. Chase, "his prayer was heard, and in the end the whole family was trained in the way of primitive order."

The same night Mr. Chase held service in Mr. Crowell's house,—the neighbors coming in from their cabins in the surrounding forest, lighted by their hickory torches.

From Mr. Crowell's home in the wilderness, Mr. Seymour returned to Ashtabula, when the question arose how should Mr. Chase get to Windsor, a town where there were several churchmen. Mr. Crowell offered to lend him his "stiff-kneed mare" to help him over the watercourses, which kindly offer he accepted.

It was ten miles to Windsor, and the road, except for two or three miles, was through a dense forest. The path, a part of the way, was rough with frozen mud, and the poor beast with her stiff knee limped sorely. Before the second mile was over, in attempting to avoid a log on one side and a deep hole on the other, she caught her "game leg" and fell with the rider's foot under her, fast in the stirrup. A few struggles and his leg was released, but the poor animal lay there still. On examination her leg was found fast between two logs, and a long lever was needed to set it free. A rail was taken from the fence and then the puzzle came, where to stand? If he stood far enough back to raise the log by bearing on the outer end of the lever, he was not near enough to put a block under the log to keep what was gained.

After several fruitless attempts, he felt inclined to indulge in a hearty laugh at the ridiculous figure he cut by the wayside, thus bothered. Sympathy for the poor suffering beast, however, enabled him, by great exertion, to throw off the log from her leg and she was once more on her feet. Mr. Chase left her at a house near-by, to be sent back to the owner, and with his bruised and aching foot went on his way to Windsor as bravely as he could on his own legs. Happily the way through the woods was frozen, with much smooth ice. "What a blessing to a man with sprained ankle and a bruised leg!"

CHAPTER XIV

ORGANIZING PARISHES AND FARM

ARRIVED at Windsor, Mr. Chase met with a warm welcome from Judge Solomon Griswold, a brother of Bishop Griswold. This good man was from West Windsor, Connecticut, and with a few families had come to northern Ohio when it was an entire wilderness. "I am rejoiced," said he, "to see a Church clergyman, one who is duly authorized to administer the Sacraments. I have read prayers here in the woods for several years. The scattered flock of Christ has thus far been kept mindful that there is a fold: you, I trust, have come to gather them in and to feed them with Heavenly Food. I bless God that I see you among us. I had begun to think that our Church would never visit the frontier."

Such joy there was that a Church minister had come, that a considerable congregation was gathered that night, divine service held, and a sermon preached. This, after such a day as Mr. Chase had spent with the stiff-kneed mare and his long walk through the forest with a sprained ankle! Notice was given out at this meeting that divine service might be expected next Sunday, and of the intention of the minister to catechize the youth, to baptize the children, and administer the Holy Communion to all such "who truly repented

of their sins, steadfastly purposing to lead new lives."

"All this is mentioned here," Mr. Chase goes on to say in his *Reminiscences*, "because it is frequently insinuated by the enemies of the Church that she admits communicants to the Lord's Table without due preparation. This is not true when our clergy do their duty; this great obligation was deeply impressed upon my heart when commencing the parish of Christ Church, Windsor."

For this reason Mr. Chase stayed in Windsor several weeks before he administered the Holy Communion.

As a matter of course, he felt the need of Confirmation, but there was no bishop to care for the sheep of this distant field, at that time. He baptized forty-five in this place, gave the Holy Communion to seventeen persons on Easter Day, and preached many sermons.

While in Windsor there was a consultation of persons from various townships near as to the expediency of holding a Convention, at the beginning of the coming year, at Columbus. This was agreed upon with "great unanimity and zeal." Thus this earnest and high-souled missionary inaugurated his great work.

To go back to the injured leg; before he arrived at Judge Griswold's, it was so swollen that the boot could not be drawn off until the next day. Imagine his discomfort while holding service!

After this, Mr. Chase was obliged to travel entirely on horseback, leaving his trunk at Windsor, with the intention of buying a horse as soon as possible. Here, however, he was spared the necessity, for a friend volunteered his horse for use during the whole journey,

and he joyfully says: "There are some names in Sardis whose garments are not defiled with covetousness."

After this he spent a month in organizing parishes at Ravenna, Middleburg, Zanesville, and Columbus. Grass did not grow under the feet of his horse in these days of early spring, neither did this robust missionary forget his duty to his family, for he wrote to his wife to come on to Buffalo in the spring, send their household goods to Sandusky, and come herself to Cleveland by the middle of June, where she might expect to meet her husband. He must have taken a great deal for granted in making such an arrangement, which he himself acknowledges, for there were then no canals, no railways, no steamboats on the Great Lakes. The only packet of any kind that sailed Lake Erie was the brig *Michigan*, and even she was a trading vessel, not intended for passengers.

Meantime, great uncertainty attended his appointments. He had fixed on no place for his home; he knew not whither he should travel; where he should make his visits was unknown to him; and yet he had given directions for the removal of his family and effects, as if all were a certainty. This was done in May, and from the centre of Ohio he went to Cincinnati, officiating as he passed through Springfield and Dayton, and arriving in Cincinnati late on Saturday.

Dr. Drake received him kindly and made provision that he should preach "in the brick meeting-house with two steeples" the next day. The congregation was large and attentive, and at the close notice was given that if any present were desirous of forming a parish attached to the Episcopal Church, Mr. Chase would meet them at Dr. Drake's immediately after the

service. At this meeting a goodly number of the "most respectable citizens" were present, among them General William Henry Harrison.

Mr. Chase does not give any further information in regard to the founding of the first parish in Cincinnati. It is supposed to have been St. Paul's parish, now the cathedral of that city.

Up to this time the story of Mr. Chase's missionary work has been taken, in part, from the *Reminiscences*, which was written by him from memory. In the following letter to his son George, he describes his wife's arrival at Cleveland, and their journey to Worthington, where he had bought a small farm, and where he intended to make his future home:

"WORTHINGTON, OHIO, July 10, 1817.

"MY DEAR SON GEORGE:

"Yesterday your mother and I took a ride from this place to Columbus, where, at the post-office, I found a letter from you dated the 30th of May. If you had known the abundance of mercies which the good God was pouring upon us, almost to a miracle, to your father, mother, uncle and aunt, and little brother on their journey hither, you might have spared yourself the trouble of that part of your letter which related to them. While at Columbus, before my visit to Cincinnati, I addressed your mother at Clarence near Buffalo. My letter, dated the 12th of May, just said: 'Send the goods to Sandusky, yourself be at Cleveland a month hence.'

"This done, I went on my journey by way of Dayton, Lebanon, Cincinnati, Williamsburg, Newmarket, Chillicothe, Circleville, Lancaster, and thence to Co-

lumbus. At Worthington I held service the first Sunday in June, and the same week I promised to become the rector of St. John's Church, Worthington, Trinity Church, Columbus, and St. Peter's Church, Delaware, fifteen miles north; bought five lots in this village and a farm of one hundred and fifty acres on the way to Columbus,—good land, sixty acres under cultivation, good apple and peach orchard, fruit plenty, no buildings.

"I received from the trustees of Worthington Academy the appointment of Principal. Monday, the 9th, I set my face toward Cleveland, to fulfil my appointment with your mother. The week previous I went to Delaware, Thursday to Norton on the frontier. Returned to Delaware, and on Sunday held divine service and administered the Communion in Berkshire, where there is a parish to which I shall minister until it can be otherwise supplied.

"After starting for Cleveland on Monday, my course was northeast, travelled twenty-two miles on a bad road to Frederick, a settlement on the head-waters of the Licking River. Thursday, rode through a fine dry chestnut and oak country, thirty-six miles, to the Lake Fork of the Mehicken, which empties into the White Woman at Coshocton. On Wednesday, rode towards Worster, twelve miles to dinner through a country similar to that of yesterday. Here I took a northerly direction through a country just beginning to be settled, soil very rich and roads muddy. Next day went twelve miles to Medina—to be the county seat, soil very rich, beautifully situated. Next day, Friday, held divine service in Medina and rode on to Liverpool, eight miles, where I held service again the

same day. Saturday it rained all day, rode only two miles to another lodging place. Sunday, rode in the morning four miles to Columbia, where live the brothers of the Rev. A. Bronson, of Vermont. Here I preached, morning and evening, and was much cheered by the prospects of the Church.

"Monday, June 16, 1817, a day marked in my calendar, I mounted my horse for Cleveland, now twenty miles off. I was in company with Esq. Bronson. Crossing the Rocky River twice without any accident though the water was deep and no bridge, I found we were on the ridge road which is all along the lake sandy, and very good. My horse somehow or other kept the lead and went very fast. 'What 's the matter?' said Mr. Bronson. 'Are you riding for a wager?' 'Something more important,' said I. 'I can guess what that is,' said he.

"At half-past one I dismounted from my horse at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, opposite Cleveland. Safe in the boat. 'Pray Mr. Boatman have you any late arrivals from Buffalo?' 'Yes, the *Michigan* lies off and has just brought her passengers ashore.' 'Were there any ladies aboard?' 'Yes, there were two, who, with a young gentleman, had charge of a child. They have just gone up town.' 'Pray, Landlord,' said I as I entered an inn, 'do you know or can you tell me, who —where—I can find—' 'Your family, Mr. Chase? Yes, we know you and them; they are at a tavern safe and sound, waiting for you.'

"It seems my arrival had been known from one end of the village to the other. Soon had I your dear mother and little brother in my arms, blessing God in one breath and asking a thousand questions in another.

"Tuesday I had service at Cleveland. Wednesday I left your mother to return my horse, which through all my journeyings was a borrowed one. The owner (God bless him!) lived sixty miles east of Cleveland at Windsor, which you will remember was where I organized my first parish in Ohio. Thither, then, I went, leaving your mother and her precious charge, to steer her course in the first inland navigation wagon, of which there are many of great convenience and safety, passing from Cleveland to Canton.

"Next day, Friday, mounted my horse with a prospect of twelve miles through a mere forest to Windsor. In half an hour it began to rain in sheets through the whole distance. Oh! if you could have seen me plunging through the deepest mire, midrib to my horse, wet the blessed while as water could make me. But the trouble is over, I arrived safely among my loving Christian friends and all was well.

"On Saturday we had service,—a large congregation, and all rejoiced to see me. On Sunday, I held service all day and gave the Communion to twenty-three, where till last Easter the Holy Sacrament had never been given since the creation of the world.

"Monday, with a man carrying my trunk which I had left in Windsor, I went over my old route to Parkman and Ravenna, the county seat where the court was in session. I had service at Ravenna,—the congregation very large, church much increased. Here I saw Mr. B. of Vermont. He told me (will you believe it?) that he left Mrs. Chase and family safe and well in Canton. What news for me! At least four days sooner than I expected. On Wednesday night I was with them again, rejoicing.

"The same evening I hired a wagon, good and new, with two fine horses, and Tuesday morning started with bag and baggage. Here we cut a figure. Good roads and luck through Kendal seventeen miles, stayed at a mere hut. On Friday started in good spirits, but what? Never were such roads, the horses 'stalled.' This is the term given to that very pleasant position moving people are in, who get stuck in the mud and have to get oxen to draw them out. And we got on but twelve miles the whole blessed day, and even that would not have been accomplished had I not hired the third horse.

"At Worster I entered upon my old track, but there had been so much rain that it could not be followed by reason of an inundated prairie. A Mr. Skinner said that he would go with us and help us to get over the Lake Fork of the Mehicken, at a place three miles before we came to his house, where some of the party at least might stay over the night.

"The sun was an hour and a half high when we reached the river, not very wide, but deep and rapid. Two or three men were with Mr. Skinner's wagon, and there were two or three sons of the forest who had come to help us, well acquainted with the water and good swimmers. They were from fourteen to sixteen years old and the most alert and obliging fellows I ever saw.

"The only means of transportation we had was a canoe from twelve to fifteen feet long, and broad enough in the broadest place for a man of my size to sit down by squeezing a little. Well!—how sped we? The horses were first mounted one by one, six in number, by our brave young lads and plunged headlong

into the rapid current. Pray fancy to yourself this lively scene, your mother with your little brother in her arms, who could scarcely be restrained from [jumping out for] love of the wild flowers on the bank, and Elmira sitting on the baggage. The young woodsmen mounted the horses with more adroitness than a riding master, without a bridle, and dashed them down the steep bank into the stream, to them, bottomless. The first you would see after this would be the heads of the boys and the horses, and then, from the re-bound and struggle of the animal, the forelegs striking in quick succession the swift surface of the stream; then by cuffing one side and then the other, as they steered up or down the stream, the boys got them safely across, and the horses were soon feeding in the green pastures on the other side.

"Now for our wagons, our baggage, and our precious selves! The bodies of the wagons were poised on our little canoe, a pound's weight would seem to be fatal on either side, yet the lads managed them. Did you ever see rope dancers? I have, and I assure you it was nothing to this. The boys stood on the bow and stern of the little canoe and got everything across the flowing tide. The wheels were transported in the same way, and such was the smallness of the skiff and the rapidity of the current that the wheels, as the bow of the canoe was kept nearly up the stream, were set in motion as if they were on land propelled by a horse.

"Then with your little brother in my arms I committed myself to the mere pig's trough. Did I look back to your mother as we pushed this precious load from the firm land? I did; a mother's prayer was

read in every feature, and a mother's prayer was graciously answered. We got safe to shore.

"What think you of my feelings as our brave lads took on board their next precious cargo, your mother and Aunt Elmira? I watched the motion of the little ark of safety till all was well.

"Unconscious of its speed we saw not the fast-setting sun, and the shades of evening were upon us. It bade us make haste and be off. Our carriage was soon ready, our goods replaced, and we went on our way to the very new settlement, where Mr. Skinner was beginning to make his home and where he opened his farm and plantation three months ago. Good cheer made amends for the dangers we had suffered. In the morning (Sunday) it rained, and we had two more forks to pass. At this hour they were fordable, but might not be so with an hour's rain. To go on was a necessity. On Monday through the bad roads we reached Frederick. On Monday to Berkshire, on Tuesday to Worthington.

"The next day, although much fatigued, your mother went to see my farm, and, happy I am to say, she is pleased beyond my expectations. The apples are fit to make pies, and the peaches almost begin to blush. I am now very busy in building a barn and farmhouse. As to my house in town, it must be left until I am better prepared.

"My dear George, remember my prayer is always for you, that you may be kept in peace, in health, and safe from sin. Do nothing without your uncle's advice. Write to me often, and remember with what tender affection I am Your Father,

"PHILANDER CHASE."

"In closing this letter long years after," says Mr. Chase, "I am thrilled with the memories of the days when it was written; the son to whom it was addressed has long since gone, and his younger brother also. Their dear mother went away even before the sons, yet the providence and goodness of God remain as fresh to me as ever: the same hand that then upheld me and kept me and them in His care, now sustains the aged frame of the husband and father in the discharge of his overwhelming duties and in sustaining his painful trials."

CHAPTER XV

LIFE AT WORTHINGTON

OF the mind and character and Christian sentiments of the wife and mother spoken of by Mr. Chase in the preceding letter, one may judge from a letter written in 1817 to a dear friend, Mrs. Mary Tudor, whom she had left in her happy home in Hartford, Connecticut:

"My dear Mrs. Tudor:

"It is not because I have forgotten my good friends in Hartford, or my promise to you in particular, that I have delayed so long in fulfilling it. Indeed so rapid and unexpected, and so evidently directed by Divine wisdom, are the late scenes of my life, that I have had no time but to wonder and be grateful.

"On the 13th of May, just before sunset, I imprinted the last kiss on the cheek of my son George, who had lingered behind the carriage unwilling to take his final leave of his mother and little brother; to say with what emotion I drew down the curtain would be impossible. 'Father of Mercies!' said I in my heart as I took my last view of the place where I had once hoped to spend my days. 'Into Thy hands I commend myself and the events of my future life. Whatever it be Thy will to inflict, give me grace to endure, and whatever of

prosperity Thou hast in store for me, give me grace to be thankful. Preserve, O God, the life and health of my dear husband and for the rest "Thy will be done." '

"The Sunday after I left Hartford, I spent in Utica, where several friends called upon me. At Canandaigua Miss Clark, Miss Chapin and Miss Holley. There is a beautiful church here, built since these young ladies returned from Mrs. Royce's school, and they have in their clergyman a very amiable and promising young man—Mr. Onderdonk of New York.

"On the tenth day after I left Hartford I reached Batavia without accident, and in much better health and spirits than when I set out upon my journey. At this place I left the stage coach and hired a wagon to take me to my sister's in Clarence. On the evening of the 25th we arrived in safety at the habitation of my sister, and were welcomed with much cordiality to the woods and the comforts of an infant settlement. The next day, without allowing myself time to rest, I set about arranging things for a summer residence in the woods.

"A fortnight passed away and I was content and happy, anxious only to hear from my husband, of whom I had no intelligence. On the 9th of June, a person who had been at Buffalo on business, brought me a letter from Mr. Chase, which said 'I am on my way to Cincinnati; in good health. Send the goods to Sandusky and come yourself in a packet to Cleveland where I will, (God willing) meet you by the middle of next month, with wagons, horses, conductors, etc., to your heart's content.' Dated at Columbus, May 12th, 1817.

"I found I had no time to lose and immediately set

about preparing myself for the journey. At the same time, it set in to rain and it was not until the 15th of the month at 4 P.M. that I was able to go on board for Cleveland. The wind was fair and the hope of soon meeting my husband put me in good spirits.

"'I think you have been at sea,' said a passenger, 'and must be acquainted with the danger of overloading the vessel. Pray, do you not think we are in danger if we should have a blow?'

"We had beside other lading, nine hundred barrels of salt on board. For a moment Hope let go her anchor!

"I was safely landed at Cleveland on the 17th of June about 10 A.M. and with other passengers went to the only decent public house in the place. As soon as I arrived and the host appeared, I asked him if there was a clergyman here by the name of Chase. 'No.' 'Has there been any one here of that name?' 'No. A Mr. Searle has been here, but no Mr. Chase.' I then directed my brother to go to the post-office for letters. He returned in a moment with no letter. Not more than ten minutes passed, when a gentleman inquired for Mrs. Chase, and when he was shown into the room said that he had just heard of my arrival and thought it would be gratifying to me to learn something of my husband! 'I heard him preach yesterday,' said he, 'and he will be here in a few hours.'

"In a few hours, indeed only three, I found myself in my dear husband's arms. He is browner and older, but in good health and spirits. May the goodness of God to me this day forever warm and animate my spirit!

"We were in Cleveland two days, and then Mr. Chase

left us to visit some of the newly formed parishes on the Reserve and to return a horse loaned him to visit throughout the State.

"I and my family proceeded in a covered wagon to Canton, where we waited four days for Mr. Chase; he having joined us, we again set forward, passing through Kendal to Worster, distant thirty-five miles from Canton, over the worst roads that can be imagined. From Worster to Frederick, forty miles, the roads are good, and the country delightful. Indeed when I passed over this part of the country I forgave those writers who, in describing this new world appear rather to be speaking of a world of imagination than one of reality. This country is varied with hill and upland, and one may fancy the prairies to be cultivated meadows adorned with beautiful and fragrant wild flowers, and skirted with a mingling of wild plum and crab-apple. The uplands are gently ascending and thinly scattered with beautiful forest trees. Here one may imagine some gentleman of taste and fortune has fixed his residence, and in adorning the lands about his home has so artfully disposed his vines and trees as to be taken for Nature's rival. Were it not for the certainty that this beautiful and picturesque country is inhabited by persons not famous for neatness, taste or civilization, one would imagine some castle or villa amid scenery so delightful.

"From Frederick to this place, the soil is rich but the country is new, yet everywhere affording abundance where man is not sparing of his labor. On the first day of July we arrived at this place.

"I cannot tell you with what emotions I beheld this spot, which is probably to be my home for life. At

any rate, if I should ever be called upon to seek a new home again, I shall be spared the pain of breaking attachments and separating from friends as much to be valued for their mental attainments as for their Christian lives. But may God avert the necessity of another removal.

"With my husband and children around me and living in the midst of people on whom the ordinances of religion have a beneficial influence, and where the sphere of my husband's influence is greatly enlarged, I am content till the Great Shepherd shall call me to the fold of everlasting rest.

"Oh! if there is anything that wholly weans us from the world, it is having no place in it that one can call home, living like our ancient exemplars, 'strangers and pilgrims' even in a land of promise.

"Worthington, the place of our present residence, is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Whetstone, one of the branches of the Scioto River. It is but thirteen years since the first family moved into this wilderness. The settlers are for the most part from New England, sober and industrious people.

"There is a large brick academy with several handsome brick houses; a large cotton factory and a church are to be built next year. Mr. Chase is appointed principal of the Academy, an office at present merely nominal. This is the field designed for Philander, if it shall please God to preserve his life and health and to keep him 'unspotted from the world.'

"To you, who can so readily enter into my feelings, I can say, that if any evil should come to this dear boy, it would require the utmost exertion of my Christian faith with unfeigned sincerity and resignation to say

'Thy will be done'; knowing my own heart, I pray to our Father in Heaven that He will spare me the trial I should be so little able to bear.

"I endured the journey hither much better than could have been imagined, but my little Dudley has not been so well and requires much care."

Here this letter was laid aside and nothing was added to it until October 20th, a period of several months, during which the brave heart of this gentle and lovely woman had evidently been fighting with homesickness in the strange and ungenial conditions of life in a new country, where competent nurses and ordinary household service could not be obtained. Ill herself, and gradually sinking with that illusive disease, consumption, and with her little son seriously ill, she evidently rallied all her failing strength to do her utmost to live for the sake of those she loved. This touching letter is resumed October 20, 1817:

"You see, my dear Mrs. Tudor, by the different dates of my letter that I have long been neglectful of my acknowledged obligation. This is owing to my baby's illness and that we are unable to procure any help. With a sick child who requires by day and night my constant care, it was not surprising that this state of things should bring on my old trouble, hemorrhage of the lungs. This brought on so great a weakness at times, that I could scarcely arise from my bed, but as the weather became cooler and the little boy is better, I think I am somewhat improved. The weather is fine and I have been able of late to ride every morning, which has contributed much to my health and to

that of my little son. May I be duly thankful for all my blessings.

"I have just learned by a letter from Philander of the alarming sickness which prevails at Cambridge. May the good God protect my boy! I know not how it is, nor why it is, but my heart has been full of anxiety ever since I have been in this place. My imagination is not apt to get the better of my judgment, but in this case I own myself to be a very child.

"I hope all Mr. Chase's friends will forgive him for his seeming want of attention to them. He has scarcely an unoccupied moment; the care of his parishes and of the infant church in this new world, and the necessity of providing a shelter for his family during the coming winter, completely fill his time.

"Tell dear Mrs. Adams that I have the satisfaction of informing her that I am not likely to become the joint inhabitant with the pigs and fowls of a log cabin, and though we have not everything we could wish for, we have enough to be thankful for.

"Among those I knew in Hartford I know of none whom I am likely to forget.

"My illness and that of my family must apologize for my delay in writing; even now, I write with my boy at my elbow, talking or crying, while on the other hand is the daily provision for my family.

"Remember me most affectionately to Mr. Tudor, and may God have you both in His Holy Keeping.

"Ever your friend,

"Mary Chase.

"Mrs. Mary Tudor."

Letter from Mary Chase to her son George, giving impressions of the early days at Worthington:

"WORTHINGTON, OHIO, Nov. 11th, 1817.

"MY DEAR SON:

"By Mr. Russell I write you for the first time since my arrival in this new world. Not that I have ceased to think of you very often and to pray God for you, with a fervor of a fond parent separated from her darling children. O, when I meet you again, may I find you such as my heart will fondly acknowledge and my mind justly commend!

"Your father having written to both of you, when we first came here, and given a description both of our journey and situation in this place, our hopes and prospects to come, it remains to me only to pick up the scraps of information which may perhaps be links in the chain of the information communicated to you by your father.

"It was rather a singular circumstance in the events of my life that the first intelligence I should receive of you after my arrival in this country, should have been by the way of the President of the United States.[1] Yet so is the fact; he said he saw you and left you in good health with your uncle in Vermont.

"Your father has quite recovered his health since his coming to this country, and he enters into the business of farming with the enthusiasm which is so peculiar to himself. He has been setting out apple trees, and six hundred is to complete his orchard for the present. Peach and apple trees there are now growing and producing fruit; a nursery and a variety of other fruit trees will complete the projects of the present year.

"Little Dud is full of mischief as he can be, and altogether a most lovely and interesting boy. His

[1] James Monroe.

hair is rather long with a curl at the ends, soft and glossy, his eyes bright with intelligence, rosy cheeks, a double chin, and is altogether one of the best formed children I have ever seen, insomuch that a lady told me she would take him for a model if she were going to draw a Cupid; and as to his mind (thanks to a merciful Creator) it is by no means below mediocrity. He has (what I dare say will please you) an evident partiality for martial music, and will dance and march with all the fervor imaginable. Without being able yet to speak plainly he will point out a number of the letters, and seems to delight to be able to do so. He is persevering in his disposition, but will relinquish his most favorite pursuit out of affection to his friends. Blessed be God for all His mercies to me, in making me the parent of children with so many and rich endowments. May neither I nor they forget that the life and talents He has given were for improvement and for eternity, and when we go thither, may none of us be wanting.

"My health has not been very good since I have been in this country, but is better now than it has been.

"A blessing seems to be attending everything relative to our coming into this country. Our journey and meeting were next to a miracle, and everything we have put our hands to do seems to have had the Divine blessing added. May I ever be duly sensible of and thankful for all the mercies of God toward me and mine; and what shall I say more—be a good boy and remember that you are as a son to your uncle and aunt; never forfeit their love for you by any downright disrespect or disobedience. Friendship is easily kept, but when lost is not easily regained, and you are now

arrived to manhood, and what was excused and forgiven in the child will long be remembered in the man.

"I do not feel quite well or I believe I should not have written you quite so dull a letter and one so little interesting, but my spirits are not always good, and when I think of the distance between me and my children, I am quite in the blues; but now I can do nothing for them but commit them with my blessing into the hands of a merciful God. May He have them now and ever in His Holy keeping.

"MARY CHASE."

CHAPTER XVI

LABOR AND SORROW

OF this time, the fall of the year 1817, Mr. Chase says:

"The declining health of Mrs. Chase was the subject of the deepest solicitude and incessant watchfulness, which, joined to the care of building and furnishing a comfortable home for my family during the coming winter, caused the circle of my duties as missionary to be somewhat confined. Worthington was given half my services, and Delaware and Berkshire each its portion. In these alone I baptized more than one hundred, and before winter the communicants had increased from a very few to sixty-five."

On the 5th of January, 1818, there was holden, according to previous notice, a Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Columbus, Ohio, nearly in the centre of the State. It consisted of two clergymen in full orders and nine delegates only; and though few in number, they proceeded with the order and regularity required in the most numerous assemblies. They had met together in the name of the Lord and His blessing they implored. A President and Secretary were appointed, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted previously to all other business.

"*Resolved:* That we, the members of this Conven-

tion, are in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and also that we do unanimously adopt the general constitution and canons of said Church."

At this Convention, a diocesan constitution was adopted, a report made on the state of the Church, and a committee of respectable persons appointed, whose duty it should be to raise means for the support of a bishop. At the close of the proceedings of the convention, is the following record:

"*Resolved:* That the members of this Convention view with lively emotions of pleasure the flourishing, though infant state of our Church in Ohio, and that the committee earnestly recommends to the several parishes in the State that each send at least one delegate to the convention to meet in Worthington on the first Monday in June next.

"PHILANDER CHASE,
"*President of Convention.*

"DAVID PRINCE,
"*Secretary.*"

This was indeed the day of small things, as shown in the above Convention, but the spirit of its members, its unanimity, its hopefulness promised well for what has been accomplished in the Church of the Living God since this event, now eighty-four years in the past.

In the mind of the dear wife and loving mother, whose year of life with her husband, in this new land, was now drawing to a close, this meeting of the small number of churchmen was in reality the planting of a standard in this Western world, which would gather the

soldiers of the Cross to contend for the "faith once delivered to the Saints" to the end of the world. To quote from the *Reminiscences*:

"To her eye it was like the little cloud arising from the sea betokening abundance of rain in spiritual showers upon a dry and parched land. All therefore who were present at this convention were treated by her with the utmost respect, as instruments in God's hands of planting the Church; she honored them and gave them all the attention, personally, her feeble frame would permit."

From that time she failed; her prayers that she might be spared the agony of losing her dear son were granted. Not in the way her friends would have chosen. She went on her way to the world of light and life, patiently and humbly bending her sweet spirit to the will of God, blessing her beloved husband and children with her last breath when, on the fifth day of May, 1818, she found her rest. A little less than a year ago, she had left her dear home in Hartford, where her life had been surrounded by the loving presence of congenial friends, and where her sons now in college could spend their holidays with her. This happy circle was now broken, her first-born son who had been kissed for the last time on the day she left, she never saw again; and her son at Harvard, the beloved Philander, also never met his mother again in this life. Within a few years these beautiful boys too had passed beyond. The little son Dudley, who could not feel his loss, was alone left of those whom she had loved, and for whose welfare her life had been one continual prayer. There were other friends, dear brothers and sisters in Vermont, who would all gladly have

ministered to her comfort, and who by the stern necessities of life were deprived of this privilege. And thus this beloved woman died, and was buried under the chancel window of the new church at Worthington. Her prayer was answered that she might never be called upon to find a second home, or to endure the sorrow of parting again from those she loved.

The tablet to the memory of Mary Chase, in the church at Worthington, bears this inscription·

"SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF MARY CHASE
FIRST WIFE OF THE FIRST BISHOP OF OHIO
PHILANDER CHASE, SEN. D.D.
AND DAUGHTER OF DANIEL AND MARY FAY
BORN AT BETHEL, VERMONT, 1779
MARRIED JULY 19TH, 1796
DIED MAY 5TH, 1818
IN THE FAITH OF THE ATONEMENT
BY THIS FAITH SHE LIVED THE LIFE OF THE
RIGHTEOUS. IN DEATH SHE HAD THE HOPE OF
A BLESSED RESURRECTION TO ETERNAL LIFE."

"THIS TABLET IS INSCRIBED BY THOSE WHO
KNEW HER MANY VIRTUES AND WHO HOPE
BY FOLLOWING HER EXAMPLE TO MEET
HER IN ANOTHER AND BETTER WORLD."

To the husband and father, there was little time for the luxury of sorrow; stern realities were before him. The strong man buried his dead, cared for his infant son as best he could, and faced the facts of his almost hopeless condition.

The Convention, called for the Primary meeting in Columbus, was close at hand, and it met at Worthington on June 3, 1818, not a month since Mrs. Chase's death.

At this meeting Mr. Chase was elected to the bishopric of the Diocese of Ohio. Proper notices of this event were sent to the standing committees of the various dioceses, and the Bishop-elect started off for his consecration (on horseback) at Philadelphia.

And now comes one of the most inexplicable and malicious, almost diabolical events, which cannot even now be accounted for, except by the agency of some evil spirit from the nether world. It is difficult to imagine a man or men bad enough to give harbor to such evil thoughts against an innocent man whose life and work distinctly gave the lie to the infamous story.

Upon his arrival at Baltimore, Bishop Kemp informed Bishop Chase that there was opposition to his consecration as bishop. What rendered the matter peculiarly distressing was that the Standing Committee refused to act on the case, except by withholding their consent. Bishop White observed that if there were a majority of the standing committees in other dioceses beside Pennsylvania, the consecration might take place, but in that case he should decline being one of those who would join in the consecration.

To this Mr. Chase replied that he, himself, would never think of proceeding a step in pursuit of consecration until all were satisfied of its lawfulness and propriety; yea, more, he should think it his duty to cease from preaching and ministering in holy things altogether; for, understanding that the objections affected his moral character, it was obvious that, if

true, they unfitted him for the discharge of his duties as presbyter, as they did for those of bishop. To meet the objections, therefore, was both his wish and his indispensable duty.

"But," said Bishop White, "the standing committees refuse to take up the business in any shape, alleging that they are not the proper tribunals."

"Then," said Mr. Chase, "I request a meeting of the General Convention, and stand pledged that the Diocese of Ohio will demand the same; for it seems unreasonable that a Bishop-elect of any diocese should, by reason of agitation affecting his character, be sacrificed for want of a proper tribunal before whom he can meet his accusers and repel their charges."

The justice of this position was obvious. The Standing Committee took the matter in hand, and after due investigation, all was found satisfactory by the board. Bishop White was present at every meeting, and when all was brought to a close, that venerable prelate was heard to say that he was "satisfied that the gentlemen who had opposed the consecration of the Bishop-elect of Ohio would do well to consider if, upon a similar charge, their own lives would bear a like investigation."

And thus, without even naming his assailants, Mr. Chase records the fact that this shameful scheme to ruin the life of a true man came to an ignominious end. He also remarks, apropos of this defeated plot, that he is "grateful to a Divine Providence that there are some now living who can bear witness to the truth of this statement."

This event occurred more than eighty years ago; now, of course, there is no man living who can fully

explain the true inwardness of this plot, so cunningly prepared and which so nearly succeeded,—the courage of its victim alone preventing its accomplishment.

As was stated in a previous chapter, the foundation of this incredibly malicious effort to destroy the Bishop-elect of Ohio was the fact that, at the request of a respectable gentleman of New Orleans, Mr. Chase, then a resident and the rector of the first Episcopal church there, admitted two sick negroes taken from a slave ship into the servants' quarters of his home as an act of mercy.

The gentleman to whom the cargo was consigned was evidently not a monster of cruelty, but a man of conscience enough to care for the comfort of two wretched human beings, savages, utterly helpless and without friends.

Mr. Chase was requested to give shelter to these poor wretches in their extremity, to which request he acceded. After weeks of suffering, cared for by the family, one of the men died and the other recovered.

This is all the accusation brought forward, so far as known, against the Bishop-elect of Ohio, to prevent his consecration.

One can only wonder how such a base transaction could have been so far successful that even Bishop White had evidently pre-judged the matter and practically decided against the Bishop-elect, until the latter brought home to him the obvious injustice of the scheme, when Bishop White could not but consent to give Mr. Chase the opportunity to refute the charges brought against him.

In the end Mr. Chase simply refers to it in these words: "To an ardent mind, thus assailed in a strange

city, with few or no acquaintances and far from home, the delay of nearly four months required to answer the most futile and malicious accusations was long and painful." And then he goes on to say what few men could say under such galling circumstances:

"But I am thankful it was then so ordered, for it taught me patience, and, by the grace of God, qualified me for far greater trials which were in store for me."

On the 11th of February, 1819, the consecration of the Bishop-elect of Ohio took place in the city of Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. William White, D.D.; Bishops Hobart of New York, Kemp of Maryland, and Croes of New Jersey, being present and assisting. The Rev. Dr. Beasley preached the consecration sermon, in St. James's Church.

In connection with this simple record of little known events, which will never be fully explained, we find the following affecting words written long after: "Blessed be the Hand that covered the events of the future and the suffering afterward endured in Ohio. One opposition by God's grace had been overcome; yet the fact of its being of an unrighteous and cruel character, groundless as well, and evidently urged by secret opponents, whom I could not, nor even desired to discover, proved the existence at every step of danger, and the necessity of unremitting prayer and vigilance."

At this time, eighty-four years ago, the gentle wife and mother had gone to her early grave only a few months previous. Even now one may be thankful that she at least was spared this trial, which was borne in such a spirit by the lonely man who, very human as he was, was able to overcome all his enemies by that faith which sustained him even unto death.

CHAPTER XVII

THE NEW BISHOP AT WORK

TO quote again from the *Reminiscences*. The Bishop says:

"With what mingled emotions of fear, hope and joy I set off for Ohio from Philadelphia on horseback, as I came, is quite impossible to tell. I remember the cold, the piercing wind, the snow and the slippery roads up and down the Alleghanies. My horse became so strained that I was obliged to buy another, fresh and young. With this faithful animal I kept pace with the stage coach, then passing to Greensburg, not far from Pittsburgh."

But to what did the Bishop return? On the 3d day of March, 1819, he arrived at his home in Worthington, Ohio. His young wife was in her early grave. He was the Bishop of a great diocese in extent, without a salary and with practically so few clergy as to make the cause of the Church almost hopeless (five only in number), a vast emigration rushing in to buy the fertile land, and such a mere handful of soldiers to lead in the battle for the faith, "against sin, the world, and the devil." What was he to do?

An affecting circumstance occurred previous to his journey to Philadelphia, which was the means of bringing great comfort to the home at Worthington. A

niece of Mr. Chase, a young widow, who had recently emigrated from Vermont and soon after lost her husband, came to her uncle's home with her little daughter. Welcome indeed at the time was her presence to the lonely man; and ever, until after the Bishop's death, did this lovely woman remain the faithful, tender, loving friend of himself and his children, a character as marked as his own for devotion to the Church of her love. It was she who welcomed the Bishop when he returned from his consecration to his home, and who cared for his infant son in his absence, and, as he long after said, became one of the chief instruments in founding both Kenyon and Jubilee. There are still some who remember "Aunt Lucia" well as the incarnation of loving-kindness, one of the saints of God.

After the Bishop's return, Mrs. Russell's presence was a great relief to him in his home, and he immediately arranged his domestic affairs, to enter entirely at his own charge upon his diocesan duty. He hired a trusty man to take charge of his farm and went on his way, as in the early days of the Church, preaching, baptizing, administering confirmation and the Lord's Supper to many; and "wherever he went a blessing seemed to follow him."

His custom was to spend days, even weeks, in the larger towns, teaching the ignorant, seeking for those who had once enjoyed the services, and becoming personally familiar with those whom he met and who were likely to become interested in his great work.

He believed in his work; it was to him the great and absorbing passion of his life. Nothing else was so important; everything else must give way to the needs

of this one cause. He had as a true pioneer the prophetic vision, could see in part, at least, what this Great West might become, what were its needs, and the infinite importance of planting the seeds of truth in the beginning.

Thus in these early days of hardship and toil he became, as has been truly said of him, "one of the makers of our country."

At this first of his diocesan visitations, an interesting circumstance occurred, showing in what way the Bishop fulfilled his apostolic commission in those simple and comparatively unworldly days.

As he was about to turn his face homeward, having passed through many places, he heard of a family in sickness and distress who wished for the administration of the Holy Communion. These people were from Ireland, and in their own country were called English Protestants. In emigrating from their native land to the earliest settlements in Ohio, they had suffered much hardship and deprivation, particularly in their religion, by the entire absence of any of its ministrations. Finley, the patriarch of the family, was still alive, yet only so much alive as to be raised from his bed to a sitting posture to salute the Bishop as he approached. As the old man grasped his hand he burst into tears and sobbed aloud: "I see my spiritual father, my Bishop, the shepherd of the flock of Christ, oh! sir, do I live to see this happy day? Yes, it is even so. Now let thy servant depart in peace." As the venerable man showed forth his joy in the coming of the Bishop, thus bringing to him and his family the means of grace, all present were greatly affected. The neighbors and the family were hastily summoned and

the Visitation Office was said. This was the beginning of a good work among these people. The soil in their hearts was broken up by the words of this beautiful office for the sick.

After this the different branches of the family and many neighbors were summoned, and the Bishop proceeded to the work of instruction. The nature and obligation of the Christian covenant of baptism, and as renewed in the Holy Communion, were dwelt upon; and the little company was dismissed with earnest words to seek for the blessing of God in their prayers and lives. In the morning at dawn, the Bishop went again to the bedside of the dying man. The family and friends coming quickly together, at sunrise he again addressed his interesting congregation. The Bishop, with heartfelt joy and grateful exaltation, read in the countenance of this little flock the effect of the instruction given the day previous. "Every face beamed with holy fear and love, speaking at once of the modest, the believing and obedient Christian."

And when the Bishop, having duly examined them, called for "the persons to be confirmed," eleven out of the little circle came forward. The office was begun, and many of these received the Holy Communion, and several others who had been before confirmed. This service was in a cabin, with scarcely a pane of glass to let in the light of day and with a floor of roughly hewn planks.

"The old man gazed with unspeakable joy on the scene before him, the symbols of the Dear Lord's Death were given and received, pledges of eternal love where he was fast hastening. Giving him my blessing, I departed."

This incident is the more interesting because such instances are now so rare. The bishop comes for two hours, officiates, takes off his robes, hurries into his carriage, and takes the cars for the next station.

During this early visitation St. Paul's Church, Steubenville, Ohio, was organized. The destitute churchmen in Virginia across the river were visited, and a parish at Wheeling was formed. The first diocesan journey over, the Bishop returned to his home to meet his clergy in Convention for the first time as their Bishop.

He was welcomed to his diocese with words of loving-kindness which not only touched his heart, but cheered and encouraged his hopes. A part of this address is as follows: "With no ordinary feelings, Right Reverend and dear sir, do we advert to the present situation of the Church in the West. It is a rose planted in the wilderness, may it be watered with the dews of Heaven; may it be nourished by the continued blessing of Him who is the foundation of goodness, until it bloom in beauty and perfection." To which the Bishop replied in kind, touching with much earnestness upon the subject so near to his heart,—the need of more laborers in the field ready and willing to go forth, giving of their best to the great work so urgently needed.

Immediately after this convention at Worthington, Benjamin Birge, of Lexington, Kentucky, was admitted to the holy order of deacons, and the same day seventy-nine persons were confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase. This was the convention of 1819, after which the Bishop divided his time among his domestic, parochial, and diocesan duties. The parochial district

consisted of Worthington, Delaware, Berkshire, and Columbus. The others were twelve and fifteen miles away, which in his absence on diocesan duty were kept together by lay-readers.

The Rev. E. Searle held a position at the north, embracing more than a hundred miles in circumference. The Rev. Samuel Johnston was in the south, residing in Cincinnati. The Rev. Mr. Doddridge, of Virginia, officiated a part of the time in the eastern counties of Ohio. The Rev. Intrepid Morse, now admitted to priest's orders, took the town of Zanesville, the newly formed parish of Steubenville and several other places as missionary ground under his care.

Nearly all these extensive regions were visited before the Convention of 1819; the scattered members of Christ's fold were sought for in the deep forests, and many who had never before acknowledged a Divine Saviour were disposed by the grace of God to forsake their sins and come into His primitive Church. This was a cheering star in the midst of a dark night.

In this year 1819, Bishop Chase was married to Sophia May Ingraham, daughter of Duncan and Susanna Ingraham, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Chase was a sister of Mrs. Leonard Kip, the mother of Rt. Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, the first Bishop of California; she was also the sister of Mrs. Sparrow, the wife of the Rev. Professor Sparrow of Kenyon, afterward of Alexandria.

A curious incident occurred in the same year; Jack, the negro, who slipped away from his comfortable home with Mr. and Mrs. Chase, while they lived in New Orleans, is the hero of an interesting episode in the Bishop's history. As before stated, Jack had sailed away in the year 1807. In the year 1819, he

returned to New Orleans, was identified, and was imprisoned to await the arrival of the legal powers, to be sold for the benefit of his master. At this juncture, Dr. Dow, the Bishop's old friend, apprised him of these facts, which put a new face upon an old picture. As much as he needed money, the Bishop would never consent to sell the unfaithful Jack, but wrote immediately to Dr. Dow and other friends to emancipate Jack and let him go whither he wished, provided he would pay his prison fees and costs of suit. The reason why Jack's story is again referred to will be revealed later, when he becomes an important person, though only a poor, faithless servant; for he proved an instrument in the hand of Providence of rescuing the Bishop of Ohio from great distress in London.

CHAPTER XVIII

TOIL AND POVERTY

IN this way the father writes of Philander: "In the retrospect of the year 1820, the first object which presents itself to the memory, is the dear image of my son Philander, who came to me in March of that year, from a sea voyage."

While preparing for college, Philander spent his time in part in teaching a country school, where during his leisure hours, he wrote to his brother George in this manner:

"I am no boaster, and though I yield the palm to you in study, I will give you a short history of my campaign in the field of literature. In the first two weeks of my residence here, I had no books, and I rummaged Mr. E.'s library until I found the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, down to the letters Ch., and at once commenced reading. Soon after came books from home, and I must refer you to the following catalogue: Gillies's *Greece*, four volumes, *Percival and Perseus*, *Lord of the Isles*, *Pleasures of Memory and Hope*, *Solyman and Almena* (silly thing), Silliman's *Travels*, Terence's *Comedies*, *Tacitus*, Mrs. West's *Letters to her Son*, Mrs. West's *Letters to a Lady*, *Tibullus* and *Propertius*. Am now reading *Longinus* (tough enough). I have renewed the study of Hebrew,

and have studied a little in *Euripides* and *Græca Majora.*"

One may be a little surprised to read this list even in these days of superior advantages, especially as this lad was *but sixteen,* and was at the time teaching a large country school.

His father remarks long after this dear boy had entered into rest, that when the time came for Philander to enter Harvard, he sent him alone to be examined and to take his place according to his merits. The examination was long, with no one to vouch for his attainments, and as usual, very critical. It resulted in his taking his place in the junior class nearly at the head, thus mounting over two years. His brother George, one year older, also entered the junior class at Yale under similar circumstances.

Young Philander passed with great credit through his collegiate course, and was in his senior year when his father left the Eastern for the Western States. Such was his moral and religious deportment that he was admitted as lay-reader and a candidate for Holy Orders, under the supervision of Bishop Griswold. This was done at the instance of Commodore MacDonough, who had for some time past known his pious and manly character, and, being well assured of his competent learning, had asked him to become a teacher on board the *Guerrière,* of which vessel he had the command, and go with him to Russia and thence to the Mediterranean in the place and with the pay of Chaplain.

Few officers ever united the character of piety and bravery more intimately than Commodore MacDonough. It was this truth, known for several years past

by young Philander (for his father had prepared and presented the Commodore for confirmation at Hartford), that caused him to accept an offer of such great importance while yet so young.

Philander's life was brief indeed, after his return from his long journey abroad, but it was full. In his short day of strenuous toil, how great was the work he accomplished before his lovely spirit went away into the life beyond!

"In this voyage," says the Rev. Mr. Rutledge of Charleston, S. C., in his obituary sermon printed in 1824, "he had opportunities of visiting many cities in the north of Europe as well as Rome, that city of palaces, where he remained some time, and also to tread the classic shore of the Mediterranean with the feelings of a Christian and a scholar. The performance of his duties in one of the most difficult of all stations for a youth not yet twenty was much assisted by his having for a commander one in whose heart was the spirit of the Lord; that his labors were valuable and beneficial on board the frigate I have often heard his commanding officer declare."

During the Bishop's travels in the year 1820 he administered the rite of confirmation at Portsmouth, Ohio, and a man presented himself who seemed acquainted in an unusual way with the worship of the Church. Upon inquiry, he said he had derived his information from a "little square book" which had lost its title-page, the name of its author, and the place where it was printed. All he knew of it was that he had brought it from Vermont to Ohio, and since then he had read it, many times, compared it with his Bible, and liked it well.

It proved to be a copy of the "little square book" by Jones of Nayland, which the Rev. J. C. Ogden of Vermont printed so many years ago with the little money saved carefully for a much needed overcoat to protect himself from the wintry storms of Vermont, but which he gave up and concluded to "turn his old coat," that he might give to his people what they needed to learn, paying the printer himself. This for the love of God and the souls of men. In this case it found its way to one soul at least, long years after.

In the fall of 1820 and the winter of 1821, matters came to a crisis. To show how little interest existed, at this time, in the affairs of Ohio, while Mr. Chase had been toiling there without support or missionary aid, had organized many parishes, been elected Bishop in 1818, and duly consecrated on the 11th of January, 1819, and for two years borne the burden and heat of the day without money or price, it is only necessary to mention that in the report of the General Convention of 1820 on the state of the Church in different dioceses, we find the following words: "From the remote region of Ohio little information has come, but several congregations are known to have been gathered, one at Dayton and one at Miami." One would suppose that the Convention had never heard that a Bishop had been consecrated for Ohio, and that almost with his life's blood he had begun his great work.

At this time, in fact, the Bishop was entering upon a great struggle. He returned from a wintry visitation. Remember—no comfortable cars or steamers in those days, only rough wagons or horses' backs, through mud and snow and sleet, bogs and corduroy at best. He found little ease in his home-coming for

either soul or body. Three parishes to be supplied near Worthington, his home hitherto comfortable, but now, not a dollar remained after paying the "hired man," and no promise for a future supply.

There was but one way. He must do the work of the man himself,—that is, haul and cut the wood, thresh the grain by hand, build the fires, feed the cattle and horses,—all this, besides "the care of the churches." No discharge from this Christian warfare. When all this came upon him there arose in his breast a secret and painful doubt: "Have I been right in accepting this office? Am I being punished by this distress for past errors and mistakes? The Apostles were called by the Saviour of men to become 'fishers of men.' They could say that God would surely care for them, they need not leave the Word of God and serve tables, while I must leave the Word of God and serve *stables*. It was an agonizing thought that for me, at this time, there was no time for study or thought; my heart sank at the need of being forced 'to daub with untempered mortar.' "

At this time the Bishop received a letter from a friend in an Eastern city. It was filled with expressions of great kindness and seemed to take it for granted that the Bishop of Ohio was well supported, and that all things were made fit for his high office and work. In his almost hopeless condition, surrounded with difficulties, without money and with the ever-present need for missionaries, he felt that he might at least make known to this friend (Dr. Jarvis) the true state of the Church in Ohio. Accordingly, a letter was written which gave a history of the past, and the present sad condition of the diocese. It was written

with a hand indurated with labor and bleeding with the cracks and fissures of exposure, only worthy of notice for the cruel facts it contained. Years passed away before he thought of this letter again.

The Bishop's work in his great diocese is summed up in the year 1820, thus:

Travelled on horseback 1279 miles.

Confirmed 174 persons.

Baptized 50 persons.

Preached 182 times.

At the close of the Bishop's address at the Convention of 1820, he urged the formation of a Diocesan Missionary Society, also the appointment of "a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, in which all members of our communion may join, in which after confession of sin they may beseech the Great Head of the Church to take pity on this part of His Mystical Body, that He would not leave it comfortless, but would send forth and maintain faithful ministers to guide, foster, and feed it." The last Friday in August was the day appointed for this service.

Young Philander, then in deacon's orders, was selected to bear this message to the bishops and make a personal application for aid. This duty he performed, and though the claims of the General Missionary Society were then being urged, the young deacon returned with $2,910.19.

Thus a star of hope dawned, and temporary relief came to the little band of the Bishop and six clergy.

CHAPTER XIX

OPPOSITION AND DECISION

UNTIL 1820 the Church had hardly touched Church life beyond the Alleghanies. An itinerant priest here and there had ventured into this vast region, but, for the most part, those of our own communion beyond the mountains were as sheep having no shepherd.

The Rev. Joseph Doddridge, who itinerated in western Pennsylvania and Virginia in 1811, says that a large portion of a great region including Kentucky and eastern Ohio had been originally settled by Church people from Maryland, Carolina, and Virginia. When they crossed the mountains they left their Church behind them: in their old homes they had enjoyed its privileges as they had those of the sun and the soil, without much thought or appreciation, but now that they were lacking they missed them sadly. The half-dozen clergy wandering through this wide-spread region of poverty and religious confusion met together and begged the Church to come and look after her children, but they begged in vain. Mr. Doddridge declares that "he had no expectation of even being buried by a churchman when he should die." He affirms in a letter to Bishop Hobart in 1816 that "if the Church had used her opportunity, there might have been four or five bishops in this country, surrounded by a

numerous and respectable body of clergy, instead of having our very name connected with a fallen Church."

And Bishop Hobart was the very man who a few years later fought with all the might of his strong nature, his high position, and his powerful social advantages, as the head of the Church in the great diocese and rich city of New York, against Bishop Chase's plan of educating Western young men, "sons of the soil," for the ministry in the Diocese of Ohio.

Bishop White is still earlier upon record as taking slight interest in a distinct effort made by the Convention of Pennsylvania, which had appointed a committee to raise a fund to send missionaries where and when they saw fit. Little came of it. It was not until sixteen years later that a committee of three bishops, three clergy, and three laymen was appointed to consider the situation, and granted the power to send a bishop into the new States and Territories, if it seemed advisable. In 1811, the committee reports that it cannot see its way to take any action.

A Convocation was called afterward at Washington, Pennsylvania, asking Bishop White to organize the Church in the West, but after waiting eighteen months for an answer the members were told that nothing could be done.

No wonder that the hour had struck for the true pioneer churchman to change all this.

In 1821, nothing having been provided for the support of the Bishop of Ohio, he was obliged to accept the offer of the presidency of the college at Cincinnati, as the farm at Worthington was inadequate for the support of his family. The removal thither late in the fall was accompanied with much distress to all con-

cerned; during the journey they were benighted in the woods near Derby, long rains having rendered the roads almost impassable.

The Rev. Mr. Osborne, the first president, had already left the college, and in consequence the duties fell heavily upon the new president. He remained through the winter and the next autumn. In September, 1822, he held his commencement exercises and conferred degrees upon several young men of the senior class, closing with a most touching appeal, as follows: "One word more before we part: remember that however well resolved and strong to pursue your journey you may at present feel, yet your resolutions are but vain and your strength is but weakness without the Hand of God to continually support you. To Him, therefore, look, in all the vicissitudes of life. In prosperity remember that it is God alone who gives it, in adversity, He who alone orders it for your benefit; to Him then address your prayer for strength to bear the one and the other. Depend on Him in life, and He will support you in death; obey His voice in prosperity, and He will hear yours when in adversity you cry unto Him for help. Make Him your Friend, your Father, and your God, and He will be your Sun and your Shield here, and hereafter crown you with eternal glory."

This year, 1822, the Bishop suffered a severe illness at the house of Mr. Putnam, near Marietta. This illness was of so long duration that the order of his visits was deranged, and it was not until Whit-Sunday that he could resume his work. In 1821, the Rev. Edward B. Kellogg was received into the diocese from New York, also the Rev. Mr. Spencer was stationed at Pequia and

Springfield. The Rev. Intrepid Morse went to Steubenville, and the Rev. P. Chase, Jr., took charge at Zanesville. It was during these two years that the absolute necessity of providing for the training of young men for the ministry among their own people and on their own ground became so apparent to the minds of all who ever gave it a worthy thought that it was proposed that young Philander should go to England for the purpose of making an appeal to churchmen in that country for this object. A meeting between the father and son took place on the evening before the opening of the annual convention in June, at Worthington. The young man, although far advanced in the fatal illness which ere long ended his life, had travelled one hundred and fifty miles on horseback to fulfil this engagement. Weary and ill, his father led him to his bedroom, where a bright fire was burning; and where for some time the father watched, and the son rested under the temporary relief of an anodyne.

Wakeful, and at last able to speak, the son, whose mind seemed to glow with an almost supernatural brilliance, earnestly entreated his father to take the place designed for himself in the mission to England, in aid of Ohio. A friendly article in the *British Critic* published in London by some stranger who had taken pains to read the Bishop's addresses and the journals of the three years previous, and who had warmly commended them to the consideration of the Church in England, had so encouraged the young deacon that, although knowing that his own life was fast ebbing, and that he should see his father no more in life, he urged the Bishop to go in his stead.

At the close of the convention the Bishop requested

all the members to meet him in consultation; the project, though opened with great seriousness and with earnest prayer for Divine guidance, was at first opposed by nearly all present. It was considered visionary, but at last was agreed to by the clergy, and silent consent (impliedly) given by the laity.

There was still hope that the young man might rally and have strength to take the voyage, but, at his ordination to the priesthood a few days later, he was obliged to be held up by his companions to enable him to go through the service. It was then that the father decided, with what agony none may know, to go to England himself, for it was indeed a matter of life or death for the Church in Ohio.

There was no money except a small legacy recently left the Bishop by a bachelor uncle, about enough to take him across the ocean. The Angel of Promise who had whispered to him in the early days of his work in Ohio came again to him, bringing its cheering motto of faith, "Jehovah Jireh." Inspired by this hope, which to a less sanguine nature, or rather to a more faithless heart, would seem so frail a support in such a fateful venture, the Bishop went cheerfully on in his preparations. To quote his own words: "All was prayer to God, with rejoicings in His Providence. If we fail, we die; but better that than linger here and see the Church of God for want of ministers dying round us. If we succeed, Zion will lift up her head and all her daughters, the little churches we have founded, will rejoice."

Prudence said: "Wait! stay! do not risk everything." Faith said: "Go: God will provide." To his brethren, the bishops, he wrote explaining his reasons

for this great undertaking. He also wrote the following note of communion and charity to each one of the bishops:

"Beloved Brother in God:

"The Bishop of Ohio, being about to sail for old England on the 1st of October next, to accomplish designs of great importance to the primitive Church of God in the Western States, earnestly desires you, his Right Reverend brother, Bishop of ———, to cause prayers to be offered up to Almighty God, for his preservation from all evil, and that it would please Him, who hath the hearts of all men in His hands, and all events at His control, to prosper the endeavors of His servants to the glory of His great Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Philander Chase.

"Diocese of Ohio, July 29, 1823."

The Bishop and his family, consisting of his wife and three children, left their home in Worthington on the 4th of August, 1823, in his family carriage drawn by two faithful horses, one of which bore the classic name of Cincinnatus. The Bishop himself was the coachman. The journey was delayed by illness at Chillicothe. At Steubenville he met once more his son Philander and his nephew, the Rev. Intrepid Morse. At Ashtabula, the Rev. Mr. Hall received priest's orders. Here a very perplexing incident occurred. The "paper of commendation" had been signed by the Rev. Messrs. Doddridge, Keller, Morse, Johnston, and Chase in favor of the Bishop's plan; but now Mr. Hall (just ordained) and Mr. Searle refused to add their names to

it. This was a blow. Unanimity among his clergy was of the utmost importance. "A human arm hath failed us," said the Bishop, "we must go on, trusting more fully in God." The coach was ready, the last adieu said. This was scarcely done, when a messenger arrived on horseback, requesting the Bishop to turn back to Ashtabula, for there were persons there, from Medina, who wished his presence to settle difficulties in Mr. Searle's parish. During the arrangement of these affairs, Mr. Searle reversed his decision, and both he and Mr. Hall signed the Bishop's commendation papers. Thus the obstacle was removed.

It was a "far cry" from Ashtabula to Buffalo by horse-power. It should be borne in mind that there was not a locomotive in the then known world, or a rod of iron track. The road travelled was on the shore of Lake Erie, the waves often dashing up to the horses' knees.

An accident occurred *en route*, and the party was detained at Buffalo, where since a former visit a church had been built. The Bishop preached for the rector, and afterwards visited our great American wonder, the Falls of Niagara. Very wild it was in those days. It took the party in the coach a week to go from Buffalo to Cherry Valley, where Father Nash still lived, the first missionary west of Albany, and the founder of all the parishes in Otsego County. As a pupil to his teacher, as a son to his father, as brother to brother, so did the Bishop pay his *devoirs* to this venerable servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The party arrived at Kingston on the 15th of September, the home of Mrs. Chase's mother, eight hundred miles from Cincinnati. The Bishop and family,

long separated from their relatives, were welcomed cordially, but a mysterious gloom pervaded the countenances of the mother and other friends. The explanation was not fully made until the tired and dusty travellers had reached their rooms, which were upon the ground floor, when over the sweetbrier bushes, which screened the windows, came a packet of letters thrown by an unseen hand. They were all addressed to the Bishop and sufficiently explained the silence and sadness of the family. Their contents had been made known to all the friends. They all condemned the Bishop's plan *in toto*, threatening ruin, and entreating that every means should be used to prevent the Bishop from going another step on a tour which must prove fatal to him and to the happiness and prosperity of his family. "Then," said his wife, "we must go home and die among our neighbors." The rejoinder was, "Never!"

These good friends unknowingly took the best means for bracing every nerve in the Bishop's body and soul; no more doubt troubled either husband or wife in this battle. The matter was settled.

CHAPTER XX

TO ENGLAND FOR AID

ARRIVED in New York, the Bishop received the same persistent opposition that developed in Kingston. "Ruin was sure to result." Even intimate friends had been spoken to, and had been so influenced that they used every effort to cause an abandonment of the venture. The Bishop says, apropos of this: "All these kind friends lived on the eastern side of the mountains, therefore their opinions should not be heeded, as they were *one-sided* judgments, for *they* had never been on the other side of the mountains."

The matter, however, did not end with friendly and pitying advice, such as was given in the letters thrown over the sweetbrier bushes. He was now told that the opposition to the scheme for aid would go with it to England. "You will be opposed in England by the weight of the Church in America, and that in the strongest manner." The Bishop's reply was that he could not believe it.

As an instance of the extremity of the ill feeling against the only course open to the Bishop at this time, the following is worthy of notice. A letter written by an eminent lawyer to a gentleman formerly residing in London, now living in America, asking the favor of letters of introduction to men of character in

London for the Bishop, was returned with the compliments of the Honorable Gentleman, saying that "he had been advised to refuse any letters of introduction to his friends in England."

At this time letters from Bishop Ravenscroft of North Carolina and Bishop Bowen of South Carolina cheered the Bishop's fainting spirits by their expressions of ardent approval and earnest encouragement in his plan. These good men knew and realized the needs of the West, and were generous enough to help instead of hinder in this great work.

During these days of waiting, young Philander, summoning all his remaining strength, came on to New York to bid his father a last farewell. Before sailing, Bishop Chase wrote a letter to Bishop White on the subject of going to England for the relief of the Church in Ohio, and this letter was unhesitatingly approved by Bishop White, who advised its immediate and general circulation. It gave reasons which, to a generous mind, could not be disputed with any show of honor and justice. The Bishop, many years after, says of this letter: "It was written in a sick room during intervals of great sorrow and suffering, opposing friends about me, a wide ocean before me, and beyond it scenes as untried as those in another world, and withal a portentous cloud ready to burst upon me. Under such circumstances, I asked the 'prayers of the Church for persons going to sea.' In this I was denied." With all the evils of the twentieth century, it is scarcely to be believed that such an instance of utter heartlessness could occur now among Christian gentlemen.

The ship *Orbit* was to sail on the 1st of October.

But one clergyman in New York accompanied the Bishop to the ship. The invalid son rode to Whitehall, and there he bade his father his last farewell. Soon the anchor was up and the ship was out at sea. The Bishop reflects: "I left behind me my dying son, my suffering diocese, my anxious wife, helpless children, and my angry friends. Who was to welcome me across the wide and weltering sea? None whom I knew; but I well knew who would attempt to drive me from the English shores, for from this person's lips I heard the promise."

To cut short the story of this painful and almost incredibly cruel threat, suffice it to say that it was carried out completely to the letter.

The voyage was on the whole a prosperous one for those days, when sailing vessels alone could cross the Atlantic. The ship was almost near enough to the harbor at Liverpool to meet the pilot, when a great wind blew it back, and ship and passengers were in much danger for several days, finally landing at Liverpool the Sunday after the storm began.

Baruch Chase, an older brother of the Bishop, had married an Englishwoman, a sister of Timothy Wiggin of Manchester. With Mr. Wiggin at this time resided the Bishop's nephew, Benjamin Chase. Therefore to Manchester the Bishop repaired to visit these friends. He found a most generous and kindly welcome,—even more, immediate approval of his plans, most encouraging to his sore and burdened heart. These kind friends took counsel together. Mr. Wiggin became deeply interested, and from his precious sympathy the Bishop drew encouragement and strength to go forward.

The Bishop was advised by Mr. Wiggin to remain

some days in Manchester, where he met with two clergymen who were much interested in his plans, and from them he learned that the threats made in New York had been carried out to the utmost. "Notices" against him had been made public; even handbills had been circulated.

Before going to London, the Bishop visited Oxford, and there also, although treated by his hosts with much respect and consideration, he had incidentally painful confirmation of this fact. Nevertheless, he was deeply impressed with the charms of that venerable and beautiful city, and with the services at St. Mary's by the Rev. Mr. S., who on their way to dine at the Provost's informed the Bishop of his "decided opposition to the Ohio plan, having heard the exact state of the case from another quarter." This remark, coupled with the request that "the Provost should not be troubled about the matter," was a quietus. One may imagine the completeness of this rebuff.

Upon the Bishop's arrival in London, with no friend to meet him in that great city where his mysterious enemy had already begun his work, no wonder that his heart sank and his faith in the future fainted within him. Still he had the courage to do the work of the hour, and that was to call on Sergeant Sellon in the Chapter House of St. Paul's Cathedral, and deliver a letter from his son, the rector of St. Anne's Church in New York. Here Sergeant Sellon informed him that a printed paper in opposition to his mission had been circulated, and that no stone was left unturned to ruin it.

Mr. Sellon assisted the Bishop in finding lodgings at No. 10 Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn. Here, with plenty of time for reflection, he could contemplate

the present and anticipate the future. One thing was certain, however, that everything possible had been done in London to render null all his efforts to build up and keep alive the Church of God beyond the Alleghanies. He further says: "My opponent must think he is doing right; I will not reproach him, on the contrary, I most devoutly pray for him. With this state of mind, I am enabled to rest in quietness and content."

Henry Clay and Lord Gambier had been joint commissioners, representing the United States and England at the Treaty of Ghent, and had become fast friends. When Bishop Chase went to England, Mr. Clay gave him letters to Lord Gambier, and also to Alexander Baring. These were duly forwarded; both received most courteous replies, and in due time, he received an invitation to visit Lord Gambier at Platt Hall, his home.

At this time another notice appeared in the papers, with additional objections to Bishop Chase's plan. He was called a "schismatic," and it was represented that the Bishop of the Diocese of New York had archiepiscopal jurisdiction over Ohio, and Bishop Chase had no right to ask for aid in England for his diocese. In short, nothing was undone that might serve to injure Bishop Chase and his cause. These efforts did not prevail in the end, for it was determined that there should be no contention; the fight should be all one-sided. Thus gladly is this subject dismissed, or only recalled as the "serpent hiss of ecclesiastical hatred."

On the 4th of December, the Bishop met Lord Gambier, according to appointment, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street. After the business of the

Bible Society, at which Lord Gambier presided, was over, he took the Bishop in his carriage and they rode together to his residence at Iver. While on the way his Lordship alluded to the letter which had been the occasion of the present interview, and his pleasure in paying civility to one whom his excellent friend Mr. Clay of America was pleased to commend to his acquaintance; yet candor required him to mention that he had received, from another American gentleman, statements of quite a different character, which had had an unfavorable effect on his mind. An explanation being respectfully asked, his Lordship mentioned from whence these statements came and that they were both in print and manuscript.

The Bishop says: "Perhaps nothing but conscious innocence in the exercise of the common privilege of an unenslaved mind could have dictated an appropriate reply to such a communication, made with such candor on such an occasion, and from so dignified a person. The words of that reply were gone after they were spoken, they could not be recalled: but memory still supplies the expression of satisfaction in his Lordship's countenance when I earnestly requested that an opportunity might be granted to disabuse his mind by explaining the whole case, and defending the character of an injured man and his more injured diocese. 'This shall be freely done,' was his reply. 'Will your Lordship be pleased to say it shall be uninterrupted?' To this an immediate assent was given, and the time fixed was the next day after breakfast in his study. Nearly the whole day on Friday his Lordship spent in his library with me, employed in the examination of the papers and documents *pro* and *con*, relating to the ob-

JAMES, LORD GAMBIER (ADMIRAL). *Page 164.*

ject for which I had crossed the Atlantic. After a full investigation, Lord Gambier observed that had he known what he now saw, he would not have returned so polite a note to ——— as he did in answer to his letter which accompanied the 'notices.' "

The Bishop spent a delightful Sunday at Iver, and after breakfast Monday morning, his Lordship in the most affectionate and polite manner gave his opinion, advice, and an assurance of his support to the Ohio cause; at the same time, he expressed his fears of its success in England. "Nearly all," he observed, "were prejudiced, and but few can have the opportunity of having their minds disabused. You will have to row against wind and tide; my advice is that you stand on your own ground and rely under God on your own statements, supported as they are by your own life and character. Make your publication, but do it in as few words as possible. Your introduction to me from Mr. Clay forms your introduction to the Church Missionary Society, at the head of which as President stands my name. To the Secretary, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, I shall give you a letter which you will present with my compliments; and be assured you have my good wishes."

"With what anxious steps I was the bearer of Lord Gambier's letter to this good man need not be told. With books and papers all around a well-lighted room, warmed by a cheerful fire, sat the Rev. Josiah Pratt, as I suddenly, perhaps unexpectedly, entered the room. Turning around and facing the door he saw a man approach, of no ordinary size and evidently no inhabitant of London, and against whom, as he has since remarked, he was very much prejudiced. A civil bow was inter-

changed and the letter from Lord Gambier presented. He read the letter and received me very kindly. I made a summary of my affairs and left with him some papers. He told me that ——— had not only published notices in handbills and sent them to him, but caused them to be inserted in the *Remembrancer*, a work much read in England.

"The Rev. Mr. Pratt observed when I came away that even as far as he had gone in considering the case, he had no hesitation to assure me of his good wishes and of his endeavor to accomplish what I wished, and accordingly wrote to Lord Gambier requesting a meeting of some influential persons to take into consideration the whole matter."

CHAPTER XXI

FRIENDS AND FOES

A VERY encouraging letter from Lord Gambier came soon after the events of the last chapter, and from this time both Lord Gambier and Mr. Pratt were the Bishop's faithful friends, manifesting the most earnest desire to aid the cause of Ohio, and constantly showing the utmost generosity and loving-kindness to him socially. This great change was brought about gradually, especially in Lord Gambier's case, because he had been brought under the influence of the slander so freely circulated and so artfully used.

These two honest men had the Briton's love of fair play, and when they were convinced that the Bishop's statements were absolutely true, and that he was bearing up under a load of obloquy without retaliation, they gave him their full confidence and at once set about doing all in their power to aid him in his struggle, not only for his suffering diocese, but for his personal honor as a man and as a Christian Bishop. At this time, Mr. Pratt said ——— had made himself liable to the most severe retaliation. "His methods, as well as the whole spirit of his opposition, have not been founded in truth and fair representation and all of them are overbearing. He could therefore be righteously handled with great severity, but your plan is best, not to

retort nor to recriminate, but suffer and forbear for the sake of the Church in America. Your interest would lie in coming forward to the British public by an appeal to their sense of justice; many would open their hearts and hands to assist you, and your utmost desire would be gratified in the collection of funds for an institution in Ohio, but this would make a division and create bad blood in America; better will it be, to return back to your own country possessed of little, with peace and a good conscience than with much, and 'contention therewith.' "

At this point in the Bishop's mission, the sky began to brighten. Both Lord Gambier and the Rev. Mr. Pratt thought it best to publish a statement of the condition in Ohio, and the need of educating young men for the ministry, on their own soil, for the work of the Church. An appeal of this kind must find favor in many hearts. Mr. Pratt also wrote to the Bishop's opponent of the change in his sentiment, and of the great regret he now felt for the course taken in the beginning.

A meeting of several clergymen took place late in December on Bishop Chase's behalf. The Rev. Mr. Pratt was chairman. The merits of the Bishop's cause were discussed from beginning to end, and the confidence of the committee increased at every stage of the inquiry.

The resolutions of the clergy, given below, will show the wonderful change in the opinions of fair-minded men towards the Bishop of Ohio.

At this meeting, held on the 31st of December, 1823, various documents relative to the visit of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase to England were taken into consideration, when the following resolutions were adopted;

and at a subsequent meeting, held on the 7th of January, 1824, the Rev. Henry Budd, M.A., minister of Bridewell precinct, and rector of White Roothing, Essex, in the chair, the said resolutions were confirmed:

"1. That the spiritual wants of the Diocese of Ohio, in the Episcopal Church of the United States, the only diocese yet established in the Western territory, call for special provision and assistance.

"2. That appropriate and adequate provision for the supply of the spiritual wants of the said diocese requires the establishment of an institution on the spot, in which natives of the country may be trained for the ministry, at an expense within their reach, and in habits suited to the sphere of their labors.

"3. That the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase is fully justified, by the circumstances of the case, in appealing to the benevolence of this country; and in undertaking to be the messenger of his diocese on the occasion, notwithstanding the privations and difficulties inseparable from such a mission; that the Rt. Rev. prelate is entitled to the veneration and gratitude of those who desire the extension and increasing influence of our holy faith, especially in that pure and primitive form in which it is propagated by the Protestant Episcopal Churches of Great Britain and America.

"4. That this meeting does, therefore, tender to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase its respectful acknowledgments and affectionate regard, and pledges itself to the adoption and prosecution of such measures as shall seem best adapted to promote the object of his visit, and thinks it due to him, under the circumstances in which he has been placed in this country, that he

should be relieved to the utmost of personal labor and responsibility.

"5. That however Bishop Chase might be justified in laying before the people of this country, in his own name, a statement of the facts of the case, in reference to some objections which have been here published, and might even seem called upon to do so, in vindication of himself; yet, taking into account the painful consequences of a contest, and understanding that it is the Bishop's wish and determination to avoid, to the utmost, appearing as a controversialist in this country, this meeting would express its respectful and cordial approbation of the Christian forbearance of Bishop Chase in abstaining from such a course of proceeding.

"6. That a statement of the peculiar wants of the Diocese of Ohio and the object of Bishop Chase's visit, be drawn up in a conciliatory spirit, and avoiding as much as possible all matter of controversy; and that the said statement together with any documents which may appear requisite be circulated in the name of the friends of Bishop Chase, at the discretion of a Committee to be formed for those purposes.

"7. That the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, the Rev. Henry Venn, the Rev. Thomas Webster, and the Rev. Samuel C. Wilkes do form the said Committee, and be further charged with making the most effectual arrangements for promoting the object of Bishop Chase's visit to this country.

"8. That a subscription be opened in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio, and that Henry Hoare, Esq., be requested to act as Treasurer of the fund, and the Rt. Hon. Lord Gambier and Mr. Hoare to allow the proceeds to be vested in government securities, in their

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joint names, until the same shall be drawn for by the proper authorities.

"That these resolutions be respectfully submitted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chase.

"H. BUDD, *Chairman.*"

One of the clergy present at the meeting was the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, author of the letter in the *British Critic* which first led to the idea of appealing to England for help, also the Rev. Mr. Wilkes, and many more. The Bishop of St. David's became a warm friend at this time, and another who seemed to have a heart full of good-will and a manner made of genuine sunshine came to the Bishop's aid in the most unexpected way. Such a friend as is seldom found in this cold world was G. M. Marriott, generous, true, and loving.

Mr. Pratt did not "allow grass to grow under his feet" in publishing the resolutions of the clergy. Meantime the new friend, Mr. Marriott, continued to show the kindest and most generous attention. It would seem that he was trying to make amends for the unjust and false impression he had at first innocently received.

At this period of the Bishop's visit in England he spent some days in Halifax, Bradford, and Huddersfield, enjoying the hospitality of many distinguished clergymen, and meeting again his first and best friend Mr. Wiggin, *en route.*

His heart was cheered by the delightful friends he met at these lovely English homes. The Bishop writes:

"At dinner one day, where all were friends, several

clergymen and others being present, the body was refreshed and the mind delighted with the cheerful converse. The papers from the parcel containing the periodicals were thrown on the table. Breaking them open, out dropped an anonymous pamphlet, the whole tendency of which was to disparage and abuse the Bishop of Ohio and his seminary. This was a stroke altogether unexpected, and being quite off my guard, the effect through the mind on the bodily frame had well-nigh proven fatal."

The Bishop was obliged to retire to his room at once in great distress, body and mind. His friend Mr. Wiggin was constantly by his bedside, and did everything and said everything that could alleviate the present distress. He had brought letters with him from Manchester—some of these of a cheering character—others from America concerning the declining health and almost certain death of the Bishop's son in South Carolina. The latter brought singular relief, for they caused him to shed tears.

At this second visit to Manchester he spent two weeks with his good friend Mr. Wiggin with the happiest results, receiving tokens of kindness and good-will from nearly all the clergy of that city. Mr. Pratt's encouraging letters, also Lord Gambier's, continued to reach him, while numbers of new friends gave him warmest welcome.

At this time he visited a Mr. Evans, member of Parliament from Derbyshire. This proved also a happy circumstance, he meeting many friends and enjoying, after his dreary loneliness in London, great pleasure in their kindness. All these were interested and most helpful.

With Lord Kenyon and Dr. Gaskin many others became deeply interested in Ohio's cause. Then came an extraordinary climax of events. At this time, after all the efforts to injure the cause of Ohio and to destroy the character and influence of its Bishop, the proposition was made by the persons heading the opposition that the Bishop should give one third of the money collected for Ohio to the General Theological Seminary of New York, promising grandly a stay of the "unpleasantness" if this plan were accepted!

Soon after, the Bishop dined with Mr. W. G. Marriott and there met Miss Duff Macfarlane, the daughter of a Scotch Bishop, who seemed to take an interest in Ohio, and was most desirous of further information. This circumstance proved afterward to be much in his favor. At this time he met Lord Kenyon. The appeal for Ohio had been published and was doing much good.

Some time later, the Bishop enjoyed a delightful surcease from his wearing anxiety in the society of many pleasant people at Cotesbach, near Lutterworth, meeting again Miss Duff Macfarlane. Apropos of this lady, the Bishop remarks: "Little did I think that she would be instrumental in opening a door of prosperity to me, although in London the outlook still remained very gloomy."

After returning to London he met the friends already in sympathy with him, and also Bishop Ryder and Lord Bexley for the first time. He also met the Bishop of Durham, who received him with great kindness, asking for more of the printed appeals and taking leave of him with the prophecy of success. This opinion, as it proved, was a true one; yet the means by

which it should be brought to pass were hidden. All London was prepossessed against the Bishop, with the exception of a few who had been convinced by private interviews. The withdrawing of the objection contained in the "Notices," if they could be said to have been withdrawn, did not obviate the difficulties. They were considered to be in full force, although, for secret reasons, not urged as at the first.

The prelates of the Church of England and all their friends, excepting those aforementioned, viewed the Bishop as a "factious schismatic."

And what could remove so mighty a difficulty as this? The Bishop felt his hands tied.

Consider first the British Parliament,—not a man of them felt any interest in the affairs of Ohio except the few mentioned, but harbored great aversion to the name and cause of the Bishop. And how came they to change their minds, so as in any considerable numbers to support what they had before rejected and despised? In answer to this, take the following plain narrative told by Bishop Chase:

"In the year of our Lord, 1824, the British Parliament was much divided on the great question of the National Redemption of the Colored population in the West Indies.

"Now there was a man in London, a member of Parliament, who acted with Mr. Wilberforce in most things, and was his particular friend in this. This man's name was Joseph Butterworth, a gentleman of great benevolence and intimately acquainted with the police of London. Through this channel he had known me ever since I took up my residence in No. 10 Featherstone Buildings. He knew that I was there

unknown and unnoticed from November until Spring, and he had thought little of me, because others did so, and how came Mr. Butterworth to think otherwise of the neglected being living in No. 10 Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn? Simply because Dr. Robert Dow of New Orleans came to town. How could this gentleman influence Mr. Joseph Butterworth? The story was this:

"Dr. Dow had emigrated from Scotland to New Orleans when young in his profession. In that city he had accumulated a fortune and desired to spend the evening of his days in his native Cathcart, among his relatives. He removed from New Orleans to Scotland; stopping in London to invest his funds, he inquired who was a proper person to give him advice, when he was referred to Mr. Joseph Butterworth. After this interview a conversation occurred, something like this:

Mr. B.—So you are from America, Dr. Dow?

Dr. D.—Yes, just arrived and now my pecuniary concerns are settled, shall hasten on to Scotland.

Mr. B.—Were you acquainted with Bishop Chase?

Dr. D.—Yes, he used to be our pastor in New Orleans, and I was his physician and his intimate friend.

Mr. B.—If this be the case, you can tell us something of his real character, is it good or otherwise?

Dr. D.—Always good; and why the question? Is he in town?

Mr. B.—He is, and has been since November last, and while another American prelate who has also been in town during the same period is treated with great respect, he is neglected, and, from what is circulated in

the papers, it is presumed that the ill opinion of him is in some way well founded. Pray put us right in this respect, if we be wrong.

Here the honest Dr. Dow took occasion to express both his surprise at what had been uttered by Mr. B. and to answer his question, in a manner the most favorable.

Mr. B.—But there must be something singular in this gentleman or he would not be voluntarily in the situation in which the British public now regards him.

Dr. D.—Singular! I never knew anything singular in him but his emancipating his yellow slave, and that I should suppose would not injure him here in England, though we in New Orleans thought it foolish, as well as singular."

Here the Doctor told the story of the yellow slave Jack, which appears in a previous chapter. This story caused a great alteration in Mr. Butterworth's mind. Bishop Chase and Mr. Butterworth after this became friends, and the former writes of meeting Dr. Jebb, the Bishop of Limerick, the Rev. Leigh Richmond, and many others at the latter's house.

The Ohio cause grew and waxed strong, and subscriptions of considerable amount came in, few could tell why. The cause of this wonderful change was unknown until some time after the Bishop received a letter from Dr. Dow, giving an account of this disclosure. Dr. Dow says: "I pressed the fact on the mind of good Mr. Butterworth that you willingly emancipated your slave, though he was an ungrateful fellow. I mentioned it as a proof of your consistency of conduct, as relates to your profession and the part of the United States you inhabit."

CHAPTER XXII

ENGLISH HOMES AND FRIENDS

IT will be remembered that in the winter of 1821–22, the Bishop had sent a letter in answer to the inquiries of the Rev. Dr. Jarvis of Boston as to the ways and means by which the Episcopate of Ohio was supported. This answer, though composed in haste while surrounded by painful circumstances and only intended for the eye of a friend, yet might be supposed to be somewhat descriptive, and feelingly expressed. It went into some particulars of privation and suffering, too humiliating to the Church to be exhibited to the gratification of her enemies, or the mortification of her friends; yet every word was true, and served to show not the ways and means by which the Bishop of Ohio was supported, but that there was no support at all, that he travelled at his own expense, that he paid his laborers to earn his bread at home, and when the means to do this failed, he had to labor, wait on himself, and perform the menial offices of his domestic affairs, though at the same time discharging the duties of the Episcopate, also those of a parochial clergyman.

This letter, long since forgotten, was actually in the hands of a lady in London, who had been several times in his company at Mr. G. W. Marriott's in Queen's Square, silently listening to what was said of and by

the American Bishop till she was convinced that it was he who had written the letter. She desired an interview. Her letter was dated on Good Friday evening, and expressed a wish to see the Bishop at the house of her relative, adding these words:

"I assure you I feel that you will do me a great favor in coming so far, but I hope you will not regret it. I am,

"Most truly and affectionately yours,

"DUFF MACFARLANE."

The Bishop says:

"The invitation to breakfast with this lady was accepted. The conversation was on ordinary topics till the breakfast was over. It was then that she produced the letter and asked if I were the author of it. Something like amazement ensued. The eye ran rapidly from one end of a very indifferent letter to the other, and the signature could not be denied, nor the contents of the letter. I had forgotten many things, and had to read several lines together, in order to refresh the memory. At length all rose to view, and that the whole, perhaps, was presented as an obstacle to be surmounted by an apology for having disgraced the Church by submitting to menial employments. The truth was that since in England I had become so accustomed to find obstacles laid in my way, that everything coming suddenly upon me partook of the quality of stratagem. This idea was soon dissipated by the kindness of the lady who repeated the question: 'Are you, sir, the author of this letter?' 'Yes, Madam. And I have reason, I think, to ask how this letter came into your

possession?' In answering this, the lady went into a history of the whole matter. She said her father had written to Dr. Jarvis requesting some information concerning the American Church, the number of dioceses and clergy, the manner of raising the salaries for the bishops; that Dr. Jarvis, after some delay, had sent an answer in respect to all the dioceses but that of Ohio, the Bishop of which, he said, was under peculiar difficulties, on which he would make no comment, but send his own letter to speak for itself, hoping to apologize to the Bishop for the liberty taken when they should next meet. This lady had influence with others, and through the same information, which she disseminated, the cause gained friends.

"Lady Rosse was made acquainted with the Ohio cause through Miss Macfarlane alone, and on her munificence, it may be said, the crowning success of the whole depended. In this train of providential events, the ugly letter which was written under the most painful circumstances was the means of great good to Ohio."

On the evening preceding Good Friday, 1824, the Bishop received the sad news of the death of his beloved son Philander, in a letter from Bishop Bowen of South Carolina, who said:

"I have reason to believe that Philander died in perfect peace, having been blessed throughout his illness, and even to his latest moments, with the spirit of the serenest resignation. 'Tell my father,' said he to me, very shortly before his death, 'that to be separated from him thus early is the bitterest part of death; tell him I died in perfect faith in the merits of my Saviour and the mercies of my God, though sometimes,

through the sense of sin not unrepented of, but yet possibly unpardoned, trembling and afraid.' To-day, the 3d of March, we committed his remains to the ground. His funeral was attended by all the clergy of our Church in this city."

Of this event the Bishop speaks in this way: "I have lived to see my dear Philander pass through the years of childhood and youth; I have lived to be the instrument of his ordination to the Christian ministry; I have seen him a husband and father; he is now gone, having finished his course, short indeed; he has now entered into his rest, leaving me to travel the rest of my journey alone. It is God's will; I am content."

One may conceive something of the agony of this moment, although comforted with the certainty of the dear young man's fitness for another life, for human nature can but sorrow at the early coming of death to one so fitted for usefulness and happiness,—a young husband and father, dying far from his home, yet tenderly cherished and cared for by kind friends, particularly the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, who was to him a loving brother even unto the last. Philander was buried under the chancel window of historic St. Michael's, where this beloved one now rests in the peace of God.

After Easter, the sun of success began to shed genuine cheer upon the Bishop's hopes. Many generous and kind friends were touched by his manly and earnest life, and although in deep sorrow and in sore difficulties, his honest purposes were apparent. His unfeigned desire to carry "the faith once delivered to the Saints" to those who so sorely needed it was so sincere that many generous souls responded. It was

said that "England had not seen such a bishop in a thousand years."

The interview with the venerable Bishop of Durham is one of the pleasing incidents connected with this period. He was ninety years old, yet well and cheerful.

Another effort contrary to the alleged withdrawal of the opposition to the Ohio cause was made. This and other extraordinary efforts at this time, instead of injuring the cause of Ohio, induced good men to reverse their opinions, as shown in the following extract from a letter:

"I received your packet with the appeal yesterday, and to say that I was pleased with it, is to say but little. I was surprised and delighted. It made me at once close with Bishop Chase's views, notwithstanding all I had heard. Bishop Chase's zeal is without any mixture of fanaticism. What he says of the young men being educated in Ohio, and all the reasons, bring the recollection of facts with which we are all acquainted. I am particularly obliged to you for sending me the appeal. If you have a copy of my sermon remaining, pray give it to Bishop Chase as from a clergyman beyond the mountain who has read and feels his appeal. Mr. McKenzie has just read it. I never saw him in such raptures with anything."

This letter was from the Rev. Charles Fyvie, Inverness, Scotland.

Meantime the Bishop's early and faithful friends continued their kind offices, cheering his anxious heart by loving-kindness in every way.

About the middle of May, Lady Rosse sent the fourth hundred pounds.

The Bishop during June visited Cambridge and afterwards at Brampton Park, the house of Lady Olivia Sparrow, which he describes in a letter to his wife:

"The walks, the gardens, the fields and flowers, joined to many paintings and much beautiful statuary, were all surveyed. Lady Olivia is a grandmother, yet is apparently quite young and beautiful; her equal in this respect, I think I have never seen. Like us, she lost a darling son with consumption. Her household is very numerous. When assembled for prayers in the great hall, I counted fourteen maids and many men servants. A poor blind girl, trained for the purpose, played the organ, and few congregations have I ever heard sing more melodiously."

The Bishop also writes of a visit in another English home:

"I am now at the vicarage of Great Horkesley, the present incumbent being the Rev. William Ward.

"The country, as we rode swiftly through it, was level and the hamlets pleasant. The tired horses with which we started were sent back, and the rest of the journey performed by relays. These, as we passed on, were furnished at the proper stages with great speed. No silence in such a ride as this. Neither distance nor time is counted.

"At four, arrived at Horkesley. The fields invited us to walk. We strolled together to a point whence we could overlook Nayland, the place so dear to Lord Kenyon as a pupil, and to myself as a sincere admirer of the Rev. William Jones. Nayland is in a valley. A small river runs through its verdant and flowery bosom. The gently rising grounds adorned the reced-

ing view, and in the midst was the modest church where once that holy preacher proclaimed the Gospel. In distant prospect on every side are six churches, the names of which were told me, but I have forgotten them. No matter, Nayland church is enough for me now to dwell upon.

"Turning our faces to Horkesley vicarage, how pleasant was our converse! The glebe proving by its neatness the incumbent's taste and virtue; its walks, how well kept; its trees, how well trimmed; its flowers, how fragrant, and how tastefully arranged,—but what are these compared with the inhabitants within? There was Charlotte, gentle in her manners, next sat Mary with several smaller buds of promise,—and here comes the dinner, entirely English, plenty without profusion, the best served in the best manner. The day passed off, as few do in this mortal world, without a subject of regret."

"Whit Sunday, 1824.

"I spent this holy day in Nayland church. What pleasure mingled with reverence did I enjoy, as I entered this venerable building and saw the pulpit where that good man preached, and received the Sacrament from the Altar of the Lord where he once ministered! In the vestry there is a vault stone under which are the earthly remains of the author of the *Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity.*"

The Bishop says: "I remember, long afterwards, my feelings when I knelt at the altar with good Lord Kenyon and his friend Marriott, and how I realized afresh there the Communion of Saints. I remember returning with my friends to Horkesley and attending the

afternoon service, where Mr. Ward, the vicar (afterward the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man) officiated. I remember going from the church to the vicarage and witnessing the order and beauty of an English family, bred up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,—their zeal for the truth, their sympathy in the suffering of others."

After the Bishop's return to London, through the agency of Mr. Butterworth, the Bishop attended a meeting of the charity children in St. Paul's Cathedral. He writes:

"A more imposing sight was never presented to my view,—these little ones of the Church, collected by her maternal care from the most indigent portions of the city, clothed, fed, and educated by her tenderness and at her expense,—thirty thousand the whole number. The third part now actually assembled in decent attire, as is their annual custom, to appear before the Lord in the vast amphitheatre of praise and thanksgiving to Him who made the world and redeemed mankind for the Light of His glorious Gospel, without which the world would never have known a Charity School, made no ordinary impression on my mind. I will always remember it as a means of mercy and grace to my soul forever."

At about this time the Bishop was accorded an interview with the Archbishops of York and Canterbury. After certain explanations were made regarding the state of the Church in America, these great men in the Church came to another and better understanding in regard to the work of the Church in Ohio.

CHAPTER XXIII

FAREWELL AND HOME AGAIN

THE Bishop was now making ready for the long journey home. His last days in London were crowded with events, visitors, dining and breakfasting with old friends and new friends. He writes:

"On Friday morning dined with Lord Bexley, Lord and Lady Teignmouth. On Saturday, the 12th of June, I set off for Oxford before breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Marriott and good Mr. Pratt came into my little parlor at my lodgings to see me and to help me to get ready, arrange my papers and wardrobe, and above all, to encourage and bless me. In recurring to this fact even at this distant time, I can hardly refrain from tears when I recall their kindness,—how disinterested, how benevolent, and how tender!"

The Bishop's visit at Oxford at this time was profitable in many ways. It gave him an opportunity to clear up some painful misunderstandings, and to make new and powerful friends, among them the Rev. Mr. Dallin of York.

The Bishop says of his visit to Oxford: "I received the Holy Communion from the hands of the Bishop of Oxford. At the ordination in Christ Church services were very impressive; attended St. Mary's; Mr. J. Bull preached an excellent sermon. Dined in the Hall

of Oriel with the Vice-Provost and the fellows most agreeably. Attended evening prayer in Oriel Chapel. Nothing can exceed the order and beauty of God's worship as exemplified in these young men. On Monday, the 14th of June, dined with Dr. MacBride, Master of Magdalene,—present the Dean of Exeter, who was Provost of Worcester College, the Vice-Provost of Oriel, Mr. Pusey, Mr. Duncan of New College, Mr. Barnes, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

"At New College the dinner was most pleasant, the company of the students and fellows agreeable. I attended their chapel services; the anthems in choirs are exquisite, the grounds and gardens attached to the college are very pleasing, from them we have a view of the magnificent tower of Magdalene."

On the 24th of June, the Bishop breakfasted with good Mr. Pratt and family, and the same day went with Mr. and Mrs. Marriott to Mitcham. The object of his journey was to pay a visit to Mr. Hoare, the banker, and to be introduced to his daughter and son-in-law, Sir Thomas and Lady Acland. In the course of the afternoon Sir Thomas urgently requested that he might introduce the Bishop to his friends in Bristol, Blaise Castle, Barleywood, and Devonshire. He went to London the same evening, and the next day dined with Mr. J. Goldsmith, and met Mrs. Frederick Thurston, Lord and Lady Seymour, Colonel Cheney, Bishop Jebb of Limerick, Rt. Rev. Henry Goulbourn and his brother Edward,—a delightful company.

The 26th of June the Bishop spent in the ancient city of Colchester, and went to see once more the dear friends at Horkesley, spending Monday in Colchester and then a day at Blaise Castle with many friends.

Never was there a more kind and sympathizing people than the Christian citizens of Colchester, old England. At parting these friends kneeled down to pray for a farewell blessing.

On June 29th the Bishop went to London, the scene of his sorrows and joys, and this day the scene of his farewells. Mr. Marriott accompanied him to Piccadilly, and there at half-past eight, June 29th, 1824, they parted to meet no more till the Great Day.

The Bishop rode all night, arriving at Bristol at ten o'clock in the morning, and enjoying a bachelor breakfast with the Dean of Bristol. After this he accompanied Sir Thomas and Lady Acland to Barleywood, the home of Hannah More. The note received by the Bishop from Mrs. Hannah More is characteristic of her and her age:

"Mrs. Hannah More presents her most respectful regards to the Bishop of Ohio. By a letter just received from Sir Thomas Acland she is encouraged to flatter herself with the hope of a visit from the Bishop on Friday. Honors are not always pleasures, but in the accomplishment of this kind plan they will be identified. Sir Thomas hopes to get away from his sick sister in time to accompany the Bishop. Should that not be the case, Mr. Harford will have the goodness to give him the necessary information for reaching Barleywood, where he will condescend to visit a convalescent in her sick chamber, who will be much gratified to see him."

The Bishop writes: "Towards the stranger from America, her manners were in every respect engaging. With Sir Thomas, Mrs. More used all cordial frankness, elevated sentiment, and chastened wit. Not a

moment of time was lost. Words fitly spoken 'like apples of gold in network of silver' filled . . . the conversation."

On the 5th of July the Bishop visited the venerable Cathedral at Exeter, spending a very happy day at Sir Thomas Acland's. It was Lady Acland who was instrumental in purchasing the printing-press and types for the Ohio Seminary, which became of much importance to the Bishop's friends. Sir Thomas accompanied him in his post-chaise a long way on his road back to Bristol, where among his many letters he received the following from Lord Kenyon:

"GREDINGTON, June 26, 1824.

"MY VERY DEAR BISHOP:

"Like dear Mr. Marriott, I feel quite grieved at the thought of bidding you farewell, probably forever in this world. In all such sorrows the true comfort is, what I have experienced in my most melancholy loss, the hope of the faithful, and the reflection that time is very short compared to eternity. Very sincerely shall I feel the like comfort in parting with you, my much-prized friend. And all the intercourse I have had with you, and all I have known of your doings have but increased these consolations, and the humble endeavors not to counteract, but by God's gracious aid to endeavor to forward His unmerited mercy.

"I shall hope to meet you at Manchester on the 10th, and to see you and good Mr. Wiggin at my venerated aunt's at Peel Hall.

"I am anxious that my daughters shall see you and receive from you that apostolic blessing which few can value more than I shall for them. . . .

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"God bless and prosper you, prays your obliged and affectionate friend,

"KENYON."

Leaving Bristol, the Bishop writes that he "found all seats in common coaches taken, and was obliged with another gentleman to hire a post-chaise, rode all night, coachman fell asleep, pitched back and broke in the glass window, horses took fright, fellow passenger jumped out, coachman having recovered his seat, gave the reins to me and went back to find his other passenger, soon came up and helped him to a seat, but alas! he had lost his reason. It was just at daybreak when this happened; the man growing troublesome, the coachman was ordered to drive fast. It was about ten miles to Birmingham, and on arriving at the inn, sent for a surgeon. The man was bled and came to his senses, and I never saw a more grateful person, when told what had happened.

"Caution, don't jump out of the coach."

After this the Bishop drove to Stretton Hall, the residence of Lady Rosse, his benefactress. Hitherto the acquaintance had been only by letter. Now it was face to face. Her Ladyship was sitting alone at her tea table when the Bishop was bidden to walk in. She said afterwards: "I had figured to my mind a small and emaciated form in the person of Bishop C., but instead of that a very large man darkened my door." When endeavoring to express his gratitude for her great benevolence to the Ohio cause, he was stopped on the threshold of his speech by her saying: "Bless your heart, Bishop Chase, you have done me a greater favor than I you; I am more blessed in giving

than you in receiving. God's Words assure us of this; besides your cause is a good one, and I am morally sure the funds will not be misused, and that is more than I can say elsewhere. When good Miss Macfarlane wrote me of your case and pointed out the way in which I might serve you, my spirit rejoiced, and I have not for many years enjoyed so happy a winter."

When the evening was at a close Lady Rosse bade the Bishop farewell, saying she should probably not be awake early enough to bid him adieu. The next morning he came down with great caution lest he should awaken his hostess, when she met him in the drawing room with many good wishes, and gave him Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*, a book that was always very precious to him. I remember distinctly that ever afterward the Bishop carried this little book and used it with great comfort.

The Bishop records: "On the 9th of July approaching Manchester. The pleasantness of the evening, the voices of boys at play, the mild smoky atmosphere, the chapel dimly discovered, my heart in the fond expectancy of embracing friends, the truest and best in England. No words can record the rest. This was Mr. Wiggin's home.

"On the 10th of July, I bade farewell to this dear place and went with Lord Kenyon to the home of his aunt at Peel Hall. This singular dwelling united many humble houses, was built in days of yore, the last in 1637.

"From Peel Hall with Lord Kenyon went to Liverpool, where Mr. Wiggin joined us."

Lord Kenyon came over to the city on July 15th, with his son and three daughters, for a farewell inter-

view, which was accompanied with prayer and benediction. This meeting and parting will long be remembered; perhaps those who knelt together may remember it still, though all who were present have doubtless long since passed "through the grave and gate of death into the Paradise of God." Strange to say, the Bishop's old neighbor and friend, Dr. Dow, formerly of New Orleans, came to see him here, and confirmed by word of mouth what he had related in the letter about Mr. Butterworth being won to the Ohio cause by the story of the yellow man Jack.

The 16th was the day fixed for sailing for America, but contrary winds prevented. The ship *Orbit*, Captain Tinkham, the same in which the Bishop sailed for England, took him back to America. The ship sailed on July 17th. The Bishop writes that Sir Charles Palmer, Dr. Trevor, Dean of Chester, and others, came to the ship and ceased not their tokens of English kindness until he was out of sight.

Forty-three days were spent on the ocean in the months of July and August. The Bishop arrived in New York, August 29th. His landing was at Whitehall wharf, where not a year before he had said good-by to his son Philander. It was Sunday night; church bells were ringing for evening service and never had he more reason to rejoice and say: "Let the people praise Thee O God, yea, let all the people praise Thee."

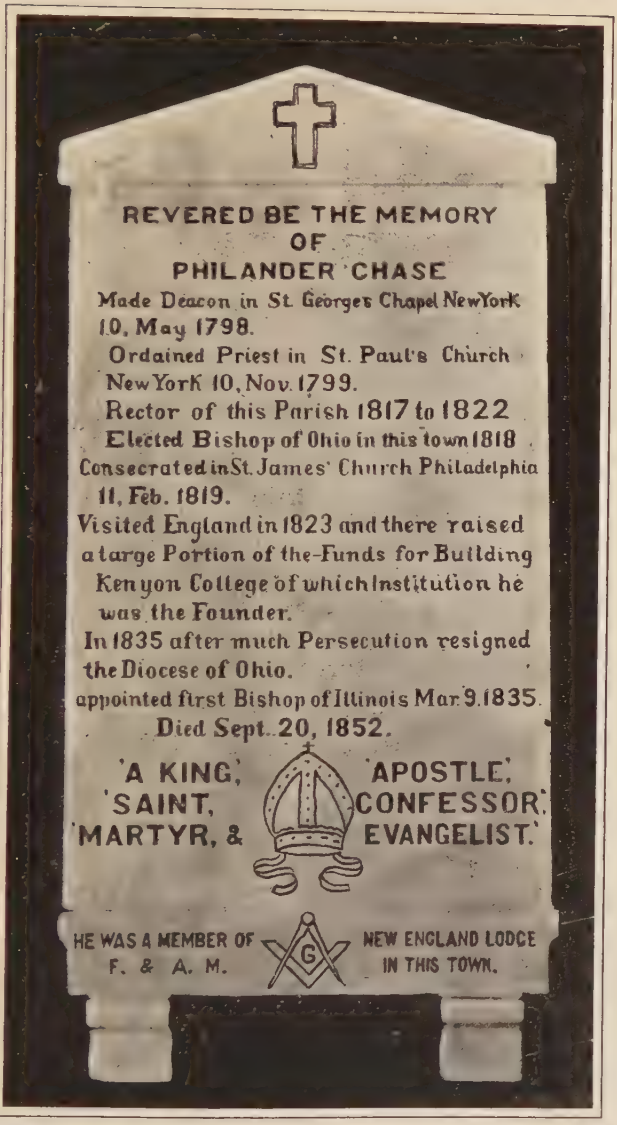
He went immediately to Kingston, where he had left his family, to which had been added another son, and soon went to Hartford and presented him before the Lord for Holy Baptism. He was given the name of that dear son whom God had taken to himself.

To cross the mountains with a family in 1824 was

more trouble and took a longer time than to go to Europe and back in a steamer of the present day. One month was occupied in reaching Worthington from Kingston. The pleasant home in Worthington was embosomed in trees, twenty and thirty feet high, covered with wild grapes, purposely left for shade and beauty. One may imagine the pleasure of the children and their elders to be at home under their own vines. The peaches were ripe and the apples red and yellow in the orchard.

It was on the return voyage on the ship *Orbit*, and during the Bishop's stay in England, that he made the sketches of which Bishop Nichols of California wrote so charmingly some years ago in the *Pacific Churchman*.

He says: "It would be safe to say that every one of the narrowing number of those now living who knew Bishop Philander Chase (Bishop of Ohio, and late of Illinois, 1819–1852), retains that strong personality of his in sharp and clear silhouette. Even a stranger who did not know whom he was addressing once said to the Bishop, 'Whoever and whatever you are, I know you are at the top.' Most of those who were in any way associated with Bishop Chase can tell a characteristic story or two of him, and his own story of his life in the two volumes of his published *Reminiscences* is full and not easily forgotten. Though the writer of this belongs to a later generation, he has had some choice opportunities to hear such anecdotes and to learn of the rugged, noble manhood and telling work of the pioneer Bishop. In old Christ Church parish, Hartford, Connecticut, where the writer's rectorship came sixty years after the rectorship of Bishop Chase, there


REVERED BE THE MEMORY
OF
PHILANDER CHASE
Made Deacon in St. Georges Chapel NewYork
10. May 1798.
Ordained Priest in St. Paul's Church
NewYork 10. Nov. 1799.
Rector of this Parish 1817 to 1822
Elected Bishop of Ohio in this town 1818
Consecrated in St. James' Church Philadelphia
11. Feb. 1819.
Visited England in 1823 and there raised
a large Portion of the Funds for Building
Kenyon College of which Institution he
was the Founder.
In 1835 after much Persecution resigned
the Diocese of Ohio.
appointed first Bishop of Illinois Mar. 9. 1835.
Died Sept. 20, 1852.
'A KING,
'SAINT,
'MARTYR, &
'APOSTLE,
CONFESSOR,
EVANGELIST.'
HE WAS A MEMBER OF
F. & A. M.
G
NEW ENGLAND LODGE
IN THIS TOWN.

MURAL TABLET, WORTHINGTON, OHIO

Erected by English Friends. *Page 192.*

survived many traditions of him, and a few of the oldest communicants would kindle with emotion as they fondly told of their experiences of his faithful pastorship, or recalled the humorous side of his sayings and situations. Again, Bishop Chase was consecrated in the first St. James's Church, Philadelphia, which brought another set of associations with him to the knowledge of the writer. And then, with many a late-sitting evening group,

Amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax,

has the writer listened to reminiscences and unwritten history of the good Bishop, from one and another of the clergy and laity who were privileged to know him. And the massive mahogany door of a certain episcopal library in Middletown, Connecticut, as it opens upon many a treasured memory, opens into the presence of one than whom few had better facilities for appreciating Bishop Chase. And that same door, I suspect, has opened upon some of the best stories that have been told of Bishop Chase—or anybody or anything else for that matter—as its hospitable hinges have swung to the cheery 'Come!' of the Presiding Bishop, the Bishop of Connecticut.

"And yet, notwithstanding this somewhat exceptional acquaintance with the character and work of Bishop Chase, it was left to a summer outing of the writer, and to happy days spent in a little retired seaside hamlet in California, a score or so of miles north of the 'Heads' of the Golden Gate, to learn something of Bishop Chase that he had never happened to hear before. In the prized scrap-book of a faithful

churchman, ripe in service as in years—Mr. William O. Andrews, of Bolinas Bay,—was preserved a collection of pen and pencil sketches from no less a hand than that of Philander Chase. The collection awoke an interest to make further inquiry, this being a development of no small relish. Through the kindness of Mrs. G. H. Kellogg, a granddaughter of Bishop Chase, now a faithful communicant and active auxiliary member of St. Paul's parish, San Rafael, California, the writer had access to a manuscript journal of the Bishop's, written during his visit to England in 1824. This, too, contained many sketches of faces; and that fact, together with the probability that the little leather covered manuscript book was but one of a series from which the published *Reminiscences* of the first trip to England were taken—the little book only covering an incomplete part of his stay—would indicate that the sketches pasted in the scrap-book belonged to the same period. Among them, too, is one of the Rev. Sydney Smith, suggesting the 'power, profundity and meaning in his countenance' that a Scotch friend noted of him in her journal, and at the same time catching the lips as if in the very act of some inimitable saying, like that when discoursing on ingenuities of torture which he could show, if he were to revise Dante's *Inferno;* 'For instance, you, Macaulay, let me consider? Oh, you should be *dumb.*' Then there are other strongly marked English profiles, one with a faint outline of bands and the pose of a preacher, and several that without names afford opportunities for studies in identification which might interest some of our English friends,—especially a head which has some resemblance to one view the writer has seen of Sir Walter Scott.

The sketches in the little book containing the manuscript journal seem to have been made, for the most part, on the return voyage from England in the ship *Orbit*, Captain Tinkham, July 17 to August 30, 1824. They show marks of the voyage, both in the more careful drawing and shading which the leisure on shipboard allowed the Bishop, and in the spirit and action of the subjects, many of them obviously sketched while on sea duty. We see the *Orbit's* mate, Carleton White, of Derby, Connecticut, with his 'weather eye'; George Wood, the steward; the unnamed ship's cook, with his knife; Charles Crocker, New Bedford; John Long, John H. Harrison, Henry Condon, of Rhode Island, and John Sisson,—these four each in his watch at the wheel steering; then 'Joseph Kitto, the Dane,' and James Robinson in two views, either one of which, in the cast of feature, well marks the nationality. Lewis Morton and David Lamon, of Maine, were probably sailors, and John Hartley, of New York, George B. Woodworth, of Massachusetts, Mr. —— Marsh and a head unnamed, were presumably fellow-passengers. Probably to some other journal belongs the sketch of an 'Ohio wagon boy' on one of the pages. It is not impossible that these names may come under the eyes of those to-day who will have the interest of kinship or friendship in the sketches with which Bishop Chase whiled away some of his hours on shipboard now more than threescore years and ten ago. It would be interesting to know if other sketches from the same hand have not been preserved. And, when we think of it, it was no uncommon thing for men of letters, a generation or two ago, to make their own illustrations, as in Thack-

eray's case. Other bishops of our American Church have been given to it, as we believe even the parish register of St. John's Church, Hartford, would show during the rectorship there of the present Bishop of Western New York. The late Dean Burgon was given to something of the sort in his letters; and the writer remembers to have seen a curious marginal use of the human profile to express by the side of paragraphs approbation or disappointment (as the case might be) with the mouth curved upward or downward, by some unknown reader of Burnet on the Articles. Perhaps, in these days of illustrations, there is something after all in the lines which a California poet puts on the lips of a child, who asks an author to write her a book:

> " 'I don't mean the pictures, of course, for to
> Make *them* you 've got to be smart;
> But the reading that runs all around them
> You know—just the easiest part.' "

CHAPTER XXIV

FOUNDING A COLLEGE

THE Convention met on the 2d day of November, 1824. It consisted of the Bishop, four presbyters, and twenty-three laymen. The Bishop's address was simply a recital of the reasons for going to England, of the kindness and generosity shown him personally by Christian friends in the Church, and of the gifts made so freely for the purpose of founding an institution of religion and learning in Ohio, with a statement of the same.

Now comes the question, where shall the college be built? Here naturally swarmed broods of proposals, more or less tinged with speculative selfishness. At this time the school went on at Worthington in the Bishop's house and farmhouse and other buildings erected at his own expense, mostly of logs. He selected his own teachers, paying them from his own funds and what he collected from the students. "His wife was his secretary, his housekeeper, his adviser, and treasurer."

Here is a memory of the school at Worthington, written by the Rev. Dudley Chase, giving a graphic picture of a boy's life in this frontier school:

"This School of the Prophets was soon gathered. As boys, however, they did not look much like prophets,

or behave much like the statesmen or clergymen some of them afterwards became. About thirty-five was the average number at first assembled. To accommodate them temporary buildings of logs were erected. First, the large school-room and chapel, then three houses as lodging-rooms for advanced scholars, while the Bishop's house was the domicile for the teachers and small boys; and all ate at one table.

"Provisions were cheap and plenty when they were accessible, which the state of the roads did not always permit, or the waters were too high or too low to grind the grist. Thus sometimes we were compelled to feed on the unground corn or wheat which was prepared with art unknown to cook-book, so that—as the Israelites when they first saw the 'manna' in the wilderness said 'What is it?' hence the name 'manna'—students calling for the new dish would say 'Bring me some of that.'

"We had occasional visits from the outside world, as when the Convention held their sittings near; then the boys could try the mettle of the parsons' horses, stabled in the Bishop's spacious barn. Once we saw the Hon. Henry Clay drive up to the door with his coach-and-four and liveried servants—our future statesman, Senator, and Secretary of State. He was then 'to fortune and to fame unknown.'

"Of sports, besides the usual games, there were creek and mill-dam where we could bathe and skate. In the forest there were numberless squirrels and fur-bearing animals and at the right season millions of wild pigeons feeding on the beechnuts; and on the boundary fence facing the forest were often to be seen, attracted by the ripening corn, flocks of large fat, wild turkeys,

GATEWAY TO KENYON COLLEGE. *Page 198.*

—fine sport for those who could or were allowed to use the gun; and those who could not, by combining forces, could build a log-pen in the forest about four logs high, cover its top securely, dig a trench underneath leading upwards into it, and, by strewing corn into this and outside, the simple turkey would 'walk into the parlor,' but never thought to bend its neck to creep out whence it came in, and would be trying to fly upwards to get out, while others hearing his cries would join him, and so several at a time would be trapped.

"The Indians taught us how to call the male bird when in the spring he was heard from a great distance, by imitating the cry of the female, by means of the hollow bone of the bird preserved for that purpose, and thus being ourselves concealed, to bring them within easy gun or arrow shot."

Salmon Portland Chase was one of the schoolboys at Worthington. The two following stories of the Bishop and his nephew are told by the Rev. Dr. Roberts:

"There must have been a strain of this same strenuous quality running through that remarkable family; a quality illlustrated in the character of Judge Chase, the great financier-minister, who issued a currency in the dark days of the Civil War which afterwards, as Chief Justice, he had the nerve and honesty to pronounce unconstitutional. A brace of anecdotes will illustrate this. One is told by himself in speaking of his mates at his uncle's school at Worthington: 'Every now and then they called me Yankee, in tones not altogether respectful. At length I could not bear it any longer

and said to Tom James, "Tom, if you call me Yankee again, I 'll kick you." "Well," said he, "you are a Yankee." As good as my word I kicked him, and made the kick just as severe and just as disagreeable as I could. He was older than I, and I expected a fight. But instead of attacking me he went after the Bishop and complained. I was at once summoned into his presence. "Salmon," said the Bishop very gravely, "Tom James says you have been kicking him. Is it true?" "Yes, sir." "What did you kick him for?" "Because he called me a Yankee." "Well," said the Bishop, "are you not a Yankee? Your father was, and I am, and we were never ashamed of the name." "Yes, sir," said I, "I don't mind being called a Yankee, but I won't be called a Yankee *so*," with a pretty decided emphasis on the last word. The Bishop could not help smiling, and dismissed me with a reprimand which I did not mind much. I was not called a "Yankee *so*" after that, and had no occasion to kick Tom James again.' So much for the militant quality."

The other anecdote illustrates the resolution and ingenuity which overcame unexpected difficulties. It is given in Judge Chase's own words in a letter.

"The Bishop and most of the elders went away one morning, he having ordered me to kill and dress a pig while they were gone. . . . I had no great trouble in catching and slaughtering a fat young porker. And I had the tub of hot water all ready for plunging him in, preparatory to taking off his bristles. Unfortunately, however, the water was too hot, or otherwise in wrong condition, or perhaps when I soused the pig in it I kept him in too long. At any rate, when I undertook to take off the bristles, expecting they would almost come

off themselves, to my dismay I could not start one of them. The bristles were 'set,' in pig-killing phrase. What should I do? The pig must be dressed. In *that* there must be no failure. I bethought me of my cousin's razors, a nice, new pair, just suited to a spruce young clergyman, as he was. No sooner imagined than done. I got the razors and shaved the pig from toe to snout." After some moralizing upon the effect on the cousin's morning shave, the judge finishes by saying "'Where there is a will there is a way,' and 'there are more ways than one of doing a thing.'"

Among the many letters from English friends regretfully omitted is one from his delightful friend Marriott, who speaks of Wyckliffe's candlesticks, which were soon to be sent him, exact copies of the original at Lutterworth. All these letters from England were filled with rejoicing and thankfulness for the success in laying at least the foundations of the great work.

The year 1826 was a laborious one, as the Bishop says: "My duties have been so weighty and difficult and discharged so imperfectly that they need the forbearance of God and man. Some of these were diocesan, many connected with the institution of learning and religion under my care, and not a few to struggle for the means of living. Not a Sunday was passed without holding divine service twice, except two. Services were held in Worthington, Columbus, Delaware, Berkshire, in a two months' journey, during which divine service was held and the Holy Communion celebrated every day and a sermon preached."

At this time the Bishop relates a most interesting story of a visit to the scattered remnants of the Oneida and Mohawk tribe, who still retained the use of our

liturgy, taught them by the British missionaries when they were under that government. The Bishop, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Coe, travelled on a dark and gloomy day through the forest. The way was toward the Sandusky River. They missed the path and travelled many miles in the rain, until at last they reached the huts of the Indians. Some old men and women met them at the lowly cabin door. The Bishop found them not like heathen; they had known of Jesus, their Saviour, from youth; and the liturgy of the Church of England, with part of the Book of Genesis and the Gospel of St. Mark, had been translated into their language in 1787. This had been the blessed means of handing down the faith to this generation. It was the work of the Society for Promoting the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Divine service was held with these Indians on the next morning. They came in the rain in goodly numbers, and joined with one heart and voice in the responses. Before parting the Bishop promised to take several of their young men and boys and board and educate them, looking to God for means and ability to support them. Soon after this he mentioned the subject to the Secretary of State, who referred the matter to the Secretary of War, and through him a small sum was granted for this object.

In the month of November, the Bishop went again among the Mohawks in his own carriage for the Indian lads; and six of the young Mohawks returned with him.

This year the president and professors of Kenyon College in the State of Ohio received from the civil government the power of conferring degrees.

The Bishop's address this year (1826) gives a gratifying account of the large number confirmed and the number receiving the Communion. He informs the members of the Convention concerning the purchase of eight thousand acres of land at a greatly reduced price. The troublesome question of location was now definitely settled.

The amount of work, parochial and diocesan, added to that connected with the great scheme of the Theological Seminary and the school already in progress for the time being at Worthington, would leave little time for rest for any one in the immediate neighborhood of Bishop Chase in the year 1826. Many valuable gifts were sent from England as the months of that year flew by,—books, an organ, and Lady Acland's printing-press, paper, and types, for which no more than a guinea was asked from each contributor in England. The committee this year reported favorably on the conditional purchase of eight thousand acres in Knox County. The land was fertile and well watered, with good mill-sites, well timbered, situated near the middle of the diocese in a healthful climate. To found such an institution "from the stump" was said to be "madness." Under these circumstances the Bishop went to take possession of the land.

Mr. Douglas, his "hired man," and his little son Dudley were the only persons who went from Worthington to the promised land on this lonely journey.

Sixty years later, the Rev. Mr. Chase (the little son Dudley) writes graphically of his memory of this eventful journey.

"The Bishop had ridden his faithful Cincinnatus, I, a pony about the size of a Shetland, with cropped main

and tail, a real pet. At Mt. Vernon, the change of scenery had begun which lifted us from the lowland and beechwood forests to the rolling hills, the clear waters, and the chestnut ridges of Knox County. We passed our first night in a log cabin at the foot of a hill, and in the morning a laborer was engaged with proper tools to cut a pathway through the tangled brush directly up the hill to its summit.

"This accomplished, there met our view a plain of a mile or more, devoid of standing trees, but a perfect wilderness of fallen ones, the result of some windstorm which had formerly passed over it, but the undergrowth had so interlaced itself with the fallen timber, that it was impossible to move a rod without cutting a path. A few boards were carried up the pathway recently made, and placed against a chestnut tree near the site of the present college building; and there the Bishop, Mr. A. Douglas, and myself ate our first noonday meal of bread and bacon on Gambier Hill. A tent of split timbers was soon made with a 'mud and stick' chimney, bedsteads made of stakes and clapboards, the beds of straw, and thus provided with shelter we passed the summer. The workmen meanwhile cleared the grounds and made roads. Lying on our beds of straw at night we heard the howl of the wolf, the call of the fox, and the hoot of the owl, but in daytime we were more seriously annoyed by the numerous rattlesnakes, which we learned by experience only the presence of herds of swine would extirpate.

"The 'Episcopal Palace,' until the main college building was erected, was a log cabin near the entrance of the present college grounds, on the east side passing from the village to the college. Here the students

were boarded after the school was removed from Worthington, and before the quarters were provided. I remember breakfast at six in the winter on rye bread baked in ovens during the night; the inside only of the loaf was used, but it was hot, sweet, savory and healthy.

"For the accommodation of the scholars brought from Worthington, and others, before permanent buildings were erected, there were block-houses, used as lodging-houses, put up where the village now is.

"There was a frame structure opposite where Rosse Chapel stands, on the east side of the Avenue, which was named by the students 'The 74,' from its likeness to frames put up to cover ships of war while building. The room below was used for church and school; the upper story was one large dormitory, well ventilated by windows above and below, where the boys had their cots, arranged in rows as in a hospital, the teacher in charge having a separate room, with glass windows, for observation at all times. In the public room, used for Sunday services, was an organ.

"Out of school hours, the boys were encouraged to expend their energies in useful ways of improving the grounds. Then the groves which now adorn the sides of Gambier Hill were chiefly brushwood, and portions of these were marked off in square rods and each boy could choose his 'claim' to 'grub' up the superfluous young trees and save and trim up the rest, and he was paid a stipulated sum for doing this, which gave him pocket money if he chose to secure it. The fine trees which now overtop Ascension Hall were thus trimmed up by my own hands when a boy."

This description by the Rev. Dudley Chase gives

one view. Another one appears in the following letter from the Bishop to his wife:

"Gambier Hill,
"Site of Kenyon College, June 3.

"As to our progress, we can say nothing but good things, though our hands are so few and everything in such a rude state as to exhibit but little; but the incipient of this lion-like work we have now undertaken. The well, you know, was the first thing we needed. As soon, therefore, as we could get the thick bushes so far cleared away as to see the light of heaven above and the surface of the ground beneath, the men were ordered to begin the task of sinking the well. This makes the third day we have spent, and we have dug eleven feet, a great part of which is through a rock. This becoming harder and harder, I have resolved to commence the use of an auger; apparatus of this kind is to be set in motion, so that I hope by the middle of next week to see this work of boring by horse power commenced in rapid style. If you ask how I 'get on' without money, I answer 'The Lord helpeth me.' What do you think of His mercy in sending good Mr. Davis with half a cheese from his mother and twenty-five dollars from his father, presented to me out of pure regard to the great and good work which God enables me thus to carry on? Mr. Norton has sent me three hands for a short time. We have built us a tent cabin, and if we had any one to cook for us we should live [comfortably].

"It is impossible to make the hands board themselves. We must find provisions ourselves or have none to help us.

ASCENSION HALL. *Page 206.*

"I write you this by a poor, dim hog's-lard lamp, which, shining askance on my paper, will hardly permit me to say how faithfully I am

"Your affectionate husband."

A story which Bishop Chase used to tell nearly sixty years ago, apropos of this time, will show that among "the people" Bishop Chase was not considered an autocrat. A company of gentlemen were travelling by stage-coach near the site selected for Bishop Chase's mill, when one of the party expressed his opinion of the Bishop's plans in terms of great contempt, adding to his remarks the assertion that "Bishop Chase has virtually no friends." In these damaging assertions he was upheld by his companions.

The conversation continuing in this strain, the driver after a while turned his head and respectfully said: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken. Bishop Chase has one friend. Look there," pointing to a narrow stream running through a point of low land near the mill-site; "I say Bishop Chase has one friend, and that friend is God. He dug his mill-race for him in the storm last week."

To balance these hardships, the Bishop had the pleasure of seeing the smiling faces of a few Sunday-school children every Lord's Day. They came through the thick bushes from the little cabins within a circuit of three or four miles, and although at first they knew almost nothing of the letters of the alphabet, and still less of the Name of the Lord, yet, finding themselves received and entertained with kindness, they came the second time, and yet again, accompanied by some others of their fellows, till in point of numbers the Sunday-

school kept under the well-pruned bushes of Gambier Hill was quite respectable. It was summer, and here they sat on the temporary seats all the morning, till time for prayers and sermon, and, during the intermission at noon, were taught their letters, and then to read the Word of God and the hymns to sing His praise. "If even one of these little children, the happy subjects of a Saviour's love, be brought to the knowledge of truth, there is reason to rejoice."

The Rev. Dudley Chase writes of this early missionary work:

"A Sunday-school had been early organized for the benefit of the benighted children of the surrounding country. This was done by the Bishop before there were any students or buildings on the hill. It was held under the trees, and split rails were used as benches. When the Grammar School and College were in full operation, this truly missionary enterprise was extended. I remember a time when fifty students habitually took an early morning meal of eggs and coffee and, being excused from morning prayer at the chapel, went forth, two and two,—an older student being put in charge of a younger assistant,—to points within a radius of six or seven miles to teach the young heathen in the woods, children of 'the squatters,' for whom no one had yet cared. Thus, in time, several hundred children were brought under instruction.

"My post was a school about a mile eastward beyond the river. My leader was a college student. We had to cross the river in a canoe; attempting this at one time at flood-tide amid floating ice, our canoe was upset, and I should have been lost had not my companion been tall and strong and a good swimmer."

By reason of long exposure to chilling fogs in this cabin with no gable, the Bishop fell ill. He was finally well enough to be taken to Mt. Vernon, where he was most kindly treated, but was obliged to go on to Vermont and thence to Philadelphia to attend the General Convention, without returning home.

On his way he stopped at Oneida to confer with the Indian chief, for the purpose of taking some of their young men to study for orders. It was agreed that Abraham La Forte, a school-teacher among the Indians, should be solicited to go to the seminary and to take with him three young lads from the Oneida tribe in this place.

That year, through the agency of Henry Clay, the Postmaster-General established a post-office at Kenyon College.

Suffering great bodily pain upon arriving in Philadelphia, the Bishop was most kindly cared for by the Rev. Benjamin Allen, then rector of St. Paul's Church. By him he was invited to his own house, by him he was accommodated with the best room, the best bed, and the best physicians in the city. Here the Bishop was visited by Mr., afterwards Dr., Bedell, whom he requested to circulate *A Plea for the West* in behalf of the theological seminary of Ohio. This was granted. The Rev. Mr. Allen and Rev. Mr. Bedell came into the Bishop's sick room and read the first draft of the little *Plea*, as it was written by the Bishop, and then sat down the long evening through and prepared the plan of Kenyon College, with remarks, to be printed together, the whole forming but sixteen pages. To these "remarks" were added several letters from friends in England, showing the spirit which prevailed in that

country, with evidence of their great generosity to Bishop Chase. This little *Plea for the West*, though it had no intrinsic value but its truth, opened the eyes of many who were prejudiced against a Western seminary and avowedly hostile to the Bishop's going to England. It was like Noah's dove sent forth from the little frail tempest-tossed Church of the Apostles in a vast ocean of the West—the Mississippi valley—*not* the warlike notes of revenge for past injuries, but bearing in its beak the olive branch of peace and love.

One of the results of Bishop Chase's visit to England was the enthusiasm he aroused in missions, not only in the way of gifts of money, but also in the offer of missionary service by young English gentlemen. One of the earliest volunteers was Henry Caswall, a lad of nineteen and a nephew of the Bishop of Salisbury, who had heard the Bishop of Ohio and his plans discussed by English Churchmen, and indirectly had come under the influence of the Bishop's marvellous personality. He came to Ohio in 1828, was graduated from Kenyon College, and many years after returned to his native land and became Vicar of Figheldean in Wiltshire. In 1851 he wrote a most readable book on the American Church, in which he gives a graphic picture of his arrival at Kenyon and meeting Bishop Chase.

He begins his story by a brief account of the impression the Bishop had made in England: "In the year 1823, a personage of no ordinary character made his first appearance on the shores of England. As the Bishop of a diocese of the Holy Catholic Church he was of course received with respect, but circumstances rendered him an object of peculiar interest and atten-

tion. He came from the distant region of Ohio, a country then scarcely known in Britain even by name, on an errand closely connected with the propagation of the Gospel. He spoke of the vast increase of the population in western America and of the destitution which prevailed in regard to religious instruction. He was received not merely with respect, but with cordial sympathy."

Of his long journey across the Atlantic, Dr. Caswall writes most entertainingly, and of his fellow-passengers on shipboard, and of the still longer journey from New York to Gambier by river, canal, and stage, which was full of adventure and novelty for this young English lad. "The road from Mt. Vernon to Gambier was then little more than a track formed by felling the trees. . . . At length I reached the hill on which Gambier is situated. . . . I requested to be driven to the Bishop's residence, and to my consternation I was deposited at the door of a small and rough log cabin, which could boast of but one little window, composed of four squares of the most common glass. 'Is this the Bishop's palace?' I involuntarily exclaimed. 'Can this,' I thought, 'be the residence of the apostolic man whose praise is in all the churches, and who is venerated by so many excellent persons in my native country?' It was even so.

"On knocking for admittance the door was opened by the Bishop's wife, who told me that the Bishop had gone to his mill for some flour and would soon return. I had waited but a few minutes when I heard a powerful voice outside, and immediately after the Bishop entered with one of his head workmen. The good prelate, then fifty-three years of age, was of more than

ordinary size, and his black cassock bore evident tokens of his recent visit to the mill. He was proceeding with his conversation with the foreman, when, on hearing me mentioned, he turned to me and courteously made inquiries respecting my journey and several of his friends in England. He then invited me to partake of his frugal meal, after which he desired me to accompany him to the college. On arriving at the unfinished edifice, I was amazed at the solidity of the structure. The walls were four feet thick at the foundation, but on the second story, upon which the builders were now engaged, the thickness was reduced to three feet. I ascended with my venerable guide to the highest point completed, from whence the eye wandered in every direction over an ocean of apparently unbroken forest. While standing here, the Bishop explained several of his plans and mentioned some of his numerous discouragements. At this moment he was almost destitute of funds, but he trusted that God would continue as heretofore to supply him, like Elijah in the wilderness. From the college we descended to a piece of ground but partially cleared of trees. 'This,' said the Bishop, 'is Sutton Square, so named from his Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury.' A little further on he informed me that I was in Bexley Square, and still further to the right was a thick portion of forest which he declared was Burgess Street, called after the name of the venerable Bishop of Salisbury. In another part of the surrounding woods he showed me the unoccupied site of a church to be denominated Rosse Chapel, from the Countess Dowager of Rosse. A large cucumber tree occupied the place of the future altar, a spreading sumac stood in the place marked for the

font, and a stately sycamore supplied the absence of the steeple. Near the site selected for the church the Bishop pointed out the grave of an old man, the first person who had died at Gambier. He had caused a railing to be erected and with his own hands had trained a wild grapevine to overshadow it. Near this grave he showed me a spot in which he said he hoped to lay his own weary body. He only prayed to be allowed sufficient time to see his town erected, and his college flourishing and complete."

Dr. Caswall says further of this first walk with the Bishop:

"From the burial ground we proceeded to the mill, passing through noble woods of oak, beech, hickory, walnut and chestnut trees, constituting a portion of the college dominion. Of the eight thousand acres in his hands, the Bishop had cleared the land from eight hundred, which now produced wheat and Indian corn. On arriving at the mill, I found it was designed for the double purpose of grinding meal and of sawing timber into planks. The college lands were thus made to supply food for the inhabitants of Gambier and material for the construction of such buildings as might be required. On my return with the Bishop, he assigned me a portion of an apartment in one of the plank edifices already mentioned and took his leave. I retired to rest full of admiration for his character, and disposed by his example of self-denial and his glowing anticipation of the future to think lightly of present discomforts and to look forward to better things to come."

In speaking of school life in these early days of Kenyon, Dr. Caswall says the Bishop's long days of work began at three in the morning with writing letters,

followed by interviews with masons, carpenters, and ploughmen. In addition to the enterprises at Gambier, there were frequent visitations through the diocese, and an occasional long journey east for funds to go on with the work. He thus describes the Bishop, starting on one of these long journeys: "Before his departure, the students marched in procession to his residence to shake hands with him and to say farewell. After they had arranged themselves in a semi-circle, the Bishop addressed them, and commended them to the protection of the Almighty. Then, mounting old Cincinnatus, he set off at a gallop and, dashing into the woods, was out of sight in a moment."

In 1830, Dr. Caswall writes, there were one hundred and seventy students at Gambier. "There were among them the sons of slave-owners in the Southern States brought up in luxury at home, and hardly reconciled to the rude log buildings and simple fare of Gambier. There were also young men from New England of industrious and thrifty habits, who maintained themselves at college by teaching schools during half the year in the neighboring country. There were a few Irish and Welsh, one Greek, and a native of Hindostan. Besides these, there were at one time three or four American Indians."

On Sundays "the Bishop generally officiated with the assistance of the professors in the building used as a temporary chapel. He often collected the youngest students around him and conveyed religious and moral instruction under the form of graphic narratives and curious parables."

What Dr. Caswall says of the early diocesan conventions is interesting in view of subsequent events:

"Once a year the General Convention of the diocese assembled at Gambier, on which occasions the thirty or forty congregations then existing in the diocese were represented by their lay delegates; and most of the clergy, then twenty in number, attended in person. All were guests of the Bishop and dined at the common table with the students, the principal luxury at the meals being the wild honey in the comb, taken from the forest trees. The Holy Communion was always celebrated, and the Bishop opened the Convention by an address in which he detailed his measures for the advancement of the Church and made suggestions for future improvement. Yet it was easy to see that, even in that little band, opposite principles were at work which could hardly fail to produce a disastrous result. The Bishop, for example, like the other American prelates, rested his prerogative on apostolic succession and firmly believed in the efficacy of the Sacraments as means by which grace is conveyed. The professors, generally, were good men, but inclined to low views of the Church, and were disposed to show great deference to the spirit of the age. Although nominated in the first instance by the Bishop, they were removable only by a Board of Trustees, elected by the Diocesan Convention. Their desire was to render the college popular among all classes of the community, and this object could only be effected by sinking in some measure its distinctive features as a Church institution. In these and similar plans a large portion of the clergy and laity in the Diocesan Convention was generally ready to support them, believing that Episcopacy in Ohio was practicable only in the mildest and most 'liberal' form.

"On the other hand, the Bishop insisted that the theological and ecclesiastical character of the college ought to be maintained as superior to every other consideration. He was well aware that the religious and benevolent persons in England and in America who had contributed their money toward the establishment of the institution had done so, not for the diffusion of mere secular education or even of general Christianity, but with the object of raising up clergymen to minister to the flock of Christ in the remote West."

PRAYER CROSS AT KENYON COLLEGE

Dedicated June 22, 1902, in Commemoration of the First Service held on Gambier Hill by Bishop Chase, in 1826. *Page 216.*

CHAPTER XXV

AN EFFORT AND A FAILURE

THE second volume of the *Reminiscences* begins with the story of the second effort to obtain a grant of land from Congress. Again this unwearied man journeys over the Alleghanies in midwinter, leaving no stone unturned to bring about the great object so dear to his heart. He found not only a friend in his relative Judge Cranch, in whose house he remained during his stay in Washington, but met again his beloved brother Dudley, then a member of the Senate. In writing to Mrs. Chase the Bishop says: "Though I fail in my immediate object, my brother Dudley Chase, whom I pray God ever to bless, says that the effort is worth the trial in making known the object of my mission."

The struggle in this connection was very hard,—days and weeks spent in anxious hope, almost realized, then deferred; first, taxes were remitted, then the committee to whom was referred the petition for land for Kenyon College reported a bill in favor of a grant of two townships of land, of which the Bishop says: "I went right home and fell on my knees to offer my gratitude for so great an appearance of final success."

Under date of March 13th, still in Washington, he writes: "Benton from Missouri is alive to the import-

ance of our College. The Senate was certainly in my favor. Am I not a happy man to be placed always between two fires and yet so shielded by the protecting care of Providence as to be hurt by the shot of neither?"

This time he made a little trip to Fredericksburg, going late at night to the rectory, the home of Mr. McGuire, whose lovely wife was niece of General Washington. He further says: "I preached on Wednesday. Here I met Mr. Washington, son of Lawrence Washington, to whom the General left his gold-headed cane."

He went that night to Colonel Stewart's, and the next morning, with others, breakfasted with Mr. Washington. He writes: "His place is called Waterloo and is the most beautiful situation I have seen in Virginia. Mr. Washington's daughter Virginia, bred up in as fine a garden as our country produces, is the sweetest flower in it. This young lady played and sang for us a number of songs, one of which in the tune of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, was written on the plan of the Christian warfare. The whole performance was exceedingly interesting."

There is something very sweet and touching in the fact that this careworn man should be pleased with this little episode in the midst of his strenuous toil against a world of evils, fighting with the demons of ignorance, selfishness, greed, infidelity, and vice, just as they exist now, except that now they are in more serried ranks, stronger than ever.

In Henry Clay, the Bishop found, as ever before, a stanch and faithful friend. In this venture he seems to have embarked many hopes. He placed so much

stress upon its outcome, that his suspense became an agony. "If," he says, "my hopes about this donation from Congress prove fallacious, may God give me submission." When the 26th of March arrived and the bill passed the Senate, he was transported with joy; even those who had opposed it were glad it had passed. The Bishop went to the Senate and there received the congratulations of many distinguished members of all parties. At that time he felt "the wine of success," but alas! as is almost sure to follow, he was to drink the bitter cup of disappointment to its dregs. Easter Monday, the word came that the Committee in the House reported against the bill for Kenyon. He simply says in his letter to his wife: "I don't remember to have ever received so great a shock. May God support me for Christ's sake." And he adds in a little postscript: "Don't be unhappy, God will support us."

Still another effort was made, all in vain; yet in the acute disappointment he was comforted with the knowledge that he carried with him the best wishes of many warm friends. His English friends never failed in their devotion; indeed there were few men of the nineteenth century who have interested other men in a greater degree, and who have inspired so pure and lasting a friendship as this very human, earnest, virile man; so humble, yet so commanding; so simple, yet so dominant; so imperious, yet so gentle.

After the great disappointment the Bishop went to Philadelphia; and having, before leaving Washington, obtained liberty to run a daily mail between Kenyon and Mt. Vernon, he applied for assistance to that worthy and patriotic gentleman, Mr. Reesides, to whom the nation is indebted for so many of her stage-coach

facilities and comforts. In this application he was successful, and Mr. Reesides presented to the college a coach and harness in good repair.

The Bishop writes of his return: "In journeying home, I found my progress was not sufficiently speedy to enable me to fulfil some appointments which I had made to perform official duty. I left my private coach and took my seat in the public coach. This was in the evening of a very dark night—the carriage was full of passengers. A dreadful storm arose—some accident befell us, so that we were obliged to descend from the coach in the rain. The night came on darker—the accident was repaired. We again ascended the coach, the storm and darkness increased—the coachman was bewildered and directed his eyes to a light at right angles with the road, and supposed it to be the object to which he should steer his course. Being on a precipice several feet high, the horses went down and in an instant the coach was crushed to atoms."

When the stage-coach fell down the walled embankment, the Bishop was the first to strike the ground; the rest of the passengers falling on him, and the rain pouring down, they escaped to the neighboring houses. His ribs being fractured and pressing on his lungs, he was unable to call for help and remained for some minutes unnoticed, crushed under the ruins of the coach. The first human voice he heard was that of the Rev. Mr. Johns, then rector of the church in Cumberland. He, on seeing, or rather hearing, the stage-coach horses pass rapidly back to the city with only the fore-wheels, had run out of the house and, guided only by the flashes of lightning, sought the body of the coach. "Where, oh, where is Bishop Chase?" said he as he

came to the prostrate vehicle. No voice was heard to answer. It was well that he approached the ruins and lifted the torn and muddied curtain; had not this been done, the sufferer would soon have expired.

A clergymen who was a student at Kenyon at that time writes of this accident: "The Bishop was laid up for several weeks, and finally, about the end of April, arrived at Gambier on a feather bed, suspended by four corners within a coach. He was soon, however, in his usual health; and it was now currently reported that, at different times, all the Bishop's bones had been broken, with the single exception of his skull!"

As a climax the clergyman adds: "And let it be recollected that the pecuniary emolument annexed to the episcopate of Ohio was nothing."

On the 10th of October, 1828, the Convention assembled on Gambier Hill. A synopsis of what had been attempted and accomplished was given.

The announcement was read of the completion of the Milnor professorship, also the reception of a valuable and beautiful telescope for Kenyon, and many valuable books from England.

In a letter to Lord Gambier the Bishop gives a description of Kenyon: "The building of the college—one hundred and ten feet of it—is now up, covered and finishing. The walls are massive; they are four feet thick at bottom, receding six inches at every story. . . . The roof, on account of the elevated site of the college and its consequent exposure to the violent winds of our country, has more timber in it, and is put together with more firmness than most buildings of the kind in America. The draft was made for me by

our national architect, Mr. Bulfinch of Washington. . . . The number of pupils is now more than seventy. When we move into the college, we shall have room for many more."

In the year 1829, after the removal of the school from Worthington to Gambier, it had become greatly augmented in numbers; the family of teachers and scholars was now more than a hundred. In November the management of this establishment was placed in Mrs. Chase's hands, and the man of affairs started off for his visitation in the southern part of the diocese. His journey was made over a road partly frozen, so that it would usually hold up a horse, but occasionally would take in both horse and coach. Being able to travel but two miles an hour, the Bishop became benumbed with cold; when daylight appeared he jumped out and tried to walk until he came to the backwoods, where the mud was so deep that no footman could get on. At "sunbreak," he found "a boy with a mare without shoes," waiting for him. He went on, suffering terribly with cold, and reaching Delaware after dark. He preached at Delaware the same evening, on the subject of "Prayer."

All along the dreadful journey we read of his plans in letters to Mrs. Chase, of appointments kept in bitter weather, services held, confirming, baptizing, and administering the Holy Communion, and again about buying more cows and of the blacksmith's wages.

On one occasion he repacks his luggage into a portmanteau and valise, and sets off on horseback to an appointment at Circleville. The horse was at the door and himself mounted, when the steed proved both vicious and dangerous. No wonder, with such a

heavy man and such an accumulation of luggage! The horse being found impossible, he concluded to give up his journey for that day, "as the coach could not run, and most of the driver's horses were so disabled that they could not rise from the ground." Probably the Bishop was forced to rest for this day at least.

An appreciative sketch of Bishop Chase's work in Ohio appeared in *The Churchman*, November, 1896, by the Rev. G. Munroe Royce, now resident rector of the American Church in Munich, Germany, from which we quote the following:

"The Bishop returned from England in 1824, and the college on Gambier Hill was opened in 1828. This interval of four years marks the period of Bishop Chase's greatest activities; he was everywhere and did everything. The institution was incorporated as Kenyon College in 1824, and began its work in 1825, on the Bishop's farm near Worthington. The college opened with but one pupil, but before the end of the year it had enrolled twenty-five, including five Indian boys. The first catalogue of Kenyon College was written by its first pupil in the form of a diary, and is here given without any change, except the omission of the names of the students:

" 'Jan. 1, 1826. The year 1826 comes in on Sunday. It finds me studying at Kenyon College, which is at present on the Bishop's farm near Worthington. President, the Rt. Rev. P. Chase; Professor of Languages, the Rev. William Sparrow; tutor in Grammar School, Mr. Gideon McMillan. The students at this time, including five Indian boys, are twenty-five in number.

" 'Boarding at $1.25 per week. Tuition in the Gram-

mar School, $10.00 per year; College, $20.00 per year!'[1]

"Such were the small beginnings of the pioneer college of the West.

"Philander Chase, the founder of Kenyon College, was a man of heroic mold in every way. His body was of gigantic proportions, with a strength and endurance which, in these softer days, seem almost fabulous, and his mind was of the same commanding proportions as his body. Add to these an indomitable will, impatient of restraint or opposition, and one can see with the mind's eye something of the striking and altogether extraordinary personality of the founder of the first Western college. He was a veritable giant, raised up, as it would seem, for the special work that was given him to do.

"He was in fact a man of national reputation, both as a scholar and a teacher, with a personality that commanded the instant attention and respect of every one, learned and unlearned; and had he not attained the episcopal office, he would now be renowned as one of this country's greatest educators."

But this is anticipating. The extent of the college domain was eight thousand acres, and included a great deal of rich land, some of which was already in a state of cultivation. On the acquisition of this property the Bishop took immediate personal charge, and, as has already been said, was everywhere and did everything. He was his own forester, landscape-gardener, architect and builder. He constructed his own saw-mill, flour-mill, and printing-press. He cut his own timber, directed the farming, dug a race-way, and built a dam

[1] This is taken from the diary of the late Rev. Erastus Burr, D.D.

to furnish water-power for his mills. This work of establishing a colony *de novo* required an army of artisans and laborers, and Gambier Hill was for four years a beehive of industry, until "Old Kenyon," as the first college building is now called, opened its doors for the reception of students. This was in 1828. The masters and pupils on the Worthington farm were immediately transferred, and the first college year on Gambier Hill opened with about sixty-five students.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the Bishop's judgment and taste, as now seen in the site and general plans of Kenyon College, speaking in reference to natural beauty only. The wisdom of establishing the college in what was then a wilderness need not be here discussed. But a more beautiful spot for a college than Gambier Hill can hardly be imagined; and the college park is as fine an example of landscape-gardening as can be seen in this country.

The Bishop's great energy and success in collecting the funds, clearing the grounds, and erecting the first college building won the respect and admiration of everybody; for never was a greater undertaking so swiftly accomplished by the sole power of one man. There is scarcely a parallel to this in all the history of American educational institutions.

"Old Kenyon" was the first building erected by Bishop Chase. It stands at one end of the long "path," covered with ivy and gray with age. It has always been the college dormitory, and around it gather the mellow traditions and sweet memories of college life. Stanton and Hayes, Matthews and the Davises, Wilmer, Currie, Hurd, McCook, Allen, and Benson lived their undergraduate days within these

walls. These and many other names, high on the roll of fame in Church and State, have made "Old Kenyon" the most sacred spot on Gambier Hill.

This building at first took everything pertaining to the college under its roof; the Bishop and his family, the professors and the students, ate and slept, studied and taught within "Old Kenyon's" massive walls. This building has lately been thoroughly overhauled and repaired from top to bottom, and is now in perfect sanitary condition. In cleaning out the basement, the large, old-fashioned fireplaces—where in the early days the food for the college was prepared—were discovered, and may now be seen for the first time by the present generation.

At the other end of the "path," a mile or so removed, stands Bexley Hall, facing "Old Kenyon," and on either side of this path, within the park enclosure, are the other college buildings and the homes of the college professors. Ascension Hall was the gift of the Church of the Ascension, New York, during the rectorship of Dr. Bedell, afterward so long and honorably identified with Kenyon College as the Bishop of Ohio. Few dioceses have had a succession of three such men as Chase, McIlvaine, and Bedell. The architectural proportions of Ascension Hall are almost perfect, and elicit the warm admiration of all visitors who know what to admire. The chapel, Rosse Hall, and Hubbard Hall—the library building—are all beautiful examples of varying but harmonious architecture; and with Kenyon, Ascension, and Bexley Halls—all separated by pleasing intervals — constitute in material (stone), style, and design the most perfect group of academic structures to be seen in America. The late

OLD KENYON. *Page 226.*

Bishop Coxe—who was of the first authority on such matters—said that Kenyon might well be compared with Cambridge and Oxford. No one could ever mistake the buildings at Gambier for any other than academic structures. Gambier Hill, with the gentle Kokosing flowing at its feet, commands a wide view of pastoral scenes which charm the eye at all seasons of the year, but especially at commencement time, when hill and dale, field and forest, are covered with the rich verdure of early summer. It is believed that Kenyon was the very first American college to possess its own printing-press.[1]

Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase, nephew of the Bishop, who was for about three years a pupil on the Chase farm and in the Chase school, leaves no doubt of the realistic character of the farm life:

"So went the days in school. Out of school I did chores, took grain to the mill and brought back meal and flour; milked the cows, drove them to and from pasture, took wool to the carding factory over the Scioto,—an important journey to me,—built fires and brought in wood in the winter time; helped gather sugar water and make sugar when winter first turned to spring; helped plant and sow in the later spring. In most of whatever a boy could do on a farm I did a little. Sometimes I was sent to Columbus, nine miles south, on horseback, to make small purchases. I remember yet the firm Goodale & Buttles, which the boys travestied as 'Good ale in bottles,' where one morning I bought some sickles and scythes and other

[1] This printing-press was given to Bishop Chase for Kenyon College through the efforts of Lady Acland. It was supplied with types and all else necessary for immediate use.

matters, having risen long before day, mounted old Sorrel, and ridden to Columbus, determined to be back before breakfast, which I accomplished."

Eighteen miles on horseback before breakfast! This shows that the nephew was made of the same stuff as his uncle—physically as well as mentally.

The extraordinary executive power of Bishop Chase can be seen even in this very rapid survey; but some detailed description of the peculiar circumstances under which this "mighty man" labored and achieved is necessary to give a true picture of his life and character.

The first episcopal residence was a log hut, on a farm, in the midst of the untamed forest. On his arrival in Ohio the Bishop had taken pupils into his family, and he continued to do so after he was made a Bishop, and until Kenyon College was open for their reception. This period of combined farming and school-keeping covered at least ten years, and constitutes a wholly unique chapter in the educational history of this country. Besides the "episcopal palace," there were four other log cabins erected for the accommodation of the masters and pupils. But they all sat together as one family, around one common board, with the Bishop at the head; or, in his absence, "Mother Chase," as the Bishop's wife was affectionately called by masters and pupils. The Bishop was absent too often to give any regular or systematic instruction; but when he was at home he seems to have given inspiration enough to last till his return. When at home he spent a great deal of his time cultivating his farm with his own hands, and his pupils were frequently with him when he held the plough and drove the team afield. This was no fancy farming, nor "Brook Farm"

nonsense; for the Bishop not only supplied his own large family, but sold his farm products in the open market at Worthington and Columbus. In other words, the Bishop was a practical and successful farmer.

Chief-Justice Chase was the nephew of the founder of Kenyon College, and one of its first pupils. President Hayes was an alumnus. Chief-Justice Waite was a trustee. Justices Davis and Matthews, both of the U. S. Supreme Court, were graduates. Henry Winter Davis, "the prince of parliamentary orators," and Edwin M. Stanton, the famous Secretary of War, were among her distinguished sons. Secretary Stanton said: "If I am anything, I owe it to Kenyon College." The late Hon. Columbus Delano, ex-Secretary of the Interior, was for many years a trustee. U. S. Senator Turpie, of Indiana, and Gen. W. G. Le Duc, ex-Secretary of Agriculture, are Kenyon men. So also is Joseph Packard, Esq., of Baltimore.

The Church is also indebted to Kenyon for many of her most distinguished ministers. The late Bishop Wilmer was a son of Kenyon, so was John Cotton Smith. Dr. Heman Dyer, Prof. A. V. G. Allen, D.D., Dr. David H. Greer, Dr. Wm. S. Langford, and the beloved Prof. Edward C. Benson are among the clergy who have been educated for the Church on Gambier Hill. The names of five living bishops are to be found on the Kenyon alumni roll: they are Gray, White, Burton, Brooke, and Kendrick.

In speaking of the library at Kenyon Mr. Royce thus describes it:

"Polyglots and Latin folios, bound in vellum and yellow with age, Elzevirs, and first editions hundreds of years old, make the dark old room at Bexley a

veritable treasure-house. These old curios, many of which have probably no duplicates on this side of the Atlantic, were presented to Bishop Chase by members of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, and not a few bear the inscription, 'To the Lord Bishop of Ohio.' "

BEXLEY HALL. *Page 230.*

CHAPTER XXVI

AN END AND A BEGINNING

THIS history would not be complete without some word on what proved to be the great crisis of Bishop Chase's life. It is difficult to think of a public service in which there were greater sacrifices, and the sacrifice this chapter deals with is unique in the history of our Church.

For reasons that readers will readily understand, this chapter is given into the hands of one perfectly unbiased, who has gone over the history with great care, and who, born and educated in another land, has weighed the facts disinterestedly yet sympathetically. He says:

"A controversy sprang up out of the darkness, involving all for which the Bishop had lived and labored and sacrificed. The history of this controversy is pathetic beyond words. There has been nothing quite like it in the American Church, and, please God, there will not be again. The element of romance runs all through the Bishop's handling of the questions at issue. He never forsakes his own high ground, and, in entire accord with his whole career, his greatest concern is that the work given him to do shall not suffer. Sacrifice had threaded, as the woof the warp, the Bishop's whole life. No man ever faced trial with a finer courage

or met disappointment with a sublimer confidence in God. When the national legislature denied his petition for a grant of land for the support of Kenyon, after he had spent part of one winter in Washington, his hopes buoyed up by the support of the Legislature of Ohio and by the strong advocacy of the ablest men in Congress, he writes of this bitter disappointment: 'God, I trust has heard my prayer, composed my mind, strengthened my faith, elevated my hopes, directed my thoughts. Blessed be His Name, He hath done, doth now, and always will do all things well.'

"The Bishop's controversy with the faculty of Kenyon and his diocese developed with amazing rapidity, and the issue of it was drawn on sharply and suddenly by his own supreme sacrifice. 'He had nourished and brought up children and they rebelled against him.' He had accomplished the seemingly impossible,—by his own gigantic faith and energy had brought Kenyon on to a degree of prosperity and efficiency that made the control and management of it an object that stimulated the ambition of the covetous and designing. One reads the sad story with wide-open eyes, and wonders that this great missionary of the West could have been so treated by his own children in the faith.

"The crux of the controversy was the Bishop's supremacy in the management of the theological seminary. His great aim was the maintenance of a seminary of learning where men might be trained for the sacred ministry, that the scattered sheep of his vast diocese might be shepherded. The East neither could nor would supply him with men. He was thrown upon the necessity of training his own men, and this he saw with the vision of a statesman and prophet when he

first touched the soil of Ohio. Kenyon now, with its preparatory, collegiate, and theological departments, had grown into an institution of the largest promise for the Western world. The Bishop was the ruling head necessarily, as well as *ex-officio* president of the faculties and the Board of Trustees. The movement against the Bishop took the form of a plan to depose him from his actual supremacy and to make him a mere figure-head, depriving him of a vote even in reference to all questions coming before the faculty except in case of a tie. This movement was tied up with an organized plan to merge the theological department into the collegiate, and so practically balk and render ineffective the Bishop's greater motive in founding Kenyon. The attack centered on the Bishop's supremacy. As a matter of fact arbitrary power was not possible. His own control was controlled by the powers vested in the Board of Trustees. But he was dominant, supreme in his moral influence; and it could not be otherwise, for he was the very breath of life to Kenyon.

"The real gist of the controversy is thus defined in his own clear words: 'The great principle on which all donations to Ohio were asked and given, was that there should be a theological seminary, and the Bishop, for the time being should be the head of it,—that is, have a controlling influence, according to the canons, over the whole. This was the foundation laid at the bottom, antecedent to all legislation on the subject. It was the first idea that struck the mind of every donor. It formed the basis of his motives of giving, and the conditions of his gift. It was the heart and soul of the contract between the donor and the donee; a contract which neither the Legislature, nor the Diocese of Ohio,

nor any other human power could righteously annul. Yet this plain and fundamental principle was set aside by the Diocese of Ohio. A college (it was alleged) had been annexed to the seminary; into this college the seminary had been merged and lost, so as to dismiss the principle above named. The institution, they affirmed, must be governed by a president having no episcopal character.' (*Reminiscences,* vol. ii., p. 91.)

"And again, he says: 'Kenyon College is like other colleges in some respects, and unlike all in many other respects. One fundamental principle in which it differs from all others, is that the whole institution is patriarchal. Like Abraham on the plains of Mamre, it hath pitched its tent under the trees of Gambier Hill; it hath its flocks and its herds, and its different families of teachers, scholars, mechanics, and laborers; all united under one head, pursuing one common interest, and receiving their maintenance and food from one common source—the funds and farms of this college. This patriarchal establishment, it is obvious, must have a father, and that father must be clothed with authority to seek the common good. . . . Guard his power against abuses; but, for the common interest, preserve it entire. . . . So long as the trustees (who possess the power of correcting abuses) are elected every three years, and can meet whenever they please to investigate all subjects of complaint, there is safety. . . . If here be not safety, I know not where it is.' (Vol. ii., p. 122, *Reminiscences.*)

"The Rev. Henry Caswall in his *America and the American Church*, himself at this time a student in Kenyon, and very familiar with all the details of the controversy and the spirit in which it was carried on,

says: 'The patriarchal authority of the Bishop appeared to the professors undefinable, and therefore absolute in its very nature. And as Gambier was a secluded place in the midst of deep woods, the Bishop and professors resembled the captain and officers of a solitary ship at sea, meeting few persons but one another. Hence little irritations were aggravated, while the chances of collision were greatly multiplied, by the manifold relations in which the Bishop stood to every individual connected with the institution. He was not only Bishop of the Diocese, and Rector of the parish; but President of the Convention, of the Board of Trustees, of the Professors, and of the little societies formed by the residents at Gambier. He had the appointment of professors, tutors, headmen, and clerks. . . . He was the postmaster, and had the management of the mill, the farms, the printing office, the tailors, the shoemakers, and the laborers.'

"The economic headship of the Bishop was inevitable. Kenyon was the outgrowth of his own genius and energy; but the opportunity for friction and controversy was consequently enormously increased.

"These questions the Bishop brought before the Convention in his address, with the frankness, straightforwardness, and courage with which he always faced both difficulty and opposition. His enemies had done an enormous amount of work in the dark, and when the Convention met both their plan of attack and their workers were well in hand. Just before the convention an accident happened to the Bishop while going through the unfinished Rosse Chapel, and he was so disabled that he was compelled to give his Convention address seated and withdrew immediately afterwards.

It was a strange Providence, for, had he been able to preside during the deliberations of the Convention his great personality would undoubtedly have placed an enormous restraint upon his enemies. In his absence they wrought their own will. And that will was practically to dethrone the Bishop as President of the institution into which he had poured all the energies of his life. The history of this notable Convention is by no means agreeable reading. It compels one to think very poorly of some qualities in human nature. The Presidency of Kenyon had become a prize worth coveting. If the Bishop's hands could be tied and he would consent to the process, the hand that had controlled Kenyon hitherto would no longer be effective. This was the last thing he would consent to do. He had all the temperament and qualities of a born general. He could not be Bishop and head and voluntarily consent to be manacled. But he could make a great sacrifice, and this he did. His own words have a strange, holy passion in them as he faced this tragedy. He says, 'Dark and mysterious as the cloud of Divine Providence was, he found himself wrapped in its awful folds, and from it there was no way for escape. The only hope that glimmered in the horizon was that the Seminary itself, the child of his first love and best affections, might be saved by the sacrifice of its Parent and Founder; and, by the choice of a successor all things might be brought back to the righteous course designed by the donors.' (*Reminiscences*, vol. ii., p. 107.)

"The history of this period would not be complete without the Bishop's own letter of resignation to the Convention as follows:

ROSSE CHAPEL. *Page 236.*

"'To the Clergy and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Ohio, assembled in Convention, on this 9th day of September, 1831.

"'BRETHREN: We have this day heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Ethan Allen from God's Word, which I desire him to publish,—that we must *live in peace*, or we cannot be Christians; that to secure peace, especially that of God's Church, great sacrifices must sometimes be made. Influenced by these principles, I am willing, in order to secure the peace of God's Church and that of our beloved Seminary, in addition to the sacrifices which, by the grace of God, have already been made, to resign; and I do hereby resign the Episcopate of this Diocese, and with it, what I consider constitutionally identified, the Presidency of the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Ohio. The Convention will make this known to the Trustees, whom I am no longer to meet in my official capacity.

"'PHILANDER CHASE.'

"It looked as though the sacrifice the Bishop was making was too great, that neither Kenyon, nor the Diocese of Ohio, nor the general Church ought to have permitted this great servant of the people to cut himself off from the work that he had nourished and brought on to such strength. Alas! The general Church knew nothing about it until it was done. Ohio was then in the wilderness; there was neither railroad nor telegraph to tell the greater world of the tragedy which meant so much for the Bishop, for the Diocese, for his friends both in America and England, his family,

for the Church at large, and for the spiritual needs of future generations.

"This deed was done. God grant that never more shall there be such another!"

The story goes on sadly enough, and, after all, when the facts of the whole proceedings are looked squarely in the face, and when it is considered what they meant, one can but regret that more time had not been taken before the great decision was made. However, events have since been so ordered that another great diocese has been founded, hundreds of miles to the West, by the same indomitable man; hundreds of churches have been built, and for many years, another school lived and prospered and sent out workers for the Church at large. Just now, however, we are to go on with the Bishop and his young son to the only home open to them.

Mr. Caswall's narrative of the Bishop's withdrawal from Kenyon is exceedingly touching. "The feelings of Bishop Chase," he says, "in parting from Kenyon College were of a very painful nature. Being in his company soon after the adjournment of the Convention, I had an opportunity of observing the intensity of his indignation at what he deemed the heartless course adopted by the Diocesan Convention. He had thought it possible that its members would make almost any sacrifice rather than consent to a severance of their connection with their ecclesiastical head.

"The vehicle which was to convey him and his family to their new abode was soon in readiness. Before quitting the College the Bishop pointed significantly to a picture of King Lear, which for some time had deco-

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. *Page 238.*

rated his own apartment. In a few words he expressed to me his sense of the applicability of the subject to his own circumstances. I accompanied the Bishop part of the way on horseback. . . . The builders, the mechanics, and the workmen had ranged themselves in file, to say farewell, and to ask a parting blessing. . . . This mark of respect visibly affected the Bishop. . . . Soon after this we came to a cross-road, where we parted, the Bishop proceeding to the Valley of Peace. Yet, before parting, I took the liberty of assuring the Bishop of my firm belief that posterity, at least, would do him justice."

The journey to the Valley of Peace was like an exploring expedition. It took a long time to find the cabin in the dark woods and when it was found, how wretched was the prospect, how woe-begone was the face of his son, when he said: "Is this the place where you, dear father, and mother and the rest of us are to live?" "Yes, my son, this is the place, and yet perhaps it is no worse than our blessed Saviour once inhabited. Go back to Gambier and bring your mother and Mrs. Russell and the children."

The Bishop was left alone to examine his new home. The timbers of the cabin had given way, the floor was unsafe, the roof also, the windows were gone, and the fences down.

It was a happy circumstance that, for two or three days, the Bishop's family were delayed in separating their personal effects from the property of the college, and, like dying persons, putting everything into its proper place. This was no small task. The duty of arranging every thing belonging to so large an establishment in such manner that it could be taken up

intelligently by new hands, including books exhibiting receipts and expenditures, required the labor of several days, giving the Bishop time to hire hands and to do much work in repairing the cabin. The sleepers were replaced and the floor was relaid with newly hewn puncheons. The chimney hearth was repaired with rough stones and the chimney itself rebuilt and replastered with fresh clay. But before the roof could be touched Mr. Douglas, the Bishop's man, came with a covered Quaker wagon and in it the Bishop's family. It was just at night and they were all weary and way-sore with bad roads and dismal weather. Could any one have seen the countenance of her who was to be the chief sufferer with, in the future, as she had always been the chief supporter in the past of her husband, as she came out of the coach and looked around upon the scene before her, tears of pity would have been shed for her. Not a word from her, however, of complaint; everything needed for lodging the family was ordered from the wagon; a cheerful fire soon blazed upon the hearth; and the children as they lay in their new-made couches on the floor were soon employed in counting the stars which shone through the unfinished roof, from between the clouds which began to fly swiftly over the cabin just as sorrow passes over the heads of innocence.

Many things were necessary in finishing and furnishing even such a cabin, so that the father was obliged to go to the next town to purchase nails, glass, crockery, etc.

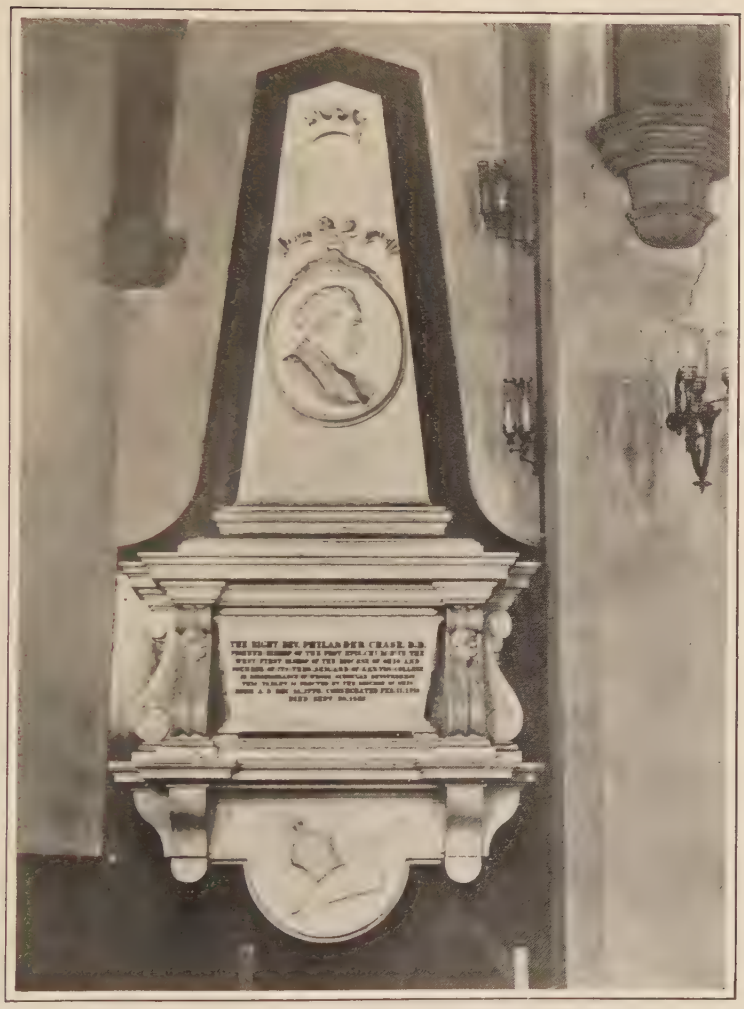
He was often asked where he lived, and as often replied: "I live at the end of the road in the Valley of Peace."

All the Bishop's papers from this time until his second visit to England were destroyed in a fire, which consumed his house in Michigan in 1835. Consequently he had no guide but his memory to recall the events of this interim.

He remembers how hard and cold the winter months were in the miserable cabin, whither he and his family had fled, how difficult to provide the fuel, how constantly he had divine service in that cabin, poor as it was, and how crowded were the assemblies to hear the Word of God on every Sunday. The settlers came from far and near to join in the simple services that told the poor pioneer of a great hope in the future which was for him, his wife, and his children; that, in spite of their lives of toil and deprivation, there was something higher and better in another world than this. Hymns were sung, the plain truths of the Bible were taught, and the exiles in the dismal home were comforted by ministering to those poorer than themselves in all that makes life tolerable. None but those who have known by actual experience what life in the forests or prairies of the far West was at that time can understand what it really means. There were no neighbors for miles, no schools, no churches, no social life, the plainest food,—salt meat (if any) except when wild game from the woods could be had,—no fruit, the plainest clothing, cut and made by the mother. When the winter night shut down upon the little cabin, it was made bright by the firelight, but how difficult for her to keep "a bright heart and a hearth swept clean" for her little brood of three boys and one little girl, and for the father to keep such a home warm enough during the long, cold night! All the intervals of

moderate weather in the winter were improved by the father and sons in clearing off the dead trees, and in the spring in repairing old fences and making new ones. These were probably rail fences, such as made Abraham Lincoln famous. They also put up log shelters for cattle, and drained the ground. In the spring they sowed grass seed; and thus every day there was some improvement to be seen. What a blessed thing it was that the father had been trained as a farmer, for he says: "If the weather was too cold to work on the frozen ground, the wood-pile was sure to grow higher and the log heaps in the woods were consumed by fire"!

As the spring came on, "the lengthening of every day and the opening of the early flowers brought with them the assurance that God had not 'forgotten to be gracious" to them in their desolate home; and as the sun with his genial beams had caused the flowers to grow and put forth their fragrance after the days of moral rigor which he and his family had passed, the Sun of Righteousness might arise with healing on His wings."



MEMORIAL TABLET OF BISHOP CHASE

Erected by the Diocese of Ohio, in Church of the Holy Spirit. *Page 242.*

CHAPTER XXVII

TO MICHIGAN AND BACK

IT was on Easter Day, 1832, that the Bishop administered the Holy Communion for the last time in Ohio. This was in an unconsecrated building five miles from the Valley of Peace. The occasion was very solemn, and the congregation large and attentive.

Upon returning home the Bishop found an unexpected guest in Mr. Bezaleel Wells of Ohio, a very dear friend, the father of his son Dudley's wife in after-years. At this time the plan was formed for the Bishop to accompany Mr. Wells on a visit to his son, who had just settled on Prairie Ronde in the then Territory of Michigan. This was a long journey, more than three hundred miles, and the road lay through the Black Swamp. Deep anxiety was depicted on the faces of his family as this subject was discussed; but it was finally decided that the father should go, although he would be absent for five or six weeks; and meantime the family must be left in the Ohio woods.

The country to which the friends were bound was the St. Joseph country, well known now as the most beautiful part of southern and western Michigan.

Early on Monday morning the big white horse, "Sol," was shod by the neighboring blacksmith and all things were set in order. The Bishop was mounted and, in the

company of Mr. Wells and his son, was on his way to Michigan. A long and tedious journey ensued over bridgeless rivers and through the deep mud of the Maumee Swamp.

The Rev. Dudley Chase tells this story of the Bishop's journey through this swamp:

"Five miles with loaded wagon was considered a good day's journey through this region. To horsemen it was not so bad. But imagine two dignified gentlemen in broadcloth surmounting this obstacle. They must have been greatly altered in appearance, with perhaps unshaven beards and muddy garments, for they were arrested and detained a day or two as suspected characters by some pursuing sheriff."

It was Friday night when they reached the place called Adams Mill, on one of the streams of the St. Joseph River, where the landlord of a log-cabin tavern told the Bishop of some better land that he could find farther west, and went on to say that "within eight miles of this place, to the southeast, there is a charming limpid lake surrounded with high burr oak and prairie land interspersed with portions of lofty timber for building. The streams are of clear and running water, and, like the lake, abound in the finest kind of fish. These lands are now open for market and may be entered by any one going to White Pigeon, where the land office is kept." The Bishop replied by asking a question, "Will you show me these lands if I stay with you a day or two?" To which the landlord replied, "If I do not, Mr. Adams, the owner of the sawmill, will. I will furnish him with a horse; and a man who lives near us shall go along with you on foot with his rifle, to kill game and keep off the wolves."

This prospect seemed very inviting to the Bishop, and he could not resist the tempation to visit this beautiful land. Mr. Wells and his son proceeded on their journey. Notice was given to the few settlers at these mills that divine service would be held and a sermon preached on the morrow. The day proved fine and nearly all the inhabitants attended. This was the first time the Prayer-book had ever been used for public worship in all the St. Joseph country.

On Monday Mr. Judson's pony was made ready, Mr. Adams and Thomas Holmes were in waiting. The weather was mild and the streams of water were soon crossed. The party took the Indian trail leading from the Notowasippi tribe of aborigines to another tribe. On this trail they had travelled through grassy land, studded with trees, when they came in sight of a lake of pure water and sloping banks, thinly covered with trees. The lake itself was of an irregular shape and about a mile and a half long. It had a promontory running into it, covered with trees of peculiar, majestic grace, in the manner of the fine rookeries of England. The new verdure was like thrifty wheat on newly rolled land, when it has attained enough of height to cover the ground, waving in the breeze and glistening in the sunbeams. In short, the Bishop was delighted with this beautiful country; even its loneliness was an added charm to him. Here he decided to make his home; he spent the next day in riding about, looking the land over, and giving it the name of Gilead, which it still bears.

Before night a family was discovered already on the ground. A few logs had been rolled together around a space of nine or ten feet square, a covering put over

it, six feet high on one side, five on the other; in this was Mr. John Croy with his wife and three or four children. This obliging family at once recognized the need of giving lodging to three stout men; though they were obliged to sleep on the ground, there being no floor to the dwelling. Mrs. Croy gave them a hearty welcome and a breakfast of fresh fish, caught the evening before, in that same beautiful sheet of water, now called Gilead Lake.

The Bishop soon after this went to the land office, thirty miles away, and entered and paid for the farm in this Land of Gilead. The price was one dollar and a quarter an acre. As he returned from White Pigeon, he engaged a carpenter to find materials and draw them to the newly named place—Gilead—and put up a cabin fourteen feet square for a ploughman and his family.

The ploughman was hired at the same time to break up fifty acres of prairie land; all this was done very quickly, to allow of a crop of sod-corn and potatoes the same year. This was done with great difficulty, because the Sauk War had called all the neighbors in the surrounding settlements to bear arms against the Indian army with the famous Black Hawk as its head; thus most of the work was done by himself.

On his own exertions and God's blessings on them, the Bishop says, he looks back with amazement. The sound of war was nothing to his ears, compared with the wants of his dear family and children left in the Valley of Peace. They must be moved on this summer, and, with the general want of provisions which the war must occasion, nothing could save them from starving but the blessing of God on his exertions to

raise a crop. This view of things gave him energy, both of body and mind. In this labor he spent several weeks, each day "following the ploughman with a bag of Indian corn, depositing three or four kernels every two feet in every third furrow, close to the land side, so that the seed will come up between the interstices and need no tillage until ripe for harvest"; and thus he ministered to his own necessities in the week-days, while every Sunday he sought a field of spiritual labor in neighboring settlements ten to twelve miles off. During this period he had no bed in Gilead but a rough board, yet he caught no cold nor suffered otherwise in health.

As soon as the seed for his crop was in, he returned to Ohio. The big white horse "Sol" was put on board a steamer at Detroit and landed at Sandusky Bay in the night, and before day he had proceeded far on his way toward the Valley of Peace. One day more brought him to that lonely spot.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BEGINNING ALL OVER AGAIN

OF the Bishop's return to Ohio it is said: "The story of his journey and achievements, though unimportant in itself, was like that of a long life told in few words. It had a morning of hope, a noon of care and toil, and an evening of peaceful enjoyment. In less than two hours, the story of the discovery of the Land of Gilead, the limpid lake full of fish, the purchase of the farm, well-stocked with deer and prairie chicken, the building of the ploughman's cottage, the breaking up of the prairie ground, the planting of the potatoes and the dropping of the corn for a summer crop with his own hand, was told to the delighted children. It is unnecessary to record the eagerness of the boys to go to that land of promise. 'Two only must go with me at present,' said the father. 'Some carpenters must be engaged, whose tools with the farming tools will be carried in a wagon drawn by Cynthia and Coley. Mr. Scritchfield, our neighbor, will drive our team of two yoke of oxen, attached to the large wagon, which is filled with beds to sleep on, and food to keep us alive. We shall need nothing better than our covered Quaker wagon, which will be our house by night and our coach by day, drawn by Sol and Cynthia, our faithful horses. Who can hope, under

Providence, for a safer journey? When we arrive at Gilead, we shall need a cow for milk at our meals, which we must prepare ourselves. This will come as near the description of the Swiss Family Robinson as the nature of our climate will permit. Let us be off as soon as may be.' "

It was on the 4th of July, 1832, that the Bishop with his two sons in the two-horse wagon arrived in Gilead. The whole country was covered with a rich crop of wild grass, from eighteen inches to two feet and even three feet high. This grew under burr-oak trees, which stood like fruit orchards bending under the weight of the deep green foliage. Nothing could be more pleasing to the eye than this, and when the little cottage came in sight, overshadowed by lofty trees above, all being smooth and clean beneath, the sight was truly exhilarating.

The Bishop writes: "Alighting from the wagon at Gilead with my two young sons, the romance of novelty disappeared in a sea of difficulties. The little room, fourteen feet square, was occupied by the ploughman, his wife, and children, and to turn them out to accommodate the carpenters would break a contract; besides their habits were such as to preclude the thought of their preparing our food, therefore a shanty was made of boards, where we could cook for ourselves; the covered wagon answered for the men at night, the Quaker coach for the boys; for myself, I had a corner of the ploughman's room, screened by blankets. A small larder was made for the provisions, a table of clean boards, with benches, stood under the spreading trees. A bakepan was used to prepare the biscuits until a cooking-stove came from Detroit."

In fair weather all things went very well, the men all at work hewing timber and framing it for a house of five rooms, digging a cellar, making a garden fence; but in wet, cold weather, where did the Bishop, the boys, and the workmen fly for protection?

With all the entertaining stories which the Bishop's ingenuity and memory could supply, it was difficult to restrain the workmen from returning to their families in Ohio. He finally induced them to stay a month, while he went to Ohio for the remainder of his family, leaving the boys behind. He drove Cynthia and Coley with the Quaker coach to Detroit, and leaving them there, took a steamer thence to the Valley of Peace.

The long journey by canal boat to Cleveland and steamer to Detroit, with the rest of his family, and from thence in the Quaker coach to Gilead was at last over. They arrived at their new home late in the evening, but found it still unfinished. They were happy to learn, however, that the ploughman's house had been put in a state of perfect neatness by the boys. There was a clean bed and the little stock of furniture had been arranged, giving space for the reception of the ladies. The next Sunday even this little house was so arranged that divine services were held and the Word of God preached; the very birds in the trees seemed to join in this delightful work.

CHAPTER XXIX

A BOY'S LIFE AT GILEAD

OF the life in Gilead, Dudley, who was one of the boys left in possession of the new home while the Bishop returned to Ohio, tells this story:

"'The boys' had to be utilized as cooks. Anticipating this necessity in the absence of the women of the family, they had been partially initiated into the mysteries of coffee and biscuit making and frying bacon, knowing it was useless to expect 'help' from any quarter, and the workmen's time was too valuable and necessary.

"After making all needful provision of material and giving full instruction, the father left his boys and workmen to return to Ohio for the rest of the family, expecting the roof of the house to be finished by the time of his return, trusting to Providence that the Indians would not scalp us meanwhile. We were situated directly on the trail,—a well-defined track worn below the sod where for long years past they had travelled in their fashion, single file,—and we early made their acquaintance. They were Pottawattomies, and seldom a day passed that we did not see from five to thirty of them.

"We soon established a scale of barter, and by fair dealing, not manifesting any distrust or fear, though we might have felt both at times, we kept the peace.

"On the 4th of July we, who had kept an anxious watch, saw the top of the well-known carriage appear over the rising ground, and father, mother, brothers, and sister were reunited. Did we not celebrate the day with shouts of freedom? Yes! we resigned with as much grace as Washington when he had successfully fought the battles of his country. The roof was on, and our board-tent had disappeared. The garden, planted with forethought, now furnished us with vegetables; and the corn though unfenced promised a crop, but alas, the loosened animals, now increased by the new arrivals, largely 'cropped' it for their own benefit.

"Farming operations were soon begun in good earnest. We had three or four 'hands,' but the boys had to pass their apprenticeship, and soon became masters at this trade and learned to do all things better than their teachers, and to take the lead and direct. Fences were to be made, the land ploughed, planted, and sown, grain reaped, stacked, threshed, and, in time, barns and saw-mill erected, forest trees cut, lumber sawed, and bricks made. The stock of horses and cattle had to be largely increased and provided for, and to these were added sheep and hogs.

"The boys managed the stock, trained the horses, handled the plough to 'break up' the sod, sowed grain, made the stacks stand in the form of an egg upright, tramped out the grain with horses, winnowed it by the windmill, washed and sheared the sheep, and took the wool to be woven into the cloth of which the family garments were made at home. They cut down the forest trees in winter, and sawed the lumber in their own mill for fencing or building. They had to know what trees to fell for that purpose, and to fell and cut,

and bring the logs by ox-teams to the mill, and there make lumber of all kinds.

"We had our play also. The girls made the fish-nets, and the boys with their self-made canoes swept the lake for fish or took them with hook and line. We learned to be expert swimmers, and took advantage of the fine skating in the winter. The rifle and shot-gun were always ready and the larder was well supplied with game.

"My 'turn' came to spend a week in winter at the saw-mill, dividing day and night work with one 'hand' in sawing lumber. I heard the howling of wolves near by. This led me to procure a bear-trap, which was set and chained to the carcass of a dead ox. I found the next morning a gray and black wolf, the largest of his species, caught by his leg in the steel trap. After surveying the strange and savage look of the captive, two men were called, and with a long heavy pole, they pinned the beast to the ground, while one unlocked the chain of the trap, then letting him up we gave the word to our noble mastiff dog and he at once grappled with the savage animal. Our 'Bull' knew his business by instinct and grasped his throat and never let go his hold, while they rolled and tumbled about until the life of the wolf was extinct. This was only one of five thus caught and dispatched in less than ten days, all terrible-looking fellows, measuring six feet from tip to tip. Their black fur in the winter time being in the finest order, their skins were well cured, and warmly lined, and made a large robe which we kept in use for many years when we took long rides in our family sleigh.

"From the forest, we used to secure in the fall large

quantities of wild honey. At one time, I remember, we took three large washtubs full of honey from one tree.

"In our Robinson Crusoe life we had to resort to various expedients to supply our necessities. Thus, there being need of a cistern for holding soft water and no stone or lime to be had, we made our cistern of the trunk of a tree, from which a length of fourteen feet was taken, six feet in diameter. We hollowed this out with axes and adzes and placed it under the eaves; it held thirty barrels of water.

"It being decided at one time to increase the number of our stock of horned cattle and to procure them as cheaply as possible, and as a farmer living at White Pigeon Prairie intended to go into southern Illinois for the same purpose, it was determined to send me with him, to purchase and drive our small supply with his larger flock thence back to Michigan. Accordingly, with many instructions, and furnished with a good horse and saddle-bags, and with $250.00 in specie, I set off in company with J. G., our trusted neighbor. We rode through the prairies and woods of Michigan and sought the shore of the lake of that name, and along this, as our best road, coasted and camped out until we reached the site where now Chicago stands. This was in the fall of the year 1834. There were at that time, so far as I remember, but three houses of any size to be seen, excepting the building of old Fort Dearborn and its lighthouse.

"There were assembled, at that time, about a thousand Indians and as many white men to attend the making of a treaty with the United States for the cession of Indian claims to lands west of the Mississippi

River. White tents dotted the plains in all directions, and the different tribes of Indians—Sacs, Foxes, and others—had their separate wigwams and gave exhibitions of their customs and their war dances, too real to make the white men feel comfortable. The central spot, where they most congregated, was about where the Tremont House stood before the fire.

"As we approached within a few miles of the site of Chicago, then mostly a flat swamp, we saw a picturesque sight,—an Indian dressed in their fashion, with paint and feathers, but having a long broad scarf of white muslin draped gracefully over his shoulders, standing on a rock, and addressing, with impassioned eloquence no doubt, a company of twelve old chieftains, gravely squatted on the ground before him, smoking their pipes. His gestures were graceful, and we were told he was urging them not to yield their hunting grounds.

The tribes, however, with an eye to present advantage, kept the United States Commissioners in attendance for a month, so long as the supply of flour held out, and the whiskey of the traders and the furs and the blankets bought up in exchange; then they accepted the treaty."

CHAPTER XXX

MISSION AND FARM

BEFORE the Bishop went for his family, he had looked out a site for a saw-mill and bought the woodland adjacent. He also purchased additional stock and brought them to Gilead. Wild hay was secured and shelters for the horses were put up, also wheat was sown for a crop for the next year. Not an hour was idly spent. Yet amidst all these cares, he was intensely engaged in devising ways and means by which he might fulfil the duties of his sacred calling. Bishop Chase says of this time, "I could not do otherwise than suppose that, being turned from one field of duty, it was my part to look for another. What though there was no earthly emolument in such a course, I was but imitating the early missionaries, who did not wait until salaries had been prepared for them, else there had been no Gospel preached in the world." The whole region of St. Joseph, embracing one hundred square miles and more, had no clergyman of this Church until now.

Wherever the Bishop went, he invaded no man's diocese, parish, or labors. Throughout this country a circuit of duty was planned, to be fulfilled in that and coming years. This embraced Niles, South Bend, Beardsly Prairie, Cassopolis, White Pigeon, Mongo-

quinong, English Prairie, Coldwater, and Centreville. Some of these places were in Michigan and some in Indiana. They were all regularly visited, the intention being to repeat the visitation every quarter of a year. What would be the fruits of these labors he never inquired. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Of this life the Rev. Dudley Chase tells this characteristic story: "The social, moral, and religious aspect of our secluded life at Gilead demands mention. At home as a matter of course we had under all circumstances morning and evening prayer and Sunday services.

"Excursions were made abroad, on self-appointed and self-sustained missionary duty to villages, towns, and settlements within a radius of sixty miles. In this the elder son had his training, if not as lay reader, yet as 'Respondent' or 'Clerk'; for generally the listeners were such only. Nor was this all, for when among farming people, where we expected to hold service in the evening, he would be told by the Bishop, 'You are used to harvest work, and these good people will take it kindly if you will help them bind wheat during the day, and then they will come out with more good will to service at night.'"

One of the incidents of the Gilead life, as told by a friend of the Bishop, suggests the wisdom of Solomon: "A trail, or Indian path, led through the land of Gilead, from Notowasippi to Episcopiscon, two settlements of the aborigines. The native tribes often passed the Bishop's house, and seldom failed to stop for bread, a kind of food rarely enjoyed in their wetched wigwams. When any of them received a

piece, they devoured it greedily, but never allowed the smallest portion to the females. Subsequently the Bishop took the squaws under his protection and helped them first, to the great chagrin of the warriors. But he noticed that the females, after consuming one half, retained the remainder for their wretched partners."

As the years went on, the temporal affairs of the family prospered passing well. The fields were enlarged, every year producing more and more; the number of horned cattle increased to more than a hundred; milk of kine, butter, and cheese were plenty. A mill was built to prepare lumber for a schoolhouse, and all things flourished beyond the Bishop's fondest expectations.

However, some painful reverses occurred. Cincinnatus — the long-proved riding horse — when in full speed fell, and with him brought the Bishop to the ground, causing serious injury, confining him for many weeks. Another, more serious, was that, after a crowded service in a cabin in very hot weather, the Bishop went up a ladder to seek for coolness in a loft and for purer air through the unchinked logs; he threw a rug on the floor, a wooden block for a pillow seemed comfortable for the moment, and he fell into a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by a cold, almost freezing, wind. A raging fever succeeded. He was hardly conscious of his long ride home, and came near losing his life.

CHAPTER XXXI

A PROTRACTED MEETING

THE story of the "protracted meeting" and the Bishop is given in his own words to a certain point. As he speaks of himself as the writer, the use of the third person pronoun will be understood:

"While he lived in Michigan, near the Indiana line, beside his place of quarterly visitation throughout St. Joseph's country, the writer had a stated place of holding divine service between Pretty Prairie and English Prairie. This was chosen on account of its central position, accommodating persons from both Michigan and Indiana. On a certain Sunday, it was made known some time beforehand that divine service would be held at Mr. Anderson's, in the grove about nine miles from Gilead.

"Being aware of this appointment, the writer directed his horses (as on such emergencies was usual) to be brought in Saturday night from the open prairie, and secured and fed in the stable ready for a start on the morrow.

" 'The place at Mr. Anderson's is already occupied by the denominations, which may prevent your going,' said the writer's son. 'Can this be true? Occupied by the denominations.' 'Yes sir, and has been so for a week past.' 'But this day, Sunday, is mine by appointment,' said the writer.

"'No matter; they will, I suppose, have it their own way. Power creates right in this land of liberty, and they are more numerous than we are; so I suppose you will not go, dear father.'

"The answer was in a few words: 'Put up the horses.' The weather, Sunday morning, proved fine; and nine miles were soon travelled. The Quaker coach was full of young people, with a goodly number of Prayer-books to accommodate those who were destitute of that precious means of public worship.

"As we drew near Mr. Anderson's, his house and yard seemed full of people; one of whom was seen to run out from the assembled multitude, directing his course toward the approaching Quaker coach, a vehicle well known throughout the neighborhood. This person proved to be Mr. Carey, who with great kindness in his manner said he was sorry to see the writer even though it were to fulfil his appointment. 'For,' said he, 'although I am a Presbyterian, I do not like to see the privileges of others not respected, and the mixing of all denominations I do not like; little good will I fear come of it. But the clergy would all have their own way. There they are together in great confusion, all denominations mingled.' 'Is Mr. Cory there?' said the writer. 'He is' said Mr. Carey. 'Pray go to him,' said the writer, 'with my best compliments; and desire him to have the goodness to come and speak with me, and bring all the ministers with him.'

"These words seemed to relieve the anxiety and calm the perplexed feelings of good Mr. Carey, who, turning around, went with nimble steps to the crowd; and by the time the writer had arrived on the ground, Mr. Cory, the Presbyterian minister, and Mr. ———,

the Congregational minister, and Mr. ———, the Baptist minister, all came out of the mixed multitude; and after their manner saluted the writer, who most sincerely asked each of his good health. After this he briefly said, that he had come to fulfil his appointment and hoped they would see fit to join in the solemn service, which he was about to commence, for the worship of Almighty God. To this they all readily assented; they would attend and hear, but as for joining or taking any part in the service, they could not, for they had no books. They could hear the writer, as they did one another, extemporize. The reply was 'Hearing prayers is not praying, gentlemen: I have anticipated the difficulty you mention as to a deficiency of Prayer-books, therefore have brought some dozens with me, at your service. Go, my son, and bring them.' This was immediately done and the same were distributed among the ministers: 'But we do not know how to use them,' said they. 'If you will allow me the honor,' said the writer, 'I will try to direct you in this pleasing duty. But what I would wish to say to you I wish may be heard by the others, who also may desire to join in the service, and to whom books will be given; yea, to all this assembly, as well as to the ministers.' "

The rest of the story is told briefly by a late writer: "Without waiting for a reply the Bishop marched to the platform, with the ministers at his heels, and announced: "Neighbors! I hold in one hand a Bible, in the other a Prayer-book. The one teaches us how to live, and the other how to pray. I know you are familiar with the one, I doubt if you are with the other. I have brought some dozens of copies with me.

With the aid of these, my good brethren, I will try to lead you in the service. If any of you, through the depravity of the natural heart, are averse to being taught how to pray, you need the teaching all the more on that account. Without confession there is, as you know, no remission of sins. We will therefore confess our sins to Almighty God, all in the same voice. You will observe that no man can say 'Our Father' until he has confessed his faults. The proper attitude when we pray is on our knees, as did Solomon, Daniel, Stephen, and Paul. After their example, I enjoin upon you all to fall upon your knees and say with me the General Confession and the Lord's Prayer." And so the service proceeded, "The responses from the great congregation being as the voice of many waters." We are quite sure the sermon which followed this remarkable service was "right to the point."

CHAPTER XXXII

A NEW DIOCESE AND ITS NEEDS

WHILE the Bishop was improving his farm at Gilead, and making in this beautiful land a pleasant home, his English friends did not forget him, and many kind and cheering letters came from across the sea; but now new things in the new world awaited him.

A few clergymen of Illinois organized a diocese and assembled a regular convention. The Bishop knew nothing of this. It was the summer of 1835 before he was notified of his appointment to the Episcopate of Illinois, to which he replied in this way, "As I had no agency directly or indirectly in causing this event, I cannot but regard it as entirely providential, and as such, implying a command from the Great Head of the Church to enter anew upon the discharge of my Episcopal duties, so solemnly enjoined in my consecration."

In making this great change, in giving up this now pleasant home in Gilead, surrounded with gardens, orchards, and vineyards and rich with herds of cattle and sheep, and again encountering at a late period of life the discomforts and dangers of frontier life with no provision whatever for the support of his family, except what might be gathered from the deserted home, one wonders how the situation was met by the faithful wife and mother.

Cheerfully and hopefully, arranging affairs with energy, adding nothing to the cares of her husband, even urging him to go on to the General Convention, although the want of money made this trip difficult. The journey there and back was made with his Quaker coach and his faithful horses, three hundred and fifty miles, entirely alone, through an almost uninhabited country, trackless prairies, and the deep and muddy streams of the Okaws.

Reaching home, he found himself confronted with new cares and responsibilities, perhaps of more importance to the world than any hitherto encountered. He had no money and no expectation of a salary from the Church he was serving. Again he had a helpless diocese with but one complete house of worship in all the great State of Illinois, the clergy consisting of the Bishop, four presbyters, and two deacons. When we consider what this meant for him in his advanced years, scathed as he was physically with injuries from accidents incurred in solitary journeys through woods and wide prairies, exposed to cold and heat, not to speak of wounds spiritual, inflicted by those whom he had loved and trusted, one wonders if the inspiring "motto" still gave him full faith to go on.

The answer is found in the fact that he had even now determined to go again to England to seek for the only aid possible for the work. The churches east of the Alleghanies were imitating in some degree the tardy and selfish inaction of the English Church before the consecration of Bishop Seabury. No help in any way was promised the Bishop for Illinois. Being in the East to attend the General Convention, he decided upon his course without returning to his family. How

BISHOP PHILANDER CHASE

From Steel Engraving by Prudhomme. *Page 264.*

this decision was received by his wife is shown by the following letter,—a model of brevity, courage, and faith,—the two latter to be tried in an unexpected way.

"Gilead, M. T., Oct. 6, 1835.

"My dear Husband:

"The last mail that came brought your three letters, from Hopkinton, Hartford, and the last from New York, dated September 22d; by these I conclude you have made up your mind to go to England.

"If it is of God, why should I try to contend against it, or even wish to do so? I do not—but bid you God speed. I will try to do my duty by the children, though greatly will they miss you in their education. For our earthly support we are abundantly provided; and the boys are very steady. We will go on then, and look to the spring for your happy return and the enjoyment of their usual literary privileges. Philander is quite well again and the rest of our sick neighbors getting on.

"I have but a minute to write, as I knew not of the opportunity until this moment.

"With love from all, I remain,

"Your affectionate wife,

"S. M. Chase."

Before sailing for England he visited his old friends in Hartford, and received from them testimonials of the tenderest regard and remembrance, signed by the principal members of his old congregation.

On the 1st of October, 1835, he sailed for England in the good packet ship *St. James*. He landed at Portsmouth. No doubt he had made his fellow-

passengers his friends and admirers, although they were perfect strangers (with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Ralston, the latter the daughter of Mr. Timothy Wiggin, now of London), for they presented him at parting with a valuable gift.

The seventy miles between Portsmouth and London were travelled in a post-chaise, with the Ralstons. The roads were fine and they went at eight or ten miles an hour through lovely England to Harley Street, where he was most affectionately welcomed by his old and good friends, the Wiggins. Mr. Wiggin was evidently a wise and generous friend, ever faithful and ever desirous of doing good in the very best way.

The Bishop found that some of his dearest and best friends had in the twelve years since his first visit "gone away into the world of light"; among them those most beloved, George W. Marriott and Lord Gambier. Bishop Burgess, that gentle prelate who, when so many good people were frowning upon the Bishop under the influence of false reports, had stood his fast friend, had also passed from this life, and the Bishop of Durham also.

The Rev. Mr. Pratt was still living, in active duty in the Church, also the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, the Rev. Mr. Wilks, and Lord Bexley. All these were glad to see him. But, as was natural, there was no very cheering evidence that they expected his success in obtaining funds for a new college in the far west of America, hundreds of miles beyond Kenyon. He was met, however, with most affectionate greetings from Lord Kenyon and Lady Rosse, from the widow of G. W. Marriott, and from the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

It was not long after this that Mr. Pratt, Mr. Horne,

and Mr. Wilks took up the cause of Illinois. The Bishop was invited to dine with the Lord Mayor; and he must have enjoyed his dinner, for in a letter to Mrs. Chase he said, "We had venison and game about as good as that of Gilead, Michigan."

The Bishop received a friendly and cheering letter from Lady Rosse, enclosing a large sum for the work in Illinois. Other friends united, and showed that they had not forgotten the object of his life, renewed in his old age, and he was cheered with many tokens of affection and good will, not only in money for his work, but in the kindest social attentions, showing the regard felt for him among those of the highest character and station.

CHAPTER XXXIII

IN ENGLAND AGAIN

THE Bishop's introduction to the Rev. Mr. Tyndale and his family, the rector of Holton near Oxford, led not only to a delightful visit to Holton Rectory but to Oxford also.

Among the many eminent men whom he met here, he mentions the Rev. Mr. Newman, "a faithful minister of the primitive school and who is the rector of St. Mary's." The Bishop goes on to say that Mr. Hamilton is a little higher in the primitive list, he goes even as far back as the Bible for his religion. He speaks also of meeting Mr. William Pusey with Lady Lucy Pusey at the manor house near Holton Rectory, and Dr. Churton of Brasenose College at a dinner. These all continued "until late at night in the full flow of English talk. Our chief topics were the Church of England, the Roman and Episcopal Communions, and the necessities of Illinois. Mr. William Pusey is most friendly and agreeable in his manner. He listened with interest to the allegory of the ship and the raft; the one well authorized, the other self-appointed; the one put together by the hand of a Divine Artisan, the other the voluntary, fortuitous meeting together of discordant material; but above all, was he pleased with the old story of 'the three sons.'" This story tells

how "three sons wearing three coats, all on equal terms of favor with a venerable father, who, in parting from them gave each a good wife, a good coat without a seam, and his last will and testament, enjoining them to keep their coats without any fringes or alteration or additions:

"How one of the three, Peter, began the quarrel and did break communion with the other two by requiring them to turn their wives out of doors, and commanding them to put fringes, flounces, and furbelows on their coats, and to contradict their very senses by making them call bread, wine; which was not bread as they tasted it to be, but something in its natural essence, which they were called on to worship. This, the other two brothers, Martin and John, perceived would be blasphemy and idolatry:

"How the same usurping one, Peter, had locked up their father's will from his brothers, so that for years and years they had not the comfort of reading the dear last words of their loved parent, till one John Wickliffe of Lutterworth made them a key to unlock their wicked brother's desk and obtain possession of the precious relic: How that in reading the will, the two brothers differed. The one was for pulling off all the fringe from the coat at once, which, essaying to do, he tore it and much injured its beauty and usefulness and durability; while the other was more deliberate in his work of reformation, picking off the fringe stitch by stitch, saying, 'Look here, brother, and imitate my example, for I have pulled off Peter's fringe and flounces and furbelows and have a good coat yet, just as our venerable father gave to us with the will."

The course of the allegory, justified in all its parts

by historic facts, was well received by Mr. William Pusey. Mr. Pusey was a brother of the Rev. Dr. Pusey.

The Bishop visited Magdalen College and enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. McBride. He also called with Mr. Tyndale on Dr. Newman, who had not yet gone over to Rome. He described him as "a pale, silent man." The Bishop's visit to Oxford proved at this time very happy. In fact every attention was shown him from sources which might have too deeply flattered a less simple and more worldly man.

After this the visit to Hams Hall, the home of Lady Rosse, was equally enjoyed and appreciated. He received from her ladyship and Lord Lawton, her son-in-law, the utmost kindness.

At Hughenden the Bishop spent his sixtieth birthday with his delightful new friends, Sir James and Mrs. Norris.

From now on, the Bishop's journal contains records of visits to friends new and old, resulting in much good; and it would be strange if, in such society among the very best English people, he were not cheered and refreshed in body and soul. It was a very brief respite from work, from straitened means and overwhelming care. On the 25th of January the Bishop addressed a large meeting at Cambridge upon the subject of the needs of Illinois. January 27th he dined with the master and fellows of Trinity College. After leaving Cambridge he visited Lady Olivia Sparrow at her beautiful home at Brampton Park, where he received a letter from Lord Kenyon, enclosing two letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.

CHAPTER XXXIV

BAD NEWS AND GOOD FRIENDS

ON the 9th of February the Bishop received a letter from Mrs. Chase which announced the burning of his home and most of his household goods. Mrs. Chase writes:

"Last Saturday night we went to bed in apparent security, but about twelve o'clock a slight noise like the kindling of a fire in a stove startled us. I sprang from bed and throwing open the dining room door saw that the flames had burst from the upper part of the chimney into the garret. The cry of 'Fire!' instantly assembled all the family. A tub of water was in the kitchen, and three pails full in as many seconds were thrown on. It was, I saw, in vain. The fire had seized the roof; I bid them all to lose no time, but throw out as fast as possible. My first care was your sermon box, and then the box of English letters with your letters to me from England, certificates, and three hundred dollars in money. Most of our beds and clothing were saved, two small tables, four chairs, my bed curtains, sleigh fur, side-saddle, and a few other articles.

"That we saved so much is more to be wondered at than that so much perished, for there were only five minutes to spare. By tearing down the flaming board

fence, the ruin was stayed and the school-house and milk-house were preserved. We had our beds taken to the school-house, lighted a candle, and wrapped ourselves in blankets. It had been thawing all day and water was not yet frozen on the ground, so that our feet, though very cold, as we were all for a time barefoot, did not suffer.

"A partition has been nailed up in the school-room, the floor laid double, two windows put in, and every hour adds something to our comfort. Mary's first care was your picture; the box of Communion plate and the large chest of papers are lost.

"Benny, the Scotchman, served us faithfully. The other poor fellow, a Dutchman, on hearing the alarm was so bewildered that instead of going down-stairs, he threw himself out of the window without raising the sash. Without knowing it, he brought down two blankets with him; they broke his fall and kept him from injury from the glass.

"Among the things saved, I saw your large chair and asked who brought it out. Benny, the Scotchman, said that when he thought he could save nothing more, he looked and thought he saw you sitting in it and could not let it burn.

"And now, dear husband, let not this event shorten your mission or damp your zeal. I know your heart is at home, and you will feel much for our privation, but we have still the essentials of life, plenty of grain and meat. These trials will make men of our boys; if it makes Christians of them I shall welcome them. How little did you think when laboring so hard and expending all you could raise to build up a church in Gilead, that you were raising a shelter for your house-

less family! Without this to flee to our health, if not our lives, must have been sacrificed.

"May this mercy quicken our diligence and make us willing to labor without ceasing for the cause of Christ and His Church."

This letter came while the Bishop was with his friends the Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggin took the letter without the Bishop's knowledge and had it lithographed. It was circulated among her friends and afterward seen under different circumstances.

It is impossible to mention the names of all the good friends who gave so much comfort to the Bishop in this new trial, and in a most painful illness which followed. Among them must be mentioned Dr. and Mrs. Rumsey of Amersham, near Chesham and Hundritch. The Bishop spent some time with them at their pleasant home, little imagining that at Chesham still existed family records of his Chase ancestors back to the year 1538, and that the private chapel of Thomas Chase of Hundritch, parish of Chesham, still stood at that place.

Here is another letter from Mrs. Chase, which shows what one woman accomplished sixty-five years ago, as a helpmeet in her husband's absence. She had the brain and the body and the strong nerve of a woman in ten thousand, and she needed all these at this time.

"Gilead, M. T., March 26, 1836.

"My dear Husband:

"Knowing your anxiety to hear from home I send this to await your arrival, although I think it may be that you are now leaving England.

"Your letters have been to us a comfort and source of

holy joy that God has raised up to you such friends, to advance His honor and glory in this western wilderness.

"The winter has passed to us slowly, and we have looked to the time of the singing of birds and the springing of vegetation as one of great happiness. Also to our deliverance from a very confined situation; all kinds of work in one room. We have had two stoves, yet at times, keeping them as hot as wood could make them, it would freeze in the room in the daytime, always at night; but we have wanted for nothing; the farm has yielded abundance; we have slept warm and enjoyed good health. What more could we desire as regards the wants of the body? As for food for the mind, our weekly religious papers and your letters are all that we could look to.

"On Sunday, Benny always went home and we had among ourselves the Sunday services. The boys had been content to remain in and join in the service. How long this will last, I know not; young people require more to instruct them than is to be found in the family circle, and the father absent. Nothing I long for more than greater Christian privileges for the boys.

"To-day is quite like spring, the birds are singing and the frost slowly coming out of the ground. The return of warm weather reminds us all of your return. The children talk and dream of it constantly."

CHAPTER XXXV

THE ROBIN'S NEST

THE most affecting evidences of love and veneration were sent to the Bishop by his English friends when it was known that he had decided to sail on the packet ship *Hannibal*, from Portsmouth to New York, on the 21st of April; where he arrived on the 27th of May. He was able to hold divine service every Sunday save one on board ship.

Visiting Philadelphia he met Bishop White, who approved of his plans, and was greatly pleased with the letter from Queen Adelaide and a benefaction through Lord Howe for the benefit of the German Prayer Book Society.

The Bishop then returned to New York, visiting Hartford and meeting his son Dudley, who was in college there. From thence he went on to Bethel and Randolph, Vermont, meeting his sister Alice, his brother, Judge Chase, and his sister Mrs. Denison at Royalton, also at Randolph the widow of his son George and her two little girls. He had never seen these grandchildren before. It was a sad meeting, for the mother was now left quite alone in the world with her two helpless children.

Upon returning to his Michigan home the work of disposing of what was not needed for the long journey

to Illinois "by land," and choosing what was necessary, went on apace. A childish letter from the daughter of the house to her brother in college tells the story. No doubt the novelty and change of the flitting added a piquant pleasure to this first experience of the little girl.

"Our dear father arrived at Gilead upon the 28th of June, 1836. It was a day of rejoicing indeed; all ordinary occupations were laid aside, and were it not for the recollection that some dear friends were still absent, our happiness had been complete. Dear mother actually cried for joy. The few remaining days at Gilead were spent very pleasantly. The 5th of July, Jane, who had concluded to go with us, went to prepare herself for the journey. Father held service the Sunday following for the last time before our departure.

"The next day our movables were sold, and B. returned from Detroit bringing with him a good wagon, and an elegant span of horses, named Pompey and Nero, as a present from Mr. C. C. Trowbridge to our dear father.

"At length the day arrived when we should leave our once happy home, and go—we knew not whither. The ox-team, driven by a hired man, led the van; the old carriage with the family came next; then H. in the other wagon and P. on old Cincinnatus brought up the rear. Thus we set off, after humbly asking a blessing on our labors in the far west of Illinois.

"At Lima J. joined us, and I mounted old Cincinnatus, as we had agreed to take turns in riding him. We stayed at Mottville that night. The next morning we were up betimes, and rode ten miles before break-

fast. We entered Edwardsburg about noon and were received very kindly by Mr. and Mrs. S., where we intended spending the Sunday. Father preached the next day to a large congregation of attentive hearers. Cincinnatus was here found to be so lame that we could ride him no farther, and we were obliged to send him back; but as we could find no one going that way, father tied a bit of a board about his neck, with, as near as I can recollect, these words upon it: 'My name is Cincinnatus, I belong to P. Chase, Gilead, Bishop of Illinois. I am eighteen years old, and somewhat lame. Let me pass on to Gilead, where I shall be well taken care of through the winter, as a reward for my past services.' We then turned him out to seek his fortune. We have not heard from him since, but I have no doubt he went directly home.

"At La Porte father was taken ill, but recovered so as to be able to ride fifteen miles the next day, and put up at a place that answered very well the description of a 'hoosier's nest' which P. used to repeat. The next day we rode forty miles, and the following day found ourselves on Grand Prairie, in Illinois, the field of our dear father's future labors.

"We are now under the hospitable roof of Mr. Hanford, a good, firm churchman as he is. Since I have been here I have been on a visit to Chicago with father and mother and Henry. We were there three days and seldom have I spent my time more pleasantly. We stayed at the house of Mr. J. H. Kinzie. He and his wife were absent, but the rest of the family received us very kindly, and treated us very well all the time we stayed.

"On Sunday father preached, and confirmed two

persons and administered the Sacrament to about twenty. When we returned we found Mr. Hanford had fitted up a small cabin adjoining his own, in which we could live and feel a little more independent.

"Father and mother and H. have all gone down as far as Peoria to find a spot to place the college. I hope they will be successful.

"Your affectionate sister,

"MARY."

The Bishop soon decided where to place his new college. The country was so entirely new that he found no difficulty in pre-empting land, as it had not yet been put into market by the Government. This was done in the fall of 1836; a little house of logs was built, or rather two skeleton log-houses were put together, which was called the "Robin's Nest, because it was built of mud and sticks and was full of young ones."

Lumber of the poorest kind was from $40 to $50 a thousand, therefore the family must be content with the little cabin for the time being. The Bishop says, "As soon as the Illinois River was clear of ice in 1837, I began my travels in my diocese." We will follow him for a time upon his weary journeyings through the spring floods and across the wide prairies.

The steamer *America*, going up the stream on the Mississippi, could get on but two miles an hour. The Bishop travelled sometimes by wagon and sometimes by boat. He says, "At Mt. Sterling, the inn at which I lodge is but imperfectly fitted or furnished, so that I am now in a room without a ceiling and without a table. I am writing this on my porte-folio resting on

my knee. The people are very kind, and I have no reason to complain. I spent yesterday alone, not a soul except the landlord came in to see me. I had, on my first coming, given out that I would preach, and the appointment was fulfilled last evening at the schoolhouse, to get at which I had some difficulty on account of the mud, which was also no stranger to the floor of the cold and lonely building. The congregation was large and very attentive, and I hope the Word read and spoken was blessed.

"A carriage being sent for me from Quincy, I proceeded on the 23d so far as Clayton, where I preached in the evening. The next day went to Quincy, where I was received most kindly. Through the goodness of the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers I had an opportunity in their respective places of worship of addressing large and crowded assemblies, and of administering the Holy Communion and rite of confirmation in the presence of many who had never before witnessed these services. I preached twice, baptized four infants and one adult, confirmed six and gave the Holy Communion to eighteen members, celebrated the banns of matrimony, and in the intermission superintended the formation of the parish of St. John, Quincy, and the appointment of lay delegates to the diocesan convention, and appointed a lay reader,—all in one day."

From this day's work resulted a serious illness for the Bishop. At a friend's house at Monmouth, Warren County, he preached twice, having the full service, morning and evening, and he retired to rest in seeming health. The air was chill, the room was cold, and he awoke in great agony. After two days he obtained a

conveyance to Knoxville, twenty miles to the east. His son met him there, but had left the covered wagon behind on account of the swollen state of the Spoon River; so, as he was too ill to ride on horseback, a friend sent him forward in a wagon. It both snowed and rained, but when they arrived at the river the horses were driven through; and, having first passed the baggage over the rapid stream, a log of black walnut with the bark still on, hollowed out in the middle, the whole about twelve feet long and just wide enough to admit the Bishop with difficulty amidships on a wisp of hay, was provided for his transportation across the stream. He thus tells the story:

"As the man at the stern pushed off the little ark from the shore, she sank with my weight to within an inch or two of the 'gunnels.' 'Can you swim?' said the man. 'Like a duck,' said I; 'all I fear is, if she turn over I cannot extricate myself from my squeezed position on the log.' It was now that I experienced the great benefit of being acquainted in my early years with canoe navigation; how often when a boy on the banks of the Connecticut have I swam and sported with a canoe similar to that in which I was here placed, and how little did I then think that the Hand of Providence was training me to surmount such dangers at the advanced age of sixty-two."

With much difficulty on account of the flood, he finally reached his home in safety. These and many other accidents and incidents are mentioned in various letters and in his journals, too numerous and long to quote.

Surely the old Bishop had learned to feel thankfulness to the Giver of all good when he gratefully re-

ceived a present of "ruta-baga seed" from a prominent churchman, and sent it to his wife and bade her have it sown in due time for a "crop of that excellent vegetable." He was also greatly pleased with the gift of a dog, "a fine animal to keep off the wolves at Robin's Nest."

These were indeed "the days of small things."

CHAPTER XXXVI

TRAVEL AND SERVICE

THE Bishop speaks in this year, 1837, of consecrating a church in Chicago, which he describes as a neat, brick building, already furnished with a bell and an organ, and goes on to say, "Oh, that we had clergymen that other places might enjoy like benefits, but our Church is dying in the West." This was on the 25th of June. The Bishop describes it "as a mild, serene day; the moral state in unison with the natural world." The consecration took place at half-past ten; the church was filled to overflowing, even before the Bishop met the wardens and vestrymen at the door. "A breathless stillness was observed at every step as the procession advanced from the vestibule to the altar, and the solemnity of the divine service appointed for the occasion was, I have reason to believe, deeply felt." This church was old St. James's. The Bishop further speaks of the kindness of his friends the Kinzies, and of Mrs. Magill and Mr. Hallam, of his journey on Monday through the smoky blue atmosphere as he drove alone back toward his home through the rich land, settled at that time only by "squatter law." The journal goes on to tell of long journeys over the prairies to find a few of those who had once known the Church; holding services in warehouses, in cabins, in black-

smiths' shops, in barns; baptizing, confirming when possible; preaching and administering the Holy Communion; and often after long days' journeys holding service at "candle-lighting," if due notice could be given.

The Bishop's son, the Rev. Dudley Chase, writes of an adventure which occurred at this time. The Bishop was alone in his covered Quaker wagon, skirting the Mississippi River; he had been told that the bayous were fordable, but found that one into which he plunged fearlessly was overflowing from the back-water of the great river. The team of faithful horses swam until they reached the steep bank, but could not pull up the wagon until the water gradually drained out of the light body. In the meantime, the Bishop, wet up to the arm-pits, had to wait in patience. The precious trunk was first examined, containing vestments, clothing, manuscripts, sermons, and a folio prayer-book, bearing this imprint, "Presented to Bishop Chase by the New York Prayer Book Society," and this latter was the only dry article in that trunk! It was lifted up into the close air in the top of the trunk and was thus saved by, or out of, water to serve many a long year of Episcopal duty in Illinois, till it and the Bishop were both worn out.

The Bishop writes of other full days: "On the 15th of July, crossed over the Mississippi and preached in the village of Davenport, Wisconsin Territory. The 16th, Sunday, nine o'clock, administered the Holy Communion to the sick Mr. Phelps, and addressed the Sunday School; appointed a lay reader in Stevenson and vicinity; a parish was formed, preached and had service; at three crossed the river Mississippi a second

time and preached in the Wisconsin Territory. The 17th, crossed over the third time the 'Father of Waters.' With these three villages, Stevenson, Davenport, and Rockingham, my mind is deeply impressed. Why may not religion be among the blessings which they may enjoy? when for worldly interests many flock together as they do in these places, should not Christians go with them? Let pass a few years and all the busy first settlers of these beautiful places will be in their graves, and what will be the destiny and character of those who will occupy their places?" These towns are now part of the great State of Iowa; at that time their sole missionary was an old man driving across the wild prairies alone, in constant danger, often in great suffering, with not a soul to assist him in his constant, never-ending work.

On the 18th of July he again crossed the river, this time attended by a friend who put him on the trail for his home, a distance of sixty miles. Here the notes of his journey end for a time, for at Fraker's Grove, driving from the mouth of Rock River to the Robin's Nest, he met with a most painful accident. Two ribs were broken in tumbling down a precipice into the mud and water below. Much time was consumed and great pain was endured in extricating himself from his dangerous position. It seemed impossible to get the carriage up without help; the road was a mere trail, no one might be expected to pass on it for days to come, and his wounds forbade the idea of walking on to the next settlement for help.

Words, therefore, cannot describe his gratitude when, after prolonged and painful efforts, he finally found himself in his carriage going home. The pain in driv-

ing increased as the horses went on, and nothing served to mitigate it but pressing the hand on the wounded side; yet this could only be done intermittently, as he had to guide the horses in risky places. A log-cabin finally came in sight, the horses stopped, the man of the house was standing by the little gate which led to the door, and the Bishop asked him to drive his horses for him to the Robin's Nest, making known his wounds, and offering a reward for his time and trouble. To this, the man replied, "No!" The reasons for asking the favor were then given more at large; the distance was only thirty miles; he had great need of getting to his home for medical assistance; and he asked the man "for God's sake" to go with him and receive a liberal reward. The man turned away and walked to the door of the cabin, where the Bishop caught a glimpse of a woman partly behind the door, apparently listening to what he said. Soon after the Bishop drove off on the way to the Robin's Nest. A quarter of a mile had been passed over, when a voice was heard from behind, saying "Stop, stop!" A second and a third time the call was repeated. Not being able to turn and look back, he stopped his horses to await the issue. The man then made his appearance, almost breathless. "If you will wait a few minutes," said he, "until I can change my working clothes, I will come and drive your horses to Robin's Nest." "And what has changed your mind on this subject? You were so averse, and now seem so willing to do me this favor." "Why, sir," he replied, "did n't you see my woman in the door when I refused to go with you?" "Yes, if it were she who stood partly hidden in the cabin door;—was she your wife?" "Yes, sir, and I had no sooner come in but

she made my house too hot for me by her complaints of my cruel behavior to you, in refusing your request to go with you to Robin's Nest."

The Bishop says, after his return and when he had sufficiently recovered: "To-morrow I must go to work, not in the spiritual but temporal field; none of the corn is gathered, none of the potatoes, and there are a thousand bushels of turnips." The rutabaga seed before spoken of had proven a bonanza to the Bishop as well as to many of his neighbors. He could scarcely afford the money to get his immense crop harvested, when, to crown the motto of his faith, there came a legacy of two hundred dollars, which enabled him to harvest his crop, beside giving much of it to his neighbors.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE NEW COLLEGE

THERE were many delays in purchasing and paying for the land for the new college, owing to the swarm of speculators who had bought up so much of it to hold for an advance in price. On the 5th of December, 1838, the Bishop says in a letter to Lord Kenyon, "I am happy to say that I have now purchased 2500 acres of land, also 720 acres previously entered, for the benefit of the institution which I am now founding in Peoria County, Illinois. The college site is remarkable for its health and beauty; it is high, commanding a cheering and varied prospect up and down a beautiful stream; it looks to the south and has a fine grove of trees, which shield it from the north and west winds in the winter, and will make it pleasant in the summer. The farm lands will, I trust, be soon fenced and put under cultivation, which effected, will produce a revenue for the support of the institution in future times. My dependence is simply and solely on the promises and providence of Almighty God; if you ask me why I call my Illinois institution 'Jubilee College,' I answer, that name of all others suits my feelings and circumstances. I wish to give thanks and rejoice that, after seven years passed in much trouble, pain, and moral servitude, God hath

permitted me for Jesus' sake to return unto His gracious favor. In September, 1831, I left those dear places by me named Gambier Hill and Kenyon College; in 1838, precisely in the same month and the same day of the month I can blow the trumpet in Zion for joy that another school of the prophets, more than five hundred miles still further toward the setting sun, is founded to the glory of the Great Redeemer."

Mrs. Chase and her daughter returned from a visit with friends at the East, and soon after the former was stricken with a dangerous illness; but upon her recovery not more for her than for her husband was there to be a time for folding the hands. The year was far spent, and there was no money to go on with the work. There were strong reasons why the Bishop must appeal to the whole Church, or it must stop. He was urged by a friend to seek for aid at the South; therefore, without an hour's delay, this plan was adopted. Without detailing the long story of his travels south and his stay in New Orleans among his old friends, and also among the rich planters in Mississippi in and about Natchez, where he met many of his old pupils, we will go on to the time when he was ready to sail for Charleston, on Saturday the 8th of February, 1839. He bade good-bye to his family in these words, by a letter written at the mouth of the Mississippi just before sailing:

"Although the weather is quite foggy, yet the breeze is favorable; it is now noon and the captain is expected soon to hoist sail and be off into the great deep. I pray for resignation to the Divine Will; my thoughts are much on God,—on my own unworthiness in His sight and on the infinite mercies of our Saviour. When

I turn them on you and the dear ones at home, my eyes fill with tears. If you hear from me no more, remember my last word and thought will be moulded in the form of devout prayer for the blessings of Divine grace on you, on Dudley, Henry, Mary, Philander, on Lucia, Samuel, Sarah, and their dear children, and on the Radleys,—on all these and on my dear grandchildren and brothers and sisters, and all friends, and on my beloved diocese. Unto all these O Lord, be gracious, and my foes forgive, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

The Bishop arrived in Charleston the 19th of February, 1840, one month later. Here he had a sad pleasure in meeting the lady who ministered to the comfort of his beloved son Philander in his last illness.

In Charleston he met with distinguished success in his great object; going to Baltimore, Washington, and New York, he was received with great kindness and liberality. He filled the Milnor professorship for Jubilee College; and at New York Jubilee Chapel was presented with a fine organ by Mr. Henry Erben.

It is seldom that the simple circumstance of having an unknown first cousin leads to such pleasant results as the following: It seems that the mother of the famous novelist, Captain Marryat, was a first cousin of Mrs. Chase; having heard of Bishop Chase in England, and learning after his return to America of her relationship to his wife, she and her daughter sent a personal gift of seventy pounds sterling for the comfort of their relative, with which a new Quaker coach and two fine horses were purchased and sent to Illinois from Philadelphia, and without which Mrs. Chase would have been unable to go far beyond the porch of the Robin's Nest, even to worship in Jubilee Chapel, a mile away;

for the old Quaker coach, after journeying through flood and field, was a wreck, tumbling to pieces all at once, after the fashion of the "deacon's one hoss shay."

Under date of July, 1840, Mrs. Annie Tyndale, of Holton Rectory, writes as follows to Mrs. Chase: "Two days ago I received a letter from a dear friend who will not allow his name to be mentioned, saying that he had ordered fifty pounds for himself and twenty-five for his daughter to be paid to the account of Bishop Chase. It is entered as coming from a friend of mine; I hope to make up the hundred pounds, and then, dear madame, I wish to commit this sum especially to *your* care; it is given to cheer the heart of the dear Bishop, to encourage him in his work, for the heart can never be cheerful if he sees you oppressed with toil and care. This money must not go for any ornamental work for college or chapel, nor for any extension of the building; it must go to relieve your mind from cares that I am sure have already come upon you, and from exertions which are too much for your strength."

This was indeed too true; and it was by this generous gift that the Robin's Nest had been made fairly comfortable when the Bishop returned from his year's journey, in November, 1840.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A JOURNEY WEST IN 1840

RETURNING from the South in the summer of 1840, the Bishop took occasion to visit his friends in Vermont. As his stay was to be short, there was a gathering of the clans from Randolph to Royalton, twelve miles distant. Service was to be held at old Christ Church in Bethel, near the house of Simon Chase and not far from that of Allace Chase Cotton, and also of Asa, son of Benjamin Chase and Lois Chase Smith. Rachel Chase Denison and her numerous family lived at Royalton. The descendants of Mercy Chase Childs at Bethel-Gilead and Bethel proper, Dudley Chase, and some of the family of Abigail Chase Morse from Randolph,—all of these, besides the Bishop's own grandchildren and their mother, with cousins of the second generation, were present. "Tom" Russell, now an eminent surgeon at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, was sent out to notify the friends that Bishop Chase had arrived and would officiate in the old church on Sunday; which he did, driving in a gig at great speed, and giving the notice in a voice that carried far. The memory of that service is still held in the hearts of the two or three persons now living who were present.

As a matter of course the Bishop's first visits were

made to his sisters and brothers. When he finally came to the house of his widowed daughter-in-law, who had prepared a tempting meal of typical New England viands, "light biscuits" and honey, "lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon" and cakes of supernal excellence, his young granddaughter Laura was awed into silence by his great height and size and his dark piercing eyes, especially when he put his first question to her, "Can you work a button-hole?" delivered in a sonorous voice and what seemed to her an almost threatening tone. As she dared not answer "No," could not say "Yes," and had a great horror of telling a lie, she remained silent, and took it for granted that her awesome grandfather had mentally consigned her to some limbo inhabited only by "shiftless" girls.

However, he had really taken a liking to her, and after his visit was over and he had gone up the two-mile hill to Randolph Centre to visit Dudley Chase, her mother was surprised to receive a note from him announcing that he was to leave on the 22d of August, and should take his youngest grandchild with him.

This was a shock to her, but not to the child, who had often dreamed, as children will, of the delights of travel. Moreover, she had begun to love and reverence her grandfather; she enjoyed his society; it was unique and delightful beyond that of any being she had ever seen; there was something in it that inspired all the reverence of her awakening soul. He drew her to him from the first with the love of a child for a father,—the stronger perhaps because she had no recollection of her own father.

Moreover, her idea of the unknown was tinged with golden rays. The boundless prairies with waving

grass, dotted with strange, beautiful flowers and like the sea in size,—the great blue lakes which she would sail over,—wondrous Niagara, magnified a thousandfold by her imagination,—steamboats, even railroads, she might see! And New York City, which her Malte Brun and Peter Parley had described,—what rapture to see that with her own eyes! Riding in a stage-coach in summer days, could anything be more charming! All these were to be hers; they would be a part of her always.

Due preparation for the journey having been made, she joined the Bishop at her Aunt Denison's in Royalton, whose house embowered with fine old trees still stands, outwardly the same though all of its then inmates have long since passed into the unknown land, save one, "the last leaf on the family tree." Here they spent the night.

The next morning dawned gloriously for the beginning of what in those days was looked upon as a long and difficult journey; some details of which are given to show how much the circumstances and conditions of travel in our country have changed since then.

They began their journey by taking the stage-coach to Concord, New Hampshire. The vehicle was comfortable and the horses swift. White River sparkled in the sunshine as it rippled on to the Connecticut; the hills were green and the open country beautiful. They spent the night at the house of a relative in the quaint old town of Salisbury, then went on to Hopkinton, where lived Baruch Chase in a beautiful old-fashioned house.

The next day brought them to Concord, which

seemed like a city of great splendor and magnitude to the little country girl. They visited at Mrs. Whipple's, —the Bishop's niece, a sister of Salmon P. Chase.

From Concord they again took the stage-coach, and again the sunshine and sweet summer air "atop" of the coach made the outside more desirable than the inside, and time went on swift wings until they stopped at the door of Dr. Edson's house in Lowell. Here Laura first saw and rode in a train of cars, and thought it not so very wonderful after all, as it did not fly through the air as she expected.

They arrived in Boston on the following day, and went over rough pavements to the home of the Rev. Dr. Stone, rector of Trinity Church, where they were hospitably entertained for some days. They went driving through the beautiful suburbs of Boston, and visited Longfellow's home (Washington's headquarters). These suburbs, even then, were very beautiful, and seemed to Laura like Paradise,—so clean, green, and with such lovely homes. Children were playing among the vines and roses, and what happy little girls they were to live in such pleasant places!

The Bishop took her next morning to see Mrs. Chase's sisters, who lived in a great old country home, a few miles from the city of New Bedford, then the centre of the whale fisheries. The railroad from Boston to New Bedford had just been completed.

From Boston they went to Springfield by rail, and thence to Hartford, Connecticut, by coach. In this city, where the Bishop and his family had spent their happiest days, he was welcomed with great kindness; especially were his old parishioners rejoiced to see him. Many of them were still living,—among them the

Sigourneys, Beaches, Tudors, and Imlays. The church was the second edifice of Christ Church—not the old one, of which the Bishop was once the rector.

From Hartford to New Haven they went by rail, and stayed at the rectory-home of the Rev. Dr. Harry Croswell. This being the city where Laura's father was in college, and where he graduated from Yale at the age of eighteen or nineteen, she wondered if he knew that his little girl was now near the spot where he spent some years of his happy young life.

The Bishop, notwithstanding his many cares and engagements, found time to show his grandchild some of the attractions of the city; but their stay was necessarily short, and they soon took the steamboat for New York, whence they went immediately to Brooklyn and were pleasantly entertained at the home of the Rev. Dr. Cutler, rector of St. Anne's Church, which was even then a large church and filled to overflowing on Sunday with a devout congregation. The visit here lasted for some weeks, the Bishop being occupied with matters connected with his college, while Laura was kindly cared for by her hostess, and made acquainted with various young people. Among them was a little lad of ten who had just suffered the amputation of a leg. Nearly thirty years after, in a church in Mount Vernon, Ohio, she observed that the officiating clergyman was lame, and he proved to be the same boy that she had met so long ago, now the Rev. Mr. Peet.

At a party at the Peets', Laura ate ice-cream for the first time, and on a hot night. How this anachronism could occur was a mystery to her!

In the course of the visit she was taken across Fulton

Ferry to Barnum's Museum and Stewart's great store in New York, also to the commencement exercises of Columbia College in St. John's Church. Another trip was to Greenwood, just made ready for the great city to bury its dead.

The first Daguerrean studio was opened in the city that year; the pictures were mere shadows against a gray background. Photographs had not been so much as thought of.

Pigs acted as scavengers in lower New York, that is, below City Hall Park; and the water system was quite inefficient. Pumps at the street corners supplied drinking water, and nearly every house had a rain-water cistern.

The travellers left New York some time in October and went by steamboat to Albany, where they stayed for a short time with the Rev. Dr. Horatio Potter, then the rector of St. Peter's Church, and afterward Bishop of the diocese of New York. The stately and somewhat cold manners of the reverend gentleman and the silence of the lady, his wife, had rather a chilling effect upon the little Laura.

The next stage of the journey was to Schenectady by rail. The cars were somewhat like the poorer cars abroad, divided into sections, with leathern-finished seats, each of which was meant to accommodate three persons. The conductor clambered outside. "Strap" rails only were used. The quaint Dutch houses and high stoops of the early settlers on the Mohawk were still in evidence at Schenectady; where they were entertained over Sunday, and the Bishop preached. The text of his sermon and his manner as he gave it are still vivid in the child's memory: "My peace I

leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Here they met the Rev. Dr. Alonzo Potter, afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania, also the Rev. Dr. Nott, both of Union College.

They journeyed on to Syracuse by train, but there the railroad ended and they embarked on the "raging canal." The little cabin, from which one could look out into the sunshine through the still smaller cabin where the stewardess sat sewing on a new calico gown, seemed very cosy and homelike to Laura. When night came and the chintz curtains were drawn between the two cabins, it was fun to climb into the narrow berth highest up, and to hear the thumping on the floor above when the boat was taken through the locks. The view from the deck by daylight, as the boat glided slowly through meadows and farms and pretty villages, was always delightful, except when the warning cry "Down bridge!" was heard; then she suffered spasms of fear lest her grandfather, on account of his great size, should be hurt in passing under some one of the low bridges. He attracted attention even from people on passing canal boats, who often spoke laughingly and good naturedly of his heroic proportions.

There were many people on board, and the meals were prepared in a tiny kitchen, with marvellous results, at least as to quantity. Tables were spread through both cabins, and the passengers made themselves as small as possible in the narrow space.

A night was spent at Buffalo, and the travellers went to Niagara by the horse railway, on which, as Laura had learned from her friend, Peter Parley, "cars could be run at the rate of twelve miles an hour." On the

steamer *Erie*, which was afterward burned on the lake with great loss of life, they spent a day and a night, but stopped over Sunday in Detroit, then an important frontier town, deep in mud; the ladies going about in little one-horse carts like drays. They were covered with fur robes, and all sat on the floor,—a very good way of getting about when carriages could not be used. The travellers went to church in this way from Bishop McCoskry's house. He was then a fine, handsome young man.

In another day or two they were on board the steamer *National*, a high-pressure boat—which means that her loud puffing could be heard for miles. So they passed into Lake St. Clair on a pleasant day. Now as then, a more lovely scene can scarcely be found in this country.

As the boat neared Saginaw Bay a great storm arose, and the captain prudently sought shelter within the little harbor, where for two or three days the people on board could see the surf madly rushing past outside their haven of refuge, the shore of which was bordered with gloomy forest evergreens. Meantime their daily fare was reduced to boiled salt beef and potatoes, with a dessert of Newtown pippins,—very good as far as they went. The storm at last abated, and they arrived in Mackinaw just in time to see the Indians assembled in all their splendor of paint and feathers, to get their yearly payment from the Government. They were busy in spending the money just received from that source. Laura had read enough of Fenimore Cooper to invest the savages with romantic interest, but it was much dampened by what she saw on that day. Commodore Stewart had charge of the fort.

Mackinaw was then, and is now, a most interesting place to visit.

When the time came for the Green Bay passengers to leave, it was a very rough night. A little schooner lay tossing on the waves to receive them. The moon shone but fitfully through the clouds, and very difficult it was for the women and children to leave the steamer and board the vessel without capsizing the small boats.

The next day, after passing the "Sleeping Bear," they stopped at Milwaukee, in Wisconsin Territory,—that is, they lay to at some distance from a few little houses on the banks of Lake Michigan, while the wood of which they were in need was brought from the shore in boats.

They arrived in Chicago, the "uncrowned Queen of the unsalted seas," on the 2d of November, and a more miserably dreary place is seldom seen. A cold, bleak wind from off the lake swept over the swampy south side; and away beyond stretched the boundless prairie, where all was brown and sere, and not a tree in sight. Here a few houses stood in the half-frozen mud. On the north side, John Kinzie, the great Chicago pioneer, had a comfortable home. The stay here was short, only long enough for the Bishop's kindly forethought to provide his grandchild with whatever she needed for a comfortable journey over the prairies; and also to charter a Concord coach to take the party to the head waters of the Illinois River, —which he did in conjunction with two gentlemen who, with their wives and a servant, were *en route* for St. Louis. The party started immediately, for there was no time to lose. For many miles of the journey not a dwelling was to be seen. Night came

on, and at last they found a solitary cabin of two rooms. Here the poor, hard-worked woman managed to get something to eat for the hungry travellers, and made them as comfortable as she could for the night. The two ladies had one bed; the gentlemen slept in the coach; and Laura slept on the floor, which youth and health made restful enough.

The next day brought them to the river, and on a rickety old steamer they arrived at Peoria some time in the night, where, shivering, they went to bed. The next morning the Bishop and Laura took a carriage for their goal, Robin's Nest, which he had not seen for a year. On the way they met the third Philander, only three years older than Laura, who soon became to her as dear as a brother, though their actual relationship was that of uncle and niece.

Robin's Nest then consisted of a central log-cabin, which contained a kitchen, two small bedrooms, and a little dark room filled with books, also a dining or living room, which a glowing coal fire, a bright carpet, and a wide lounge covered with a great wolf-skin made very cheerful and comfortable. On either side were books to the ceiling. At each end of the house was a little frame room, one of which was the Bishop's study and sleeping-room, and the other had been made by his son Dudley, with his own hands, for the reception of his prospective bride.

The Bishop's family then consisted of his wife, his two sons, and one daughter—Henry Ingraham, Philander, and Mary. The meeting of the father and family, after his year of absence, was a joyful one.

Few now living in the rich and powerful State of Illinois can imagine the deprivation, isolation, and loneli-

BISHOP AND MRS. CHASE IN 1847. *Page 300.*

ness of its early settlers. There was little to make life comfortable and bright to the elders, or to enliven and educate the young. To keep house under such circumstances was a continual toil; there were no conveniences, few comforts, and no near neighbors. Almost everything was wanting save courage, hope, and duty.

It is not surprising that at first a dark cloud of homesickness settled over the newcomer, Laura, to whom these relatives were utter strangers. Happily, it was transient. The Indian summer soon tinged the whole world with golden light and warmth; and when her young uncle found that she could ride, even without a saddle, that was both an unfailing resource and a bond of union. By and by Mrs. Chase's brother Ingraham came from New Jersey with five daughters and four sons, and found shelter in a house lately built by an eccentric Englishman. Meantime, Mr. Dudley Chase returned from the East with his bride, who had been Miss Sarah Griffith Wells, the daughter of Mr. Bezaleel Wells, of Ohio; and the place ceased to be lonely.

A chapel and schoolroom had been built on Jubilee Hill, one mile from the Robin's Nest. The Rev. Samuel Chase, a distant relative, and his family lived in a small house in the rear. A dormitory extended over the schoolroom, from which a balcony looked down upon the chapel. This was intended for the pupils of the girls' school that was to be; which at present consisted of Laura and her young aunt, Mary Chase.

The boys' school grew apace, notwithstanding the sparsely settled vicinity; and it was not long before the Rev. Mr. S. Chase had his hands full. There was a boarding-house for them near by.

Thus the winter was spent, a busy one for all, and especially for the Bishop, whose time was crowded with urgent cares and labors. Then the beautiful spring came and brought the wild flowers; and the prairie-chickens could be heard from far away, and the plovers and pigeons flew in great flocks, and the wild crab-apples sent out their fragrance from rose-pink buds; and everything burst into beauty.

By this time the new organ was sent from New York, and the services became delightful. Several agreeable English families came regularly from distant settlements to the chapel services, and occasionally pleasant people called. A little social life trickled into the narrow circle on Jubilee Hill. A store was also started, which was a great convenience.

In June the Diocesan Convention met in Jubilee Chapel, and was well attended.

With the coming of midsummer the Bishop determined that it was necessary to go East again; and as Laura had been summoned home she enjoyed another long journey in his company. One hot summer's day good-bye was said to Jubilee Hill, and a large party set out in carriages and wagons for Chicago, changing in due time for the public conveyance. The town had grown enormously in a year; stores and comparatively large hotels had sprung up in every direction. The ladies of the party were kindly entertained by Mr. John Kinzie. On Sunday the Bishop had an immense class for confirmation; and there were so many communicants that a second consecration of the elements was needed.

On the trip to Mackinaw they had an interesting fellow-traveller in Mr. Gurdon S. Hubbard, an early

settler and famous business man of Chicago. He was going to Mackinaw for the Indian payment of the Government, and was familiar with several Indian dialects and many Indian customs, which made the second visit to that place even more interesting than the former one. A large assembly of the "beauty and chivalry" of the tribes was gathered there.

The journey was continued through lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie until Cleveland was reached. During these journeys the Bishop always held service on Sundays and said "grace at meat,"—sometimes under difficulties. He was usually the centre of interest; when he opened conversation with the person next to him, another would join and still another, until the attention of every one was drawn. His way of telling a story was unique—in few words, but all to the point. He made a picture of his thoughts, arousing the interest and holding the attention of all sorts of people.

From Buffalo they went to Lake Ontario and took a boat to Oswego, where a canal-boat conveyed them inland; then they proceeded by stage across the country to Whitehall on Lake Champlain, where a fine steamer carried them up that lovely lake to Burlington, Vermont. Everything about the boat was clean and bright, in striking contrast to the boats on the Western lakes, especially in the excellent food and neatly laid tables.

Two or three days were spent at Burlington, where they saw much of Bishop Hopkins and his family. Never was there a more brilliant array of sons and daughters than these. Several of them were still young, but it was evident that all were "made up with brains, sir." Bishop Hopkins was justly regarded as

one of the finest—perhaps the very finest—of the preachers of the American Church at that time. He has scarcely been excelled since.

From Burlington it was nearly a day's drive to the home of Judge Dudley Chase, the Bishop's brother. Horse and buggy were soon in readiness for Laura, the three miles down hill were quickly traversed, and she was once more at home.

From that time, amid all the cares, labors, and trials that followed him to his life's end, the Bishop kept up a correspondence with her. Some few of these letters are given *in toto* in the next chapter, to show how kindly he could write to a child, and what a gentle and affectionate side there was to his strong, masterful character. Extracts from others carry on the story of his work—active and administrative—in his diocese and at Jubilee College, also on the large farm which, it should be remembered, was his main dependence for the support of himself and family, and contributory to that of the College.

CHAPTER XXXIX

LETTERS TO A GRANDCHILD

JUBILEE COLLEGE, Sept. 8, '42.

MY DEAR LAURA:

When you wrote your good letter of the 22d of August, I was in the northern part of my diocese with your uncle Dudley, who is now my faithful fellow-laborer in the Christian ministry. We were preaching every day, and so tired at night with the various duties of our office as to drop from our chairs before our beds could be made.

You were at home playing with the calves and kittens, with no thought of care to disturb your repose by night. How different are the lots to which we seem to be called! I never had a "resting day" in my life since I was a child. Rachael and I used to play on the large quartz rock, near father's and Ben Hall's. It is broken all to pieces now. What ruthless vandals have arisen since my day. It was the prettiest rock in the world—clean and white; on its flat level top we used to climb up and play.

But whither am I going in a letter to my granddaughter? I was going to make some observations which should call your attention to the contrast between your grandfather's lot in life and your own, that thereby you might discover what reason you have to

be thankful to Him who governeth all the affairs of men. . . .

Remember, dear Laura, that it is not in going to Royalton Academy your accomplishments will consist. It is in understanding the branches thoroughly. If you take anything in hand, make yourself mistress of it. Don't be a prating fool.

The next thing you must derive from your superior privileges is to pay daily homage for them on your knees to God, who giveth them to you. Laura, you know this is so. Do it then.

Your affectionate grandfather,

PHIL'R CHASE.

JUBILEE COLLEGE, Nov. 30, 1842.

MY DEAR LAURA:

I believe I am in debt to you for a letter, or if it should prove otherwise it is not any matter. I have caught a bad cold and am confined this severe weather to my rooms for the most part. Besides this I cough nearly all night, and so am quite stupid in the daytime. If this should prove to you that I am old, don't be alarmed; only pray earnestly that your grandfather, who loves you dearly, may be prepared. I wish that in my ill health I had an exemption from my cares, but this is far from being the case. We have sixteen hands, twelve oxen, and nine horses continually at work for the college. We quarry and draw stone to the mill and lumber thence; coal from the pit and wood from the forest. So you see, God willing, we intend to "go ahead" and be prepared to work in the coming season. . . .

Our dear church continues to increase. We have now about eighty communicants.

Notice of the intended ordination of Dr. Southgate on the 4th Sunday in Advent was sent by the last mail to the *Christian Witness* in Boston. This event is important, being the first ordination in Jubilee Chapel. You may imagine how it affects me. The candidates have been, under God, prepared here, and it endears it to our memories and heart's best affections.

The Rev. Mr. S. Chase will preach the sermon, and the Rev. Mr. Douglas will present the candidates. Let us have your prayers, dear Laura, that blessings may attend us.

I suppose you have been already apprized that we have all moved from the Robin's Nest to Jubilee College. The house is finished, but the kitchen part is yet behind.

Your dear grandmother is industrious and economical as ever. Never were greater sacrifices than those she has made all her life long for the good of the Church.

Don't forget to mention us kindly to all in Randolph and Bethel.

I trust we shall all meet in a better place soon, and in Jesus Christ be saved.

May God bless you, dear Laura.

P. CHASE.

JUBILEE, 21st of Dec., '42.

MY DEAR GRANDDAUGHTER:

Yours of the 4th instant came to-day. It is melancholy to think of my dear sister Rachael's continued illness. We are so nearly of an age and played so much together in our infancy and childhood, and sympathized so much together in our riper years, that the

thoughts of her sufferings are more than I can bear without special aid. I wish I could see her and pray with her and talk of another and better world, as she has been so dear to me in this.

The scriptural proofs of the second Advent of Our Lord are what I have long dwelt upon. I am sorry to see so grave a subject made a matter of camp-meeting excitement. The more I am convinced of the speedy coming of Jesus, the more I should strive to be at my post of duty, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep myself unspotted from the world. A meek and quiet spirit is of great price in the sight of God, to acquire which I have no notion that it is my duty to "seek the tented field."

Dear Laura, I rejoice that you are not carried away with Millerism. Keep you at home. Watch and pray, try to do good by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, looking always to Jesus, the author and finisher of your salvation. . . .

Will you believe it — there are now besides the scholars more than thirty persons in our employ? What are we all doing? Ans'r.—Trying to build up Jubilee College.

Last Sunday Dr. Southgate was ordained. Your uncle Dudley read morning prayer. The Rev. S. Chase preached a capital sermon, and five persons were confirmed, and the Sacrament administered to fifty-three.

I am now writing my 5th No. of *Reminiscences.* I am just now—to-day—in Congress, and often speaking with my best friend and Brother Senator from Vermont. I have him now in my mind's eye as he used then to rejoice with me at the passage of my bill,

for a township of land for Kenyon College, thro' the Senate.

I hope you will read in the *Witness* about our missionary wheels all going, but not a kernel in the hopper for the poor missionaries' bread. They nearly starve.

We all send love to you and beg you to mention us kindly to all dear friends.

I want an ox-team or two. Don't laugh at this; if you knew what they would be to the building of our college you would not wonder.

P. CHASE.

JUBILEE, April 20, 1843.

MY DEAR LAURA:

Your uncle Dudley Chase, my son, is now among our best preachers. I have obtained an appointment for him as an itinerant missionary with a salary of $300. . . . He will travel with me all the season through, first at the south and then at the north of the diocese. As to myself, you know I have no salary, yet I have to maintain a carriage (given by Mrs. Marryat of London, my wife's cousin) and horses (taken from ploughing my farm). So as to make me comfortable in travelling, some few dollars are sent me to pay expenses on the way. All this you see is but slender living, yet "they tell us the voluntary system works well."

I think the reputation of the college is increasing. We have a good mathematical teacher and also a teacher of the languages, besides the Rev. S. Chase, who is over the school and regulates the whole, hearing all the upper classes. Mary has charge of the female department, being a small number taught and boarded in the cottage. The building of the West

Wing will go on as soon as the frost is out of the ground, which this year continues longer that was ever known before. The cold has killed more than one hundred of the college lambs.

I rejoice to hear that you have not fallen a prey to the Millerites. Your excellent bishop has just sentiments on this subject. . . .

This is all that I can say at present except that I am your loving grandfather P. CHASE.

ST. LOUIS, July 10, '43.

MY DEAR LAURA:

I have had a laborious life since I last wrote you, and were I to say that it has been full of sickness and trouble I should speak the truth. From the convention in Quincy where your dear uncle Dudley was ordained to priest's orders, I proceeded to Chester, where the church is making a beginning. Here we officiated, baptized, and confirmed, and administered the Holy Communion to a goodly number.

The roads across from Chester were very bad and my health very poor, yet we made out to preach often and organize one parish in Jackson County, mostly of Vermont people. At Mt. Vernon and Fairfield we had large congregations. At Albion we consecrated a church and confirmed twenty-four, besides baptizing a number and preaching many times. . . .

We dropped down the river in a skiff to Harmony, the place begun by Rhapp and afterwards purchased by the infidel Owen. Rhapp's church, which was built to contain about five thousand people, was turned by Owen into a theatre and cost about $10,000. It is going to decay and the owner, to save it from utter ruin,

has given it in fee simple to the vestry of our church. But whether it will be worth repairing is the question. It exhibits an imposing sight with its large pillars and vaulted roof. A fine church of a size to contain five or six hundred persons might be made of it, and still have enough room for spacious schools and convenient parsonage.

From Harmony on the Wabash we went to the Ohio River, and officiated in the evening at a place called Mt. Vernon in Indiana. Here we also met with Vermonters. A steamboat on Monday took us on board, and that night we passed Cairo into the Mississippi.

Our arrival at Chester was sooner than they expected, yet we spent our time usefully there. I went up on Saturday and officiated in the town of Kaskaskia, settled about the same time with Philadelphia; the inhabitants are chiefly Roman Catholics. After preaching on Sunday I took cold. I came down in the evening, officiated, preached, and confirmed in Chester. On Monday a boat took us to this place, where I have been sick ever since. Yesterday I was obliged to keep close in the house, being forbidden by my physician to go to church. Dudley, however, went and preached three times and read service twice, from which you may infer his perfect health.

I hope to resume my labors in my own diocese in a few days, and to be at home in the course of a fortnight or three weeks. They are all well at Jubilee.

My own mind in relation to eternal things was never more at ease. God's Spirit seems to be with me and comfort me with the fond hope of soon seeing your own grandmother in Paradise.

Give my love to your honored mother and loved

sister, and when you see Brother Dudley and other friends, mention me kindly to them all and believe me

Your loving grandfather

PHIL'R CHASE.

JUBILEE COLLEGE, Nov. 7th.

MY DEAR LAURA:

Indeed I shall always think of you and love you, my sweetest granddaughter. How pleased I was to read your last of the 28th ult.

Janet was married yesterday by myself in Jubilee Chapel. The day was rainy and quite unpleasant, yet the congregation was quite full. It was Communion Day and all things seemed so holy, but few could feel unmoved at the whole service. The older I grow and the oftener I repeat the offices of the primitive Church, the better I am pleased and edified by them. . . . Exclusive of the superiority of the Church in point of her claims to a Divine origin (which are acknowledgd by all who examine them fairly) the prayer book holds a proud pre-eminence above all other ways of worship; it obtains the admiration of her friends and the envy of all her enemies. But all this you know better than I can tell you.

My own health is better than before I was sick in October. I have made an episcopal visitation to Quincy, Rushville, and other places since I wrote you. The Church (where there are any stated services) is in a flourishing state.

My cares increase at home. We have now nearly twenty hired persons on the Hill, all of whom I have to direct, and pay too. What shall I do? Depend on Divine mercy as I have done.

Dear Laura, may God support you and your aged grandfather for Christ's sake.

And now farewell, dear Laura; may God bless and comfort you and give you a sound and prudent mind, for Jesus' sake; so prays your loving Grandfather.

27 March, 1844.

MY DEAR GRANDDAUGHTER:

Yesterday Dudley went to Farmington to marry a couple and I stayed here at home and married two couples in the church. One was from Peoria. The solemnity of this office when performed in church is becoming and makes a favorable impression on all who behold it. Marriage is that which distinguishes Man from the brute creation; why then should it not be marked by something becoming its high destination? An appeal to God for His blessing and as a witness to the covenant made in His name is of all things most appropriate.

There are many things which of late years have tended to make mankind set lightly on the subject of their relative duties, and this of "jumping the broomstick" in marriage I count one of the greatest. Dear Laura, if you ever choose to change a maiden for a marriage life, let that change be marked with the finger of God's remembrance; do it in the fear of His Holy Name and with a firm reliance on His Divine support, and then may you, for Jesus' sake, expect His blessing.

Our spring, after having been retarded by some equinoctial storms of snow and rain, has again commenced in earnest and we are looking for garden vegetables in great plenty. Our lettuce has advanced so

that we begin to set it out in rows of plants, and our garden peas are sprouting out of the ground.

Do give my love to every one who asks after your aged and affectionate grandfather.

PHIL'R CHASE.

[No date.]

My journey across the mountains and in descending the rivers and traversing the land road, from the town of Evansville to Edwardsville in Madison County and thence thro' Jacksonville and Springfield to Peoria County, was exceedingly long and tedious. I stopped at Cincinnati and had great pleasure in conversing with my nephew Salmon P. Chase, now the most eminent lawyer in the State of Ohio. His brother is with him and doing pretty well.

Mary is quite well. For want of room to board the girls, but a few at present can be put under her charge. The West Wing will go up in the spring and this will obviate difficulties. It will cost about $2000.

I went on Saturday afternoon to Farmington, twenty miles, and preached three times on Sunday. The people are quite rejoiced to know that they are about to enjoy the stated ordinances of our primitive Church.

There is one object which has quite improved the prospect from the Robin's Nest when looking across the meadows on College Hill. It is what is called the Farm-House. It far exceeds the idea that you would form of such a building. It is three stories high. It will be used too for a boarding-house for the scholars. The site of the most convenient and very spacious edifice is very commanding. It overlooks the meadows

and pasture land for a mile each way, all belonging to the college.

Bye the bye did I tell you about our sheep? About four hundred were brought on to the premises last fall and are now doing very well. The lambs are now making their appearance.

But I am tired and no doubt you are, so good night, my dear granddaughter.

P. CHASE.

NEW YORK, 47 BROADWAY, Dec. 9th.

MY DEAR LAURA:

My eyes flow with tears as I arise from my knees begging God's grace to sanctify to me the death of dear, most dear sister Allace. O, Laura; this dispensation of Divine Providence in taking from my view this sister sinks deeper into my heart than you are probably aware of. It was Allace who was the soothing friend of my childhood. When our mother—weakly and sick as was the case very often and for a long time at the period when I most wanted her bosom to lean on—when my mother could not "take me," then this dear sister more than all the others supplied her place. To her lap and soothing cares I ran, and by her stories was my perturbed spirit quieted when my mother was in her sick room and when all others were unmindful of my childish woes. And now that dear person after spending a life of personal suffering and weakness sleeps in her grave, and I mourn indeed. . . . That she is blessed I know full well—but to think of the shattered remnants of our once flourishing family, how like the leaves of autumn we all appear! The summer is past and we fall down and into the

cold ground. The doctrine of the Resurrection alone can cheer us when dwelling upon this subject. May God give us grace to realize it.

Your loving grandfather,

PHIL'R CHASE.

JUBILEE, May 10, 1844.

. . . After going to Michigan to sell my farm, my next duties are to be discharged in N. York, which will occupy nearly all of July. In August I hope to go to Vermont and in the month of Sept. I must visit Boston, New Haven, and Hartford. . . .

If any one should ask why my dear wife, who is so essential to my personal comfort, in this my last journey to the east is not going with me, let it be briefly said, Because the thing is impossible. The whole college establishment would at this critical period go to ruin if she were to be absent from it this summer. To this necessity she submits with resignation becoming a saint. She looks up and says "It is thy will, O, God." This calms the tempest in her faithful bosom and then all is serene. She is finishing the last garment to make me decent with the least expense for the summer. Would that our churchmen could generally know what this dear mother in Israel has suffered and done to build up the Kingdom of God in the wilderness. She stays at home and works for God. When money is sent her from those who hear of her devotedness in far countries, she applies it all to pay for the college goods in New York, and when bills accumulate against her husband at home she will not allow even the smallest sums to be deducted from them on acct. of any salary to be allowed her or her husband. Such

is the wife of Bishop Chase, and in contemplating her character who can be unmoved?

To-day I preach the Ascension Sermon in Jubilee Chapel. To-morrow I go to lay the corner-stone of a church ten miles off. On Saturday, *i. e.*, day after to-morrow, I set off for Knoxville, where I preach on Sunday, and on Monday I go to take the steamboat for Galena up the Mississippi River,—so if the Lord will.

JUBILEE, July 8, 1847.

You see, my dear Laura, the order of our proceedings here on Jubilee Hill at our Commencement yesterday. What a wonder! Seven or eight hundred people all assembled together to witness the fact that Jubilee College was not, is not dead, or rather that it has indeed a being.

Never were the solemnities of the Church more decently conducted than those of yesterday in Jubilee Chapel.

Of the proceedings, of going to Green Arbor in procession, you will have some idea by telling you that the procession reached round the west wing of the college and extended two or three hundred yards. It was under the direction of your uncle Henry, who was marshall of the day, having a band of music at his control. There was a platform prepared for the conferring of the collegiate degrees and, as we approached it, the ranks opened from right to left and the order was reversed, and when I came to Green Arbor situated under three spreading oaks and canopied by fresh boughs overhanging a well carpeted platform, surrounded on every side but one with comfortable seats, the whole seemed enchantment. Never have I been

more affected at the ingenuity of my beloved family and scholars.

The band performed some of the best pieces while the seats were filling up with eager listeners, and when all were in their places and amid breathless silence, the orations commenced.

Of these it becomes others to judge, except to say that they all exceeded my expectations as they had done in being previously examined by the professors and myself.

The whole audience was regaled, after the degrees were conferred and I had said a few words, by a well prepared lunch and then departed rejoicing to their homes.

[No date.]

The lateness of the season is a forbidding feature in this future of troubles; but God may smile on us and grant us the genial influence of sunny days and mild skies. I shall trust entirely to His goodness. . . .

We are now nearly through with the tedious job of taking the fine fleeces from two thousand sheep. When it is over we shall rejoice and praise the Lord for His goodness.

Your uncle Dudley and his sweet family left us today to go in a covered vehicle on a missionary tour to Rockford on Rock River. I am overwhelmed with care in preparing the 8th No. of the *Motto* and in extensive correspondence. My health is generally better. I can walk a little ways and ride in a buggy, with a pillow behind me, with less pain than I did when you were here.

We are all well, and the crops on our extensive grounds look flourishing.

The students are getting on in their learning; a candidate for deacon's orders was examined yesterday by your uncle Dudley and passed with approbation—his first examination.

The consecration of Kickapoo Church is appointed for the second Sunday in July. The laying of the corner-stone of a noble church in Peoria will I trust soon after take place.

JUBILEE COLLEGE, 10 of Dec., 1849.

You have doubtless heard of our sad loss by the destruction of our mills by fire. A third part of our living on College Hill being thereby taken from us, we were thrown into a state of doubt whether it was our duty to go on, or to stop—at least for a time—the operations of our College system. Were we to do this, the income of our farms would enable us to pay all our debts in a short time, or by selling off our stock we could do it now. But in that case how seriously would the College suffer, and how disappointed would be all our benefactors. Under this view of things there was but one voice among us all—"Go on, Go on!" Let us improve still more thoroughly our fine lands not yet brought into good cultivation. Let us increase the extent of our pasture and grass lands for hay. Let us increase our stock of cows and the number of our fine wool sheep. Let us make butter and cheese and raise fruit for the market, and see if we cannot do without our mills by raising wheat to buy our flour.

The chief difficulty in the way was the want of lumber to make fences to enclose our domain. This is obviated by the following facts,—we have oak trees enough on our land to fence the whole and we can

erect a three horse power sawmill to prepare the boards for fencing. We have oxen strong to labor to draw in our logs and to break up the ground for our spring crops.

Having laid this plan and already begun to put it in operation, you see I have (and in just five days from this I am seventy-four years of age) commenced the world anew. My dear children are (under God) my hands and my feet to run and to do what their aged father dictates.

But where is the cash for outlay when all this is going on? Who shall pay the laborers, now above twenty in number, and give them lodging and their food in its season? In short who shall guarantee a sum (equal to what we have lost) in fencing two thousand acres and putting it in a fair state of cultivation? I will let our motto answer the question; "Jehovah Jireh"—God will provide.

On the college land it will be seen that the Angel of the Lord who hath been with me all my life long hath not failed me at last. In proportion as the world deserts me and misfortunes befall me, in my weary journeys, even so will the Right Hand of the Lord be held out to support me. . . .

I sent you the 10th No. of our *Motto* lately, and I hope you have found time to read it because it is mostly written by your aged Grandfather. Some of it treats of our great loss by the burning of our mills, and there are hopes that it will call forth from our brother churchmen some means to raise us from our present depression. But we live in an age when Mammon reigns, and little can be expected but from such

JUBILEE CHAPEL AND COLLEGE, FROM THE WEST. *Page 370.*

as have renounced him in truth, as well as by profession, and these I find by sad experience are few and far between. All others horde together as the swine about Gadara, ready to receive the legion causing them to perish without a remedy. It is said that the Gadarenes, when they saw their property and means of worldly wealth infringed upon, came out of the city and besought the Blessed Saviour, who had just cured the maniac, to depart out of their coasts. While Jesus maintained Himself and did not apply to them for aid in preaching His Heavenly Gospel, these worldlings had nothing to say; but when they found that they must give up their god, Mammon, then they joined as one man to expel Him from their borders.

26th March, 1851.

I have great satisfaction in reading your good letters, but have little time to answer them as they deserve and as my tender regard to you dictates.

We are all well, having every moment to work for our living and to keep the college institution from sinking under the load of difficulties occasioned by our losses by fire.

It is Passion Week, and soon I am to be called for services in the Chapel.

CHAPTER XL

MISSION WORK AND JOURNEYINGS

THE Rev. Dudley Chase, as stated in the foregoing letters, was early engaged in missionary work in his father's diocese and accompanied him on his visitations. What their work really was — its hardships, perils, and the kind of people with whom they had to deal—is brought out more clearly in the son's report than in the father's brief mention, and furnishes interesting supplementary reading in the following extracts:

"After receiving priest's orders, your missionary was appointed itinerant at large, and the northern half of the State assigned to him, while the Rev. Dr. Southgate, ordained at the same time, had the southern half. There was at that time no clergyman stationed in the northern half, except at Chicago, Galena, Ottawa, and in Peoria County. The wide area between these places was to be traversed in summer and winter, two or three times a year.

"To visit the Rock River country one passed over a prairie twenty-two miles in extent, without a house in sight, nor could the farther side be seen, a lone clump of trees in the centre being the only guide. Failing on one occasion to reach the far-side until nightfall, a week was given to search for Church people in that vicin-

ity, in the groves skirting the prairies. As many as twenty-two members were found, and a Sunday service appointed in an unfinished frame Colony building overlooking the wide prairie. There were no cushioned pews in that extempore church, but on the upper floor were seats made of slabs (with the bark on) and the desk was of the same material. Yet this rude place witnessed a most solemn service. Most of these dear people had lived in those wilds for six or seven years without seeing a minister of their loved Church. Their children were to be baptized and the Lord's Supper celebrated. Tears of fond remembrance of past days were prompted, and deep emotion was evident in that holy service. God was evidently in our midst, and not only by faith manifested, for "He who rides upon the whirlwind and the storm" was there also, in visible power and majesty, for while we were gathering, the storm was also.

"It had been a time of prolonged drought. The tempest was upon us in the midst of our Communion service. The air was filled with dust. It grew too dark to see the page, though at mid-day. Human voice could not be heard. The house rocked and threatened to fall. The lightning flashed with blinding effect, and in a moment it was dark. The war of wind and hail was terrible. There was no escape possible—death stared us in the face, and for one hour we sat in silent awe, or only sobs were heard. When the uproar ceased, was there not a true sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving?

"From the outgrowth of that service, providentially ordered, there was built up a congregation of faithful people, and a church in that vicinity still exists and prospers."

"Once more I was to accompany the Bishop, in his visitation to this same faithful people; and the itinerant drove the sleigh over the same route in the depth of winter. The sleigh was roomy enough for a large man to lie down at full length in it. We had a fine span of horses and plenty of robes, and were well-clad. When we emerged from the woodland and faced the keen air of the prairie, we realized how bitterly cold it was, also that the wind had drifted the snow so that the track was obliterated. We had only those few lone trees in the centre to guide us. It was soon found impossible to sit upright. Solicitous for the life of his aged parent, the son insisted upon removing the seats, and that he should lie down and be covered completely. Himself, being young, could run with the team or cling to the side of the sleigh for rest. Now there was reciprocal anxiety. 'Father, are you alive?' 'Son, are you there?' were frequently exchanged.

"Our horses' breath was congealed to icicles in their nostrils, and their hair was white with frost. Thus the twenty-two miles were passed, meeting and seeing no one until our kind friends welcomed us to shelter, warmth, and rest.

"Sudden changes of weather come proverbially in Illinois. Early in the week after Sunday services, the snow suddenly disappeared by the downpour of a warm rain; and again an equally sudden change froze the vast ponds of water held by the frozen ground from sinking into the earth, and yet the ice was not strong enough to bear the team and the wagon furnished us to return home. When well on our way, a dense fog arose. We could follow no track; we could cross no pond, the ice would break. The horses' legs

were cut and bleeding, and we had to wander aimlessly about all that day, 'lost on the prairie,' until, the darkness coming on, we felt the wagon descending a slope and found a road. This led to a wood, in which we reached a log tavern where we stayed.

"The landlord told us that on the day of the 'cold snap,' as he termed it, two men left his ranch to cross the prairie, to whom he had furnished a jug of whiskey. One man was frozen to death and the other had to have a limb amputated. The Bishop did not say 'Poor man!' only, but charged the landlord with being guilty in furnishing them whiskey, and drew from him a solemn promise that he would abandon its sale.

"So it seemed that Providence guided us to accomplish some good.

"A day's cold ride brought us home."

It is said that when the people looked out over the distant snowdrifts and saw the missionary struggling to get to them, they would say, "Yonder comes our stormy petrel!"

"A tour in Southern Illinois to accompany the Bishop was a hard one, and long in point of time. It was to cross the State from Chester on the Mississippi to the Wabash.

"At the house of Col. S., one Sunday morning after breakfast, we were enjoying the bright sunshine when a man appeared whose first words were, 'Bishop, I have come to have an argument with you on Atheism. I profess to be an atheist.' 'Who are you, sir? What is your name? Was your mother a pious woman? Did she have you baptized in infancy?' 'Yes, sir.'

'Were you ever confirmed?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Who confirmed you?' 'You, sir.' Whereupon the Bishop rose and such a solemn personal appeal—I might say, judgment—followed, that the man broke down and wept profusely. I was present and fairly shook with sympathy and pity.

"There was a church in Chester under the pastoral care of Mr. Mitchell. There were no railroads at that time nor even decent wagon roads, and we had to trust to the kindness of such churchmen as might be found to furnish teams from or to each point where appointments were made for services. Notices were sent ahead for night service after each day's travel, which averaged twenty miles. The country was generally wooded, the soil clay, the contrast great to the prairie lands of Northern Illinois. It had been settled chiefly by emigrants from Kentucky and Indiana.

"When the Bishop saw the team which was to take us to the first point, he burst into a hearty laugh. 'A large horse yoked to a small mule! Why this is contrary to Mosaic law!' The wagon was not made for passengers. It was called a 'shad-belly,' made for holding barrels of pork, and had signs of being so used. 'Fill up the concave bottom with green boughs and put our garments on them and I will lie down,' was the direction given, and in this style we made the twenty miles on the first day.

"Mr. Tuthill, of Vergennes, had a large family. For fifteen years he had lived in that remote locality without receiving a visit from a clergyman of his loved Church (except one), but he had not failed to train up his children in the use and love of the Church services. The infants had been taken to St. Louis to be baptized,

and now, at the first opportunity, the adults were ready to be confirmed.

"At the next point a Mr. Root had gathered and taught a school of boys to prepare them for college. They partially supported themselves by work on the farm, which supplied them with provisions. Mr. Root was the son of a Baptist minister, and knew nothing of the Episcopal Church; but seeing a copy of the Book of Common Prayer, the title struck him as being an appropriate aid in conducting the devotions of his charge. It may well be supposed that here was a field white already for the harvest. Some were baptized and several confirmed."

Another incident of missionary life related by the Rev. Dudley Chase is worthy of a place among the ready replies characteristic of the Bishop.

Mr. Chase, with his father, was on a missionary tour in a distant part of the diocese. At a town where rival denominations emulated each other in getting up revival meetings, crowding the meeting-houses day and night, they were to hold service.

But it was a well-known fact that the lumber of which some of these meeting-houses were built was cut from the lands of non-resident owners, which they could not protect. A committee of the rival denominations came to visit the missionaries' little charge, and interviewed the Bishop at his lodging-house. After customary introductions, one of the committee, speaking for all, wishing no doubt to do the polite thing, addressed the Bishop in this manner, "Well, Bishop, how does spiritual religion prosper at your college?" To this the Bishop gravely replied, "Gentlemen, we

are getting on very quietly, and do not claim to have made great advancement in sanctification. Just now we are learning and teaching the Ten Commandments, and have gotten as far as the Eighth Commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.' "

Upon which there was an expressive silence, and the committee soon left.

The Bishop himself is authority for the following story:

Arriving late in the afternoon at a tavern in a small settlement in Illinois, he requested the tavern keeper to find some one who could give notice to the neighbors that Divine Service would be held in the schoolhouse at "early candle-lighting." Calling to his boy, the tavern keeper told his son to give the notice in due form to the neighbors. "What denomination shall I tell the people you belong to?" "Tell them," said the Bishop, "that I belong to the Church which translated the Bible." So the lad rode away with a bell in his hand, ringing it and shouting at every door: "The man who translated the Bible will preach at the schoolhouse to-night, at 'early-candle-light'!"

This brought a good congregation at short notice.

The following is related by the Rt. Rev. William F. Nichols, Bishop of California: "Among stories I have heard of Bishop Chase, which I have never seen in print, is this: He once spent a Sunday with the Rev. H. W. Lee in the Rectory of Christ Church, Springfield, Mass. The Bishop reached the rectory Saturday evening with an appetite for supper which made it necessary for Mrs. Lee to considerably revise her *menu* for the Sunday dinner, she having at supper placed before him the cold roast primarily intended for the

said dinner. Then when he retired, his giant stature proved too much for the cording of the bedstead, and he broke it down, only to be extricated by a rally of strong arms to lift up the bed-frame and let him down through it. It is said that just as the Bishop was leaving by the Monday morning stage, he bade the driver wait a moment, and then said to Mr. Lee, who was standing by, "I have observed, Mr. Lee, that during my brief stay with you, my size of body has led me into situations that could not but cause merriment to your household. But mark my words, Mr. Lee, before you die, you will be a larger man than I am." Whether the prophecy is authentic or not, it is a fact that the Rev. Mr. Lee, then a tall, thin man, did become the very portly Bishop of Iowa, with a whole chapter of mishaps from size—all his own. And it is said that the witty Bishop Clark once made impossible the taking of a photograph of the then House of Bishops (always a formidable task to any photographer) by saying in a stage whisper just as the cap was to be removed, 'Lee, this is a mistake; they can't take you all at once in this picture, they will have to take you in sections.' "

Another characteristic story of Bishop Chase is this:

A group of rough men was leaving the church before service was over. The Bishop said to them in commanding tones, "Stop! if you leave now, you will miss the benefits of the Greater Benediction." The men were much impressed and meekly returned to their places.

Two other incidents in the Bishop's life, narrated by a well-known clergyman in Connecticut, bring out the salient points of his character. The clergyman

says: "I was a delegate to the General Convention at Cincinnati, in 1850, from the diocese of Missouri. On our return to St. Louis, I took passage in a steamboat, and on getting on board found Bishop Chase and his wife returning to Illinois by the same route. We had expected to reach home for Sunday, but the water in the Ohio was low, and we were frequently stuck on sand-bars, so that we were ten days in making the trip. We had on board about three hundred passengers. The Mississippi was then much nearer the far West than now, and the passengers were of much rougher material than would be found within five hundred miles of the same point at the present date. Few of them had ever been present at a liturgical service, much less seen a live Bishop. After the dinner tables had been cleared on Sunday, all were summoned by the bell 'to hear the Bishop preach.' The long saloon was crowded on both sides of the row of tables, and at the head sat the old Bishop in an arm-chair, as he was at that time accustomed to sit in addressing a congregation. Opening his prayer-book, he read and remarked upon the fitness of two or three of the preliminary sentences, preparing the heart for worship. He then read and commented in like manner on the exhortation. That done, he said, 'Now, dear friends, let us kneel down and confess our sins to Almighty God.' This was a usage rather strange to most of the crowd, so but two or three churchmen present and a few women knelt. With a little deeper bass the Bishop's voice rolled through the saloon, 'My friends, kneeling is the fit position in which to confess our sins to God!' A few more went down. But no half-way doings would answer. The old man roared in a voice of

thunder, and bringing his fist upon the table with a force which made everything shake, 'Kneel down, I say, every one of you!' And down they all went, as if they had been shot.

"In one parish of his diocese was a clergyman of considerable ability, but whose liberality outwent his regard for sound discipline. In the same vicinity were some people who were 'in good standing in other respectable denominations,' whose character the Bishop did not respect. Their special offence was stealing timber from public lands, which was not regarded as a sin, unless one was prosecuted for it. These people were in the habit of coming to the Communion in this clergyman's parish, on the invitation which he was in the habit of giving to 'members of sister churches to stay and partake with us.' The Bishop, intending to be present on a certain Sunday, desired the rector to abstain from giving his broadcast invitation, and gave as a reason the unfit character of some of the people who would accept it. The rector refused to comply with the Bishop's request. 'Then,' said the Bishop, 'I will read the rubric in your face.' The rector gave his customary invitation, and, as good as his word, the Bishop read in emphatic tones, 'There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion, until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed.' The people of doubtful character did not commune *that* day. Bishop Chase was a giant in his way, not merely in body, but in mind and soul; he was the kind of stuff out of which heroes are made."

And this impression of a commanding and indomitable personality is the one that he made upon all who came into contact with him. It is well expressed by

the Rev. Dr. Roberts in his sketch of the Bishop's life, read before the New Hampshire Historical Society.

"Philander Chase was a man to be counted among the 'makers of the United States.' It is true that his work was done along special lines, and in the development of one idea. But it was done at a formative period in the history of what is now called the 'Middle West,' and it was done at a time when every vigorous man's work told greatly in the general result and counted for much in effecting the result, as does the corresponding work of a great corporation in these days of syndicates and corporate action.

"It was in a certain very true sense the 'day of small things,' but it was more truly the day of the development of great things out of small. It was the heroic age of our history. The heroic age is the time when the character and genius of the leaders among men give frame and form to a future of larger things. I do not say greater things, for it seems to me that the quality rather than the quantity is the test of greatness.

"The great Bishop was, first of all things, a pioneer, and he came of a race of pioneers. These were the men, these energetic and resourceful pioneers, to whom New Hampshire, in common with the other States of the Union, and the country at large, is most profoundly indebted.

"The history of Bishop Chase is so full of romance, of fiery energy, of difficulties which seem insuperable, overcome by industry, patience, self-sacrifice, and faith, that there is a fascination about it all. There is in this heroic and saintly pioneer Bishop a certain intense human quality of a very masterful sort. In the midst

of his abounding self-sacrifice, his unfaltering faith in God, and devotion to His service, in which he dared great things, there is a human pride of opinion and an unmistakably bellicose spirit. These were, so to say, what have been called in other great men, 'the vices of his virtues.' 'What a wonderful man,' says an admiring writer, 'was that same Bishop Chase, embracing in that immense corporosity two separate and distinct individualities,—that of the full grown man, stern, imperious, invincible; and that of a child, mild, amiable condescending, and tractable. And you never could tell at any particular time, which character was about to appear.' "

Another writes of him in these words:

"Whether he were in the log cabin of Ohio, where the whole family slept, ate, cooked, received guests and lodged them in the same apartment, or in the magnificent halls of Lord Kenyon, surrounded with the refinements of the Old World, Bishop Chase was equally at home, and capable of winning golden opinions. Add to this an energy that never flagged, a will that never succumbed, and a physical system that never tired, and we have such a character as is seldom produced, but which was precisely adapted to the great work which he accomplished. Bishop Chase was equally remarkable for industry and endurance. Daylight seldom found him in bed, and he seemed as fond of working or travelling in the rain as though water were his native element. He would preach at Perry (fifteen miles from Gambier) and as soon as daylight peeped in the east on Monday morning, take his bridle, go to the field, catch Cincinnatus, and be off to set his men at work in Gambier. Bishop Chase began a work

for the Church in Ohio, and in truth for the whole West, such as no other man then living would have attempted, or probably could have accomplished.

"That which Philander Chase achieved against seemingly overwhelming odds, would probably not have been imagined, undertaken, or persevered in, but for just that robust quality, that virile intensity which made him a leader, when there were men to be led, and an *Athanasius contra Mundum*, when that was what his occasions required.

"As is the case with Mr. Gladstone, one might differ *toto cælo* with this strenuous pioneer, the indefatigable Bishop, the man both of ideas and action, and yet credit him with purity of purpose, personal integrity, and a certain ascertainable element of genuine humility shining through even his belligerency. He was going to found a diocese and he did it; to-day it is two. He was going to found a college and he did it, a college which graduated Edwin M. Stanton, Henry Winter Davis, Judge David Davis, Stanley Matthews, Rutherford B. Hayes, General Le Duc, the Bishop of Arizona, and the Bishop of Oklahoma, and gave a large measure of his training to Salmon P. Chase.

"The Bishop had set his heart on having an institution of learning in his diocese to provide him with a native ministry, 'to the manner born,' 'sons of the soil,' and set about it. His first difficulty was the vigorous opposition of the Bishop of New York, Dr. Hobart, who objected to a Western seminary on the ground of a possible division of the Church in the United States. The 'imperial policy' had not then been imagined, and perhaps there was something of *odium theologicum* and party feeling to the opposition.

This opposition followed him to the end and many trials came of it.

"His next difficulty was financial. He determined to go to England to solicit funds, and this measure was contrary to the wishes of Eastern men, who found something particularly obnoxious in the idea of money from England being sent to the West. The details of this opposition and the Bishop's firmness are interesting and characteristic. The Bishop pledged all his earthly belongings to raise the means for going abroad. A dissertation of his, on the subject of the reasonableness of England's giving such aid to the Western nation, contains an article entitled 'God's Way of Binding Nations and Continents Together, or America Necessary to England,' which might be read to-day apropos of the *entente cordiale* developed between the nations by the conditions of the Spanish War.

"In this visit to England, 'the great Apostle of the Wilderness,' who coped successfully with the rough and stern conditions of the border, displayed to singular advantage his marvellous versatility. He was immediately a social success, and was a welcome guest among the most exclusive aristocracy.

"In spite of curious and what seems, in some phases of it, vindictive opposition and abuse, as unmeasured as unmerited, he succeeded in gathering thirty thousand dollars in England, and he secured the patronage and friendship of Lord Kenyon, Admiral Lord Gambier, Lady Harcourt, Lord Bexley, and Lady Rosse, all of whose names appear in the names of the place, its college, its halls, and parks. . . .

"The Bishop's idea was a location in the country, positively in the wilderness, and this with a double

motive. . . . As he put it in the quaint diction of his time, 'Should the seminary, by gift or otherwise, be certain of being the possessor of some thousands of acres in the surrounding country, how surely and how innocently, yea, how justly, might it share in the gains of which it would thus be the parent.'

"The other purpose is expressed thus, 'Put your seminary on your domain; be owners of the soil on which you dwell, and let the tenure of every lease and deed depend on the expressed condition that nothing detrimental to the morals and studies of youth be allowed on the premises.' "

CHAPTER XLI

THE LAST DAYS

THE completion of the chapel at Jubilee, in the years 1840–41, the gift of an organ and a bell, and the establishment of a school for boys under the care of the Rev. Samuel Chase marked an era in the history of the incipient theological seminary.

In 1843, the building called the Cottage was erected, where for several years a school for girls was successfully carried on. As the stories most frequently told of the Bishop are illustrative of the stern and sometimes imperious side of his character, it may be well to mention two incidents, derived from a former pupil of the school, which suggest a gentler strain. The pupils were part of the family, and were always present at the table. There were frequent guests, and the conversation between them and the Bishop was often very witty and amusing. Should the youthful spirits of the girls become too demonstrative, the Bishop would skilfully introduce a certain watchword into one of his remarks, which silenced them at once, and the guests were none the wiser.

The second incident is that one of the older girls once asked the Bishop where she could find a code of etiquette which she might safely follow. His reply was: "In the New Testament, my dear."

To return to the college: The number of students increased, but, as ever, the well-educated clergy who were willing to share with the Bishop in the hardships of the Church in the West were very few. The old story over again!

The Bishop's hard work, in fact, was not over. He was yet to suffer from the rigor of winter and the depressing heat in summer; and the fatal "habit of accident" yet prevailed.

During the summer and fall of 1844, he made a great effort to procure scholarships for students at Jubilee, which was crowned with considerable success, and at the close of this year these scholarships were filled with worthy young men. This circumstance was most cheering to the friends of Jubilee.

In a letter to Lord Bexley, dated July, 1845, the Bishop alludes to the prophecy of the former, who ten years before, while bestowing a valuable gift, remarked that he could not believe the Bishop would ever be able to found another college, so far toward the setting sun. In this letter Bishop Chase says: "Another college *is* founded, and is now rearing its head on the prairies; we have nearly fifty students, most of whom are studying for the ministry; we have twenty clergymen in the diocese; in the course of the summer and fall I hope to consecrate seven more churches. I am now returning East to help consecrate Dr. Alonzo Potter to the bishopric of Pennsylvania."

In another letter to a friend the Bishop says: "Money from the Roman Communion in Europe is flowing into the Mississippi valley to build schools, convents, and colleges, while the Church has none but Kenyon and Jubilee to prepare ministers for the whole valley,

and even these are permitted to languish and die. I blot out the word 'die,' because I am not yet quite dead. Had I not the promise, Jehovah-Jireh, I should have sunk long ago."

In the fall of 1844 on the second day of the journey west over the Alleghanies, the stage upset in the night (a repetition of the accident which occurred many years before); and the Bishop was crushed and trampled upon by the passengers in their endeavors to escape. He lay helpless until his son, by almost superhuman strength, raised his father through the upturned door of the coach. Two ribs were broken, and there were also very serious bruises. It was many weeks before he could be removed.

On the 7th of July, 1847, five students of Jubilee, after a due course of study, were given the bachelor's degree in the arts and sciences. This was conferred in due form; and another student who was educated elsewhere and had come hither to study theology was given the degree of A.M. This was a great and joyful day, the beginning of better things, as then was fondly hoped.

At the General Convention held in 1844, at Philadelphia, Bishop Chase had become the senior Bishop by the death of Bishop Griswold. For the two following Conventions, therefore, he took his place as Presiding Bishop. In 1850, the Convention was held in Cincinnati. The Bishop was then in his seventy-fifth year, but his address exhibited much vigor of mind.

The closing years of Bishop Chase's life were marked with peaceful hopes of the ultimate usefulness of Jubilee College in the education of young men for the ministry. The land for the support of the school was cultivated

more and more each year; the flocks of sheep had become profitable; and although misfortune in the shape of a claimant for a part of the land, and the loss of the mill by a fire had occurred, still at his death the property was left free from all embarrassment and in flourishing condition, a precious legacy to the Church, purchased by how great labor, suffering, and self-sacrifice none now living can know. At the time when the messenger of death stood at his door, how little he dreamed that the great gift to his diocese and to the Church at large would be esteemed so lightly by his successors as to become practically useless to the present generation!

From the year 1847, the Bishop's health gradually failed, and as he neared his seventy-seventh year, he became unable to perform his usual duties, both in temporal and spiritual affairs, although he continued to preach long after he was obliged to sit during both service and sermon. He needed not to read the prayers, for he could repeat the entire service from memory; and when he officiated at a funeral, "that cradle-song of immortality," the burial service, lost none of its impressiveness from being said without a book, in the tender, loving, trembling voice of the old Bishop.

On Monday, September 20, 1852, Bishop Chase entered into rest. During the preceding summer he had been able to preach on Sundays, and in the afternoons took great pleasure in teaching a Sunday-school near his home.

The immediate occasion of his death was an accident. While driving with Mrs. Chase, a part of the harness

BISHOP CHASE'S GRAVE AND MONUMENT, JUBILEE, ILL. *Page 340.*

gave way; the shafts fell; the horse, starting while the Bishop still held the reins, pulled him forward and the seat upset, throwing him to the ground. When lifted his first words were: "You may order my coffin." Several of the students carried him to his bed, and as they laid him down he said, "Thank you! thank you! You will have to carry me once more only."

He suffered much for some days, strengthened and upheld by his own murmured repetition of prayers and psalms, or by having them read to him. On Sunday he remarked that it was "the Day of Prayer" and desired the family to go to church. In the afternoon he said, "I shall die to-morrow." Soon after he passed into a semi-conscious state, and so remained to the end.

The funeral brought together all the clergy and hundreds of the people of the vicinity. The Rev. E. B. Kellogg officiated and preached the sermon, afterward published in the *Motto*.

The Bishop's mortal part rests in the God's Acre at Jubilee, in a shady spot selected by himself.

It may be said of him, mentally and spiritually if not physically, as of the great leader of the Israelites, "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." His energy of spirit and vigor of mind continued to the last. He had always wished for a short summons. "Memento mori" was a favorite motto. The joyful resurrection was a frequent theme.

He was ready to be offered: he had finished his course: he had kept the faith.

THE END

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